

# KID

## THE YOUNG ALLIES FEATURED IN KOMICS

10¢

NO. 10

SPRING ISSUE





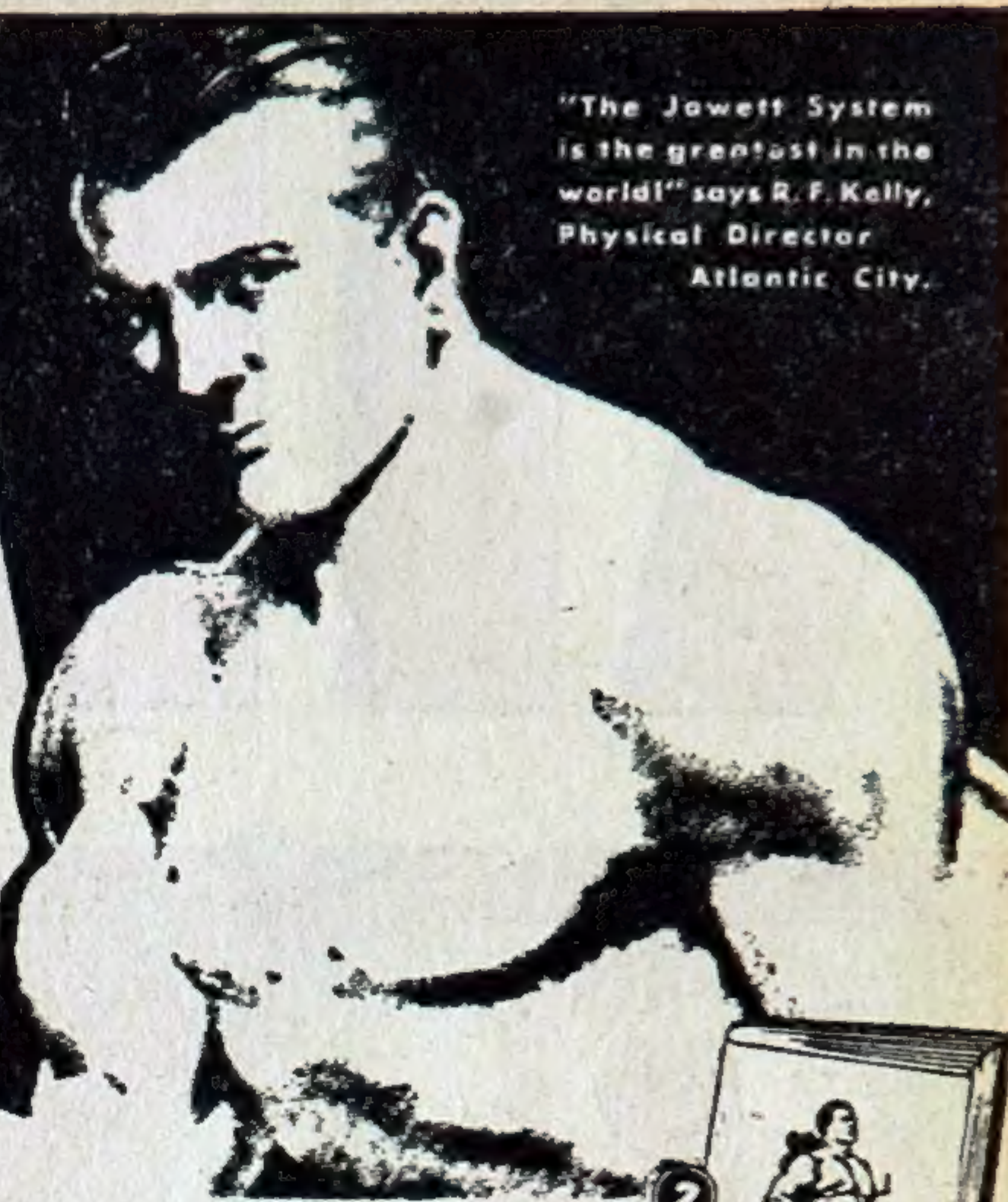
# "Let me show **YOU** too, HOW TO MAKE YOURSELF **COMMANDO -TOUGH**

inside and out... in double quick time  
—OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!"

says **George F. Jowett**

whom experts call the  
**WORLD'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER**

Thousands of Jowett pupils are in the U. S. and British forces knocking Japs and Nazis slag-happy with their swift, powerful bodies. Let me prove to YOU how in double quick time I can put inches of dynamic muscles on your arms! Add inches to your chest! Broaden your shoulders! And power-pack the rest of your body—so quickly it will amaze you! My methods can give you the untiring endurance of a panther. I have done it for thousands the world over. Give me a fighting chance to do it for you.



"The Jowett System  
is the greatest in the  
world!" says R. F. Kelly,  
Physical Director  
Atlantic City.

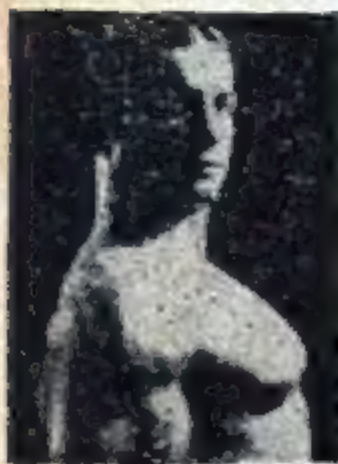
## Give me 10 Minutes a Day Learn My Time Tested Secrets of Strength

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no matter how flabby or puny you are I can do the same for you right in your own home. Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be. **MY TIME TESTED METHODS RE-BUILD YOU.**

### PROVE TO YOURSELF IN ONE NIGHT

Send only 25c in full payment for my test course "Moulding A Mighty Arm." Try it for one night! Experience the thrilling strength that will surge through your muscles.

## READ WHAT THESE FAMOUS PUPILS SAY ABOUT JOWETT



**A. PASSAMONT**, Jowett-trained athlete who was named America's first prize-winner for Physical Perfection



**REX FERRIS**, Champion Strength Athlete of South Africa. Says he "I owe everything to Jowett methods! Look at this chest—then consider the value of the Jowett courses!"

## JOWETT'S PHOTO BOOK OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN!

# FREE!

This amazing book has guided thousands of weaklings to muscular power. Packed with photos of miracle men of might and muscle who started perhaps weaker than you are. Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in strength that inspired his pupils to follow him. They'll show you the best way to might and muscle. Send for this **FREE** gift book of **PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN.**



## BUILD A BODY YOU'LL BE PROUD OF

Send for These  
**FIVE Famous Courses**  
NOW in **BOOK FORM**  
**ONLY 25c EACH**  
or **ALL 5 for \$1**

At last, Jowett's world-famous muscle-building courses, are available in book form to all readers of this publication at an extremely low price of 25 cents each! All 5 for only \$1.00. You owe it to your country, to your family, and to yourself, to make yourself physically fit now! Start at once to improve your physique by following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle-building!

## 10-DAY TRIAL OFFER!

Think of it—all five of these famous course-books for only **ONE DOLLAR**—or any one of them for 25c. If you're not delighted with these famous muscle-building books—if you don't actually **FEEL** results within **ONE WEEK**, send them back and your money will be promptly refunded!

Don't let this opportunity get away from you! And don't forget—by sending the **FREE GIFT COUPON** at once you receive a **FREE** copy of the famous Jowett book, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron."

**JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE**  
230 Fifth Ave., Dept. 913, New York 1, N. Y.



## FREE GIFT COUPON!

George F. Jowett  
Champion of  
Champions

Jowett Institute of Physical Culture  
230 Fifth Avenue, Dept. 913 New York 1, N. Y.  
George F. Jowett Your proposition looks good to me. Send by return mail, prepaid the courses checked below, for which I enclose ( ) Include **FREE** book of **PHOTOS**.

- ☐ All 5 courses for..... \$1
  - ☐ Molding a Mighty Arm 25c
  - ☐ Molding a Mighty Back 25c
  - ☐ Molding a Mighty Grip 25c
  - ☐ Molding a Mighty Chest 25c
  - ☐ Molding a Mighty Legs 25c
- Send all 5 C.O.D. (\$1 plus postage) No orders less than \$1 sent C.O.D.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please Print Plainly. Include Zone Number)

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_



# The YOUNG ALLIES

IN THE

"WONDER WHEEL of CRIME!"



**R**OUND AND ROUND THE WONDER WHEEL GOES AND WHERE IT STOPS--- ONLY HERB KNOWS! WHO IS HERB?? WELL, FOR FIFTEEN YEARS HE WAS ONLY A TIMID LITTLE BOOKKEEPER! BUT ONE DAY, HIS WHOLE LIFE CHANGED-- BECAUSE HERB GOT AMBITIOUS! AND IT IS THEN THAT FATE LEADS HIM TO THOSE SIX ROLICKING GANGBUSTERS THE YOUNG ALLIES!





**I**N A DOWNTOWN OFFICE, MILD-MANNERED HERBERT JENKS IS THE BUTT OF HIS DERISIVE PRACTICAL-JOKING CO-WORKERS...



THE BOSS WANTS HIS MORNING PAPER... BE A GOOD FELLOW AND RUN IT IN TO HIM!

I'M SWAMPED WITH WORK, BUT I'LL DO IT!

THIS'LL BE RICH! IT'S LAST MONTH'S PAPER! HAW--HAW!

BU  
WA  
BO

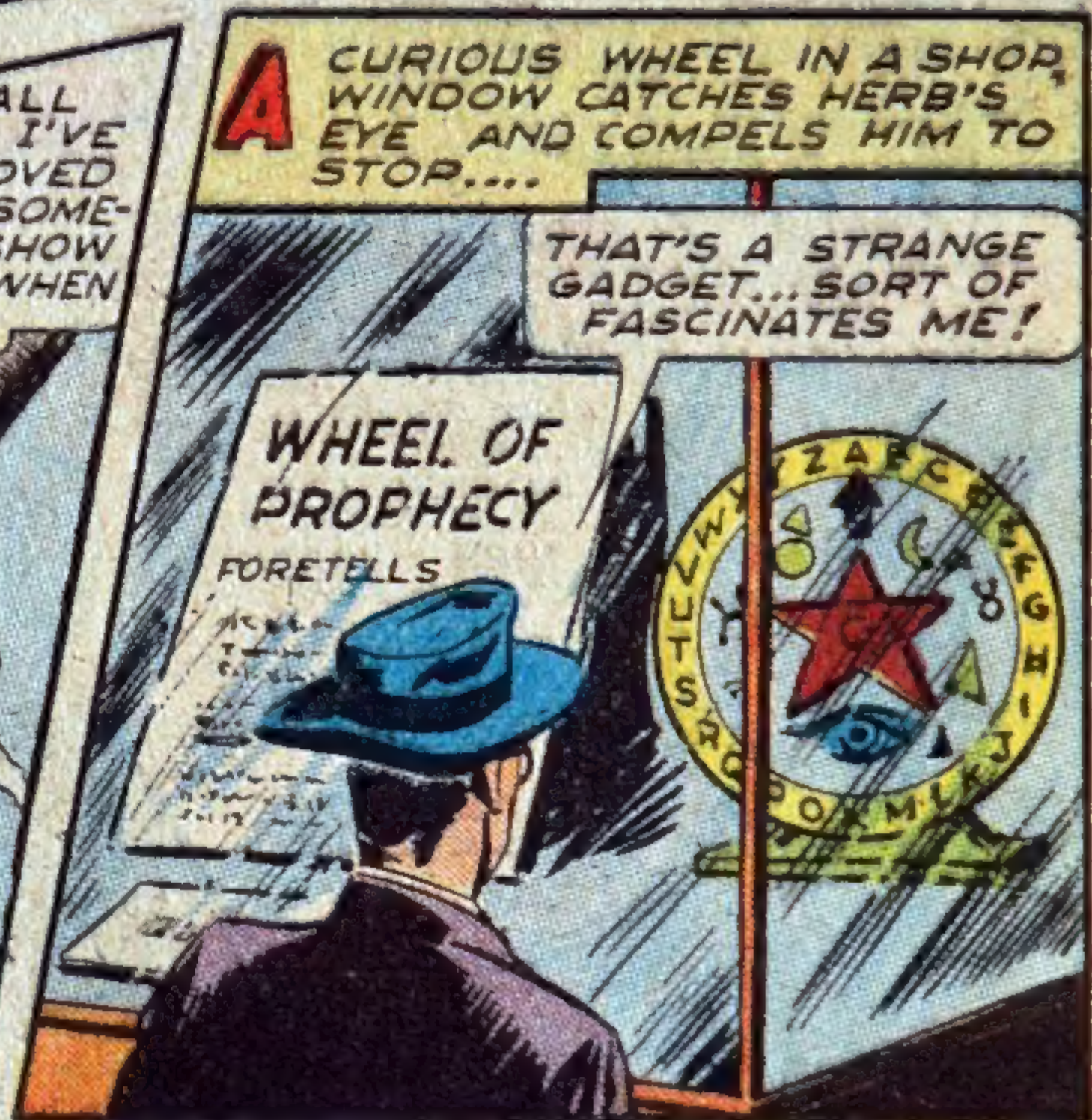


YOU'RE ALWAYS MAKING MISTAKES! THIS IS THE LAST STRAW! YOU'RE FIRED!

BUT-- BUT--



ALL MY LIFE I'VE BEEN SHOVED AROUND! SOMEDAY I'LL SHOW 'EM, AND WHEN I DO....



**A** CURIOUS WHEEL IN A SHOP WINDOW CATCHES HERB'S EYE AND COMPELS HIM TO STOP....

THAT'S A STRANGE GADGET... SORT OF FASCINATES ME!



**S**UDDENLY, THE STRANGE WHEEL MOVES BEFORE HERB'S STARTLED EYES....!

IT... IT'S MOVING! IT'S SPELLING OUT A MESSAGE! "BUY ME!"



GOOD DAY, SIR! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

I WANT THAT WHEEL OF PROPHECY YOU HAVE IN THE WINDOW!

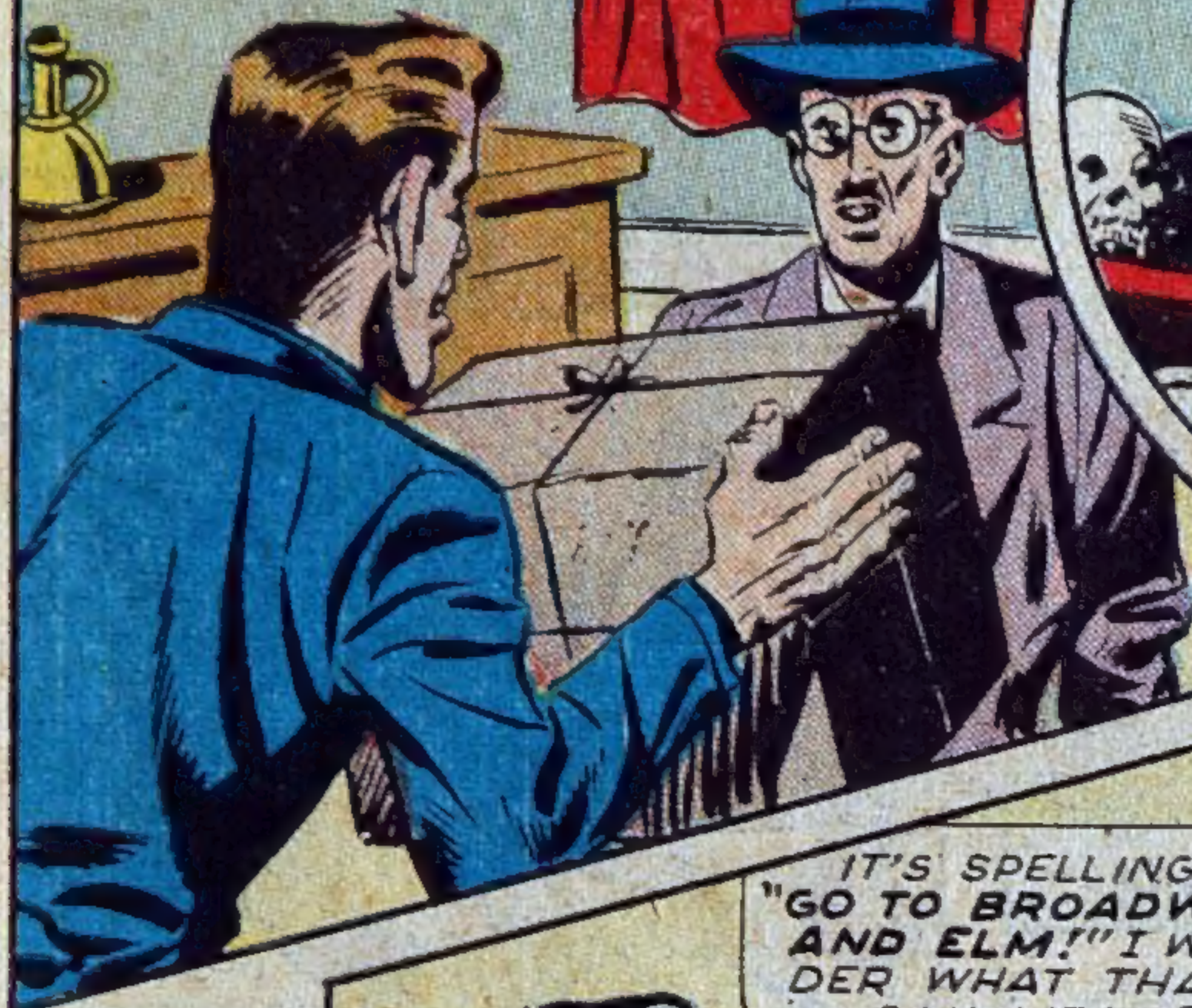
I BETTER NOT TELL HIM I SAW IT MOVE!



IT IS AMAZING HOW THESE FASCINATING CURIQS ARE SELLING! HERE YOU ARE, SIR. THIS IS THE WHEEL THAT WAS IN THE WINDOW!

YES, THAT'S THE ONE I WANT!

SUPERSTITIOUS SAP! IF HE HADN'T CLAMMED UP THE WAY HE DID, I COULD HAVE TOLD HIM THAT THE VIBRATIONS OF THE SUBWAY TRAINS RUNNING BENEATH THE BUILDING CAUSE THE WHEELS TO MOVE!



**A** FEW MINUTES LATER, AT BROADWAY AND ELM...

SHOTS COMING FROM THE BANK... MUST BE ROBBERS! I'D BETTER DUCK INTO A DOORWAY!

**I**N THE SECLUSION OF HIS SMALL ROOM, HERB FEVERISHLY UNWRAPS HIS WHEEL OF PROPHECY AND SPINS IT...



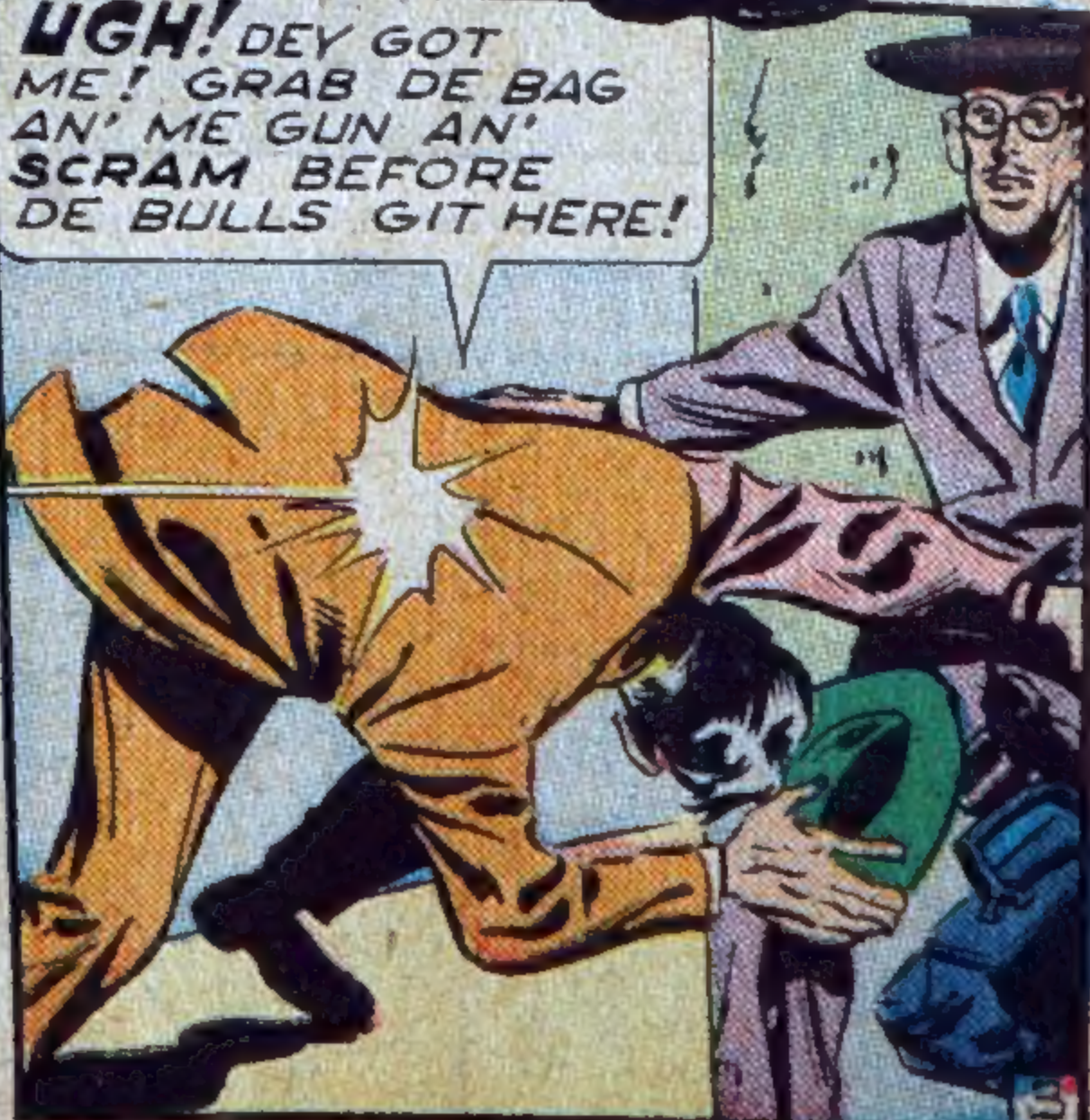
IT'S SPELLING OUT "GO TO BROADWAY AND ELM!" I WONDER WHAT THAT CAN MEAN?



GOSH, ONE OF THEM IS RUNNING THIS WAY!



**UGH!** DEY GOT ME! GRAB DE BAG AN' ME GUN AN' SCRAM BEFORE DE BULLS GIT HERE!





**O**N THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT, HERB PICKS UP THE SMALL BLACK BAG AND THE DEAD BANDIT'S GUN...



... AND FLEES OVER THE ROOF TOPS!

WHO DO YA THINK YA SHOVIN'? DERE GOES ME KITE, YA BIG BABOON!

AFTER HIM, FELLERS... HE'S PACKIN' A GUN! I'LL BET HE HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH THOSE SHOTS WE THOUGHT WERE A CAR BACKFIRING!



HA! HA! THE DOOR'S LOCKED NOW AND I CAN GET AWAY FROM THOSE SNOOPY KIDS!

HEY!... HE'S GETTIN' AWAY!



**D**ASHING DOWN THROUGH THE BUILDING, HERB REACHES THE PAVEMENT AND CROSSES THE STREET TO HIS APARTMENT!

EIGHT GRAND IN CASH... AND A GUN! THE WHEEL AND I ARE GOING PLACES!



**W**HILE AT THAT MOMENT, A STONE'S THROW AWAY...

HE'S IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD SOMEWHERE... WE'LL SPLIT UP AND COVER THE AREA!

DAT'S DA STUFF! WE'LL SCOUT AROUND TILL WE SPOT DE MUG!



**A** FEW MINUTES LATER, TORO SPOTS HIS QUARRY....

HOT DOG! THAT'S HIM! I'LL SIGNAL THE REST OF THE FELLOWS!





**A**ND A MOMENT LATER, A FIERY FIGURE SKYWRITES A MESSAGE!

THAT'S TORO!  
HE'S FOUND  
THAT GUY!



**B**ACK IN HIS ROOM, HERB CONSULTS HIS ORACLE...

"TROJAN TO WIN...  
TROJAN?... THAT'S  
THE NAME OF A  
HORSE RUNNING  
TODAY!"



**T**ORO'S DISCOVERY CALLS FOR ANOTHER POW-WOW...

ONE OF US WILL  
HAVE TO FOLLOW  
HIM CONSTANTLY  
TILL WE FIND  
OUT WHAT'S  
WHAT!

I'M DA GUY  
FER DAT JOB.  
I'LL STICK  
CLOSE TO HIM  
LIKE A HUNK  
O' CHEWIN' GUM!



**A**S HERB LEAVES HIS APARTMENT, A SHOE-SHINE BOY CASUALLY SAUNTERS UP, OPENS HIS BOX AND... HIS EARS!

DO YOU KNOW WHERE  
I CAN PLACE A BET  
ON A HORSE?

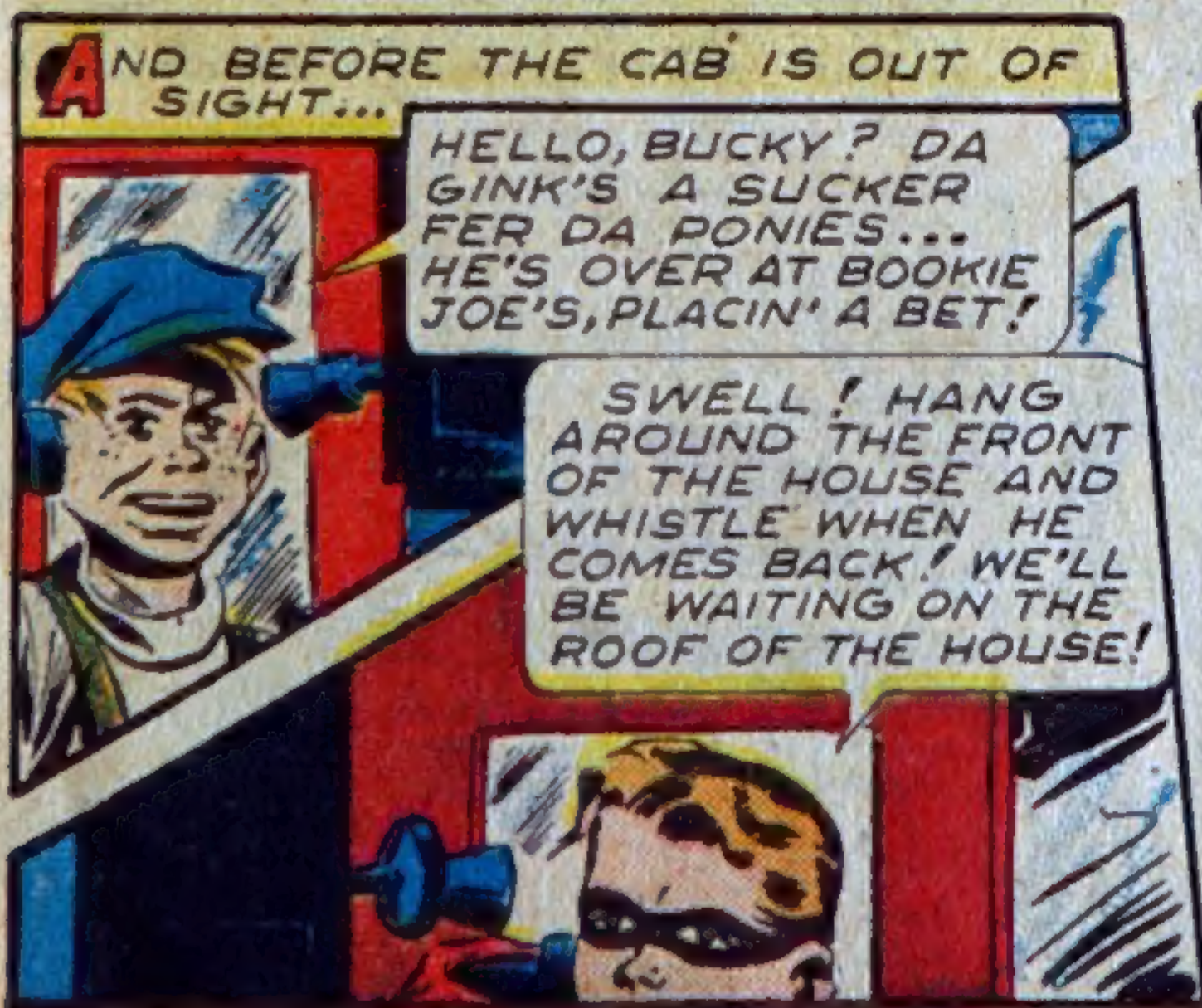
SURE! HOP IN  
MY CAB! I'LL  
TAKE YOU OVER  
TO BOOKIE  
JOE'S. HE'LL  
TAKE YOUR BET!



**A**ND BEFORE THE CAB IS OUT OF SIGHT...

HELLO, BUCKY? DA  
GINK'S A SUCKER  
FER DA PONIES...  
HE'S OVER AT BOOKIE  
JOE'S, PLACIN' A BET!

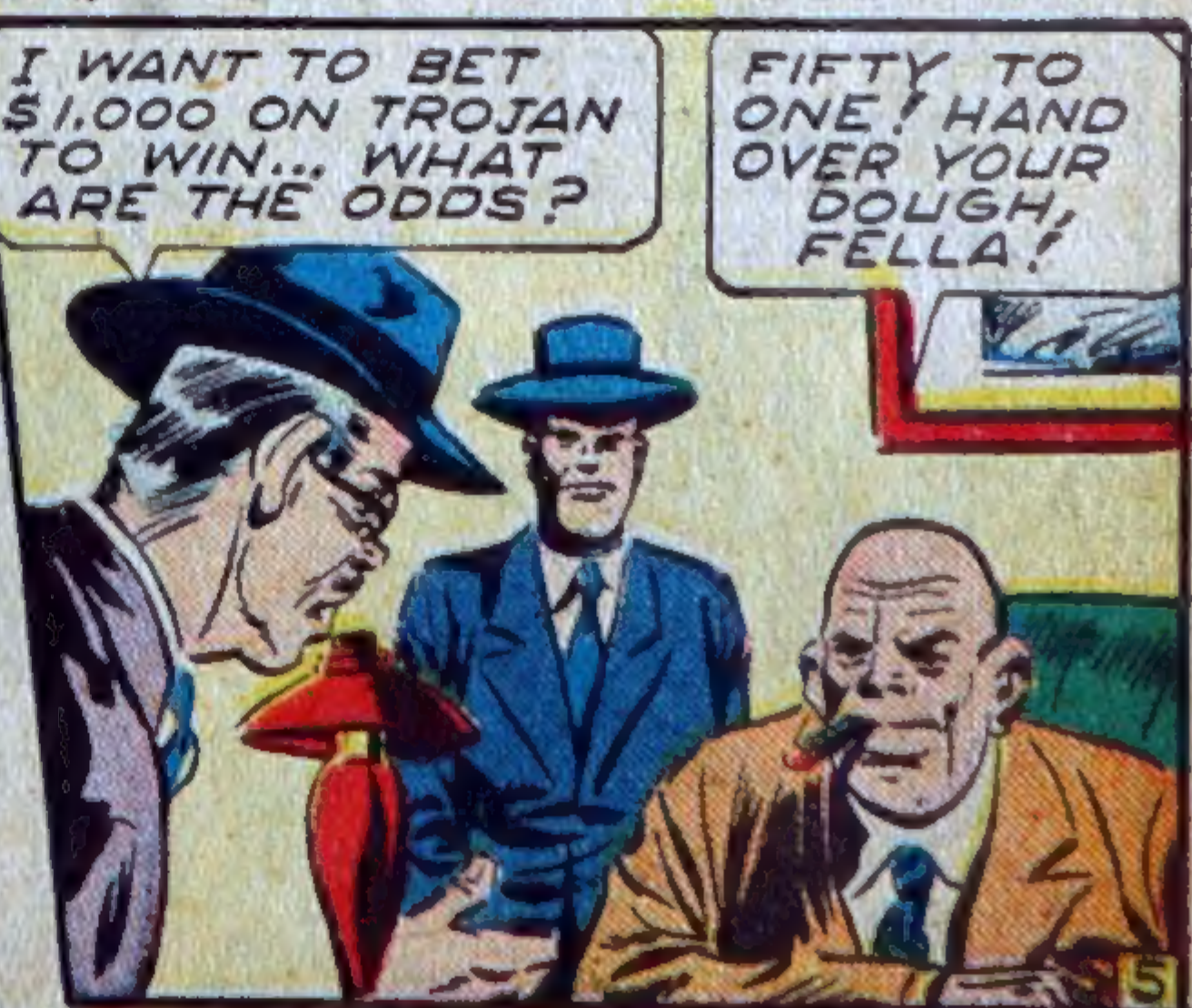
SWELL! HANG  
AROUND THE FRONT  
OF THE HOUSE AND  
WHISTLE WHEN HE  
COMES BACK! WE'LL  
BE WAITING ON THE  
ROOF OF THE HOUSE!



**W**HILE AT BOOKIE JOE'S...

I WANT TO BET  
\$1,000 ON TROJAN  
TO WIN... WHAT  
ARE THE ODDS?

FIFTY TO  
ONE! HAND  
OVER YOUR  
DOUGH,  
FELLA!





AND WHEN HERB LEAVES...

YOU GONNA THROW OFF ANY OF THAT BET, BOSS?

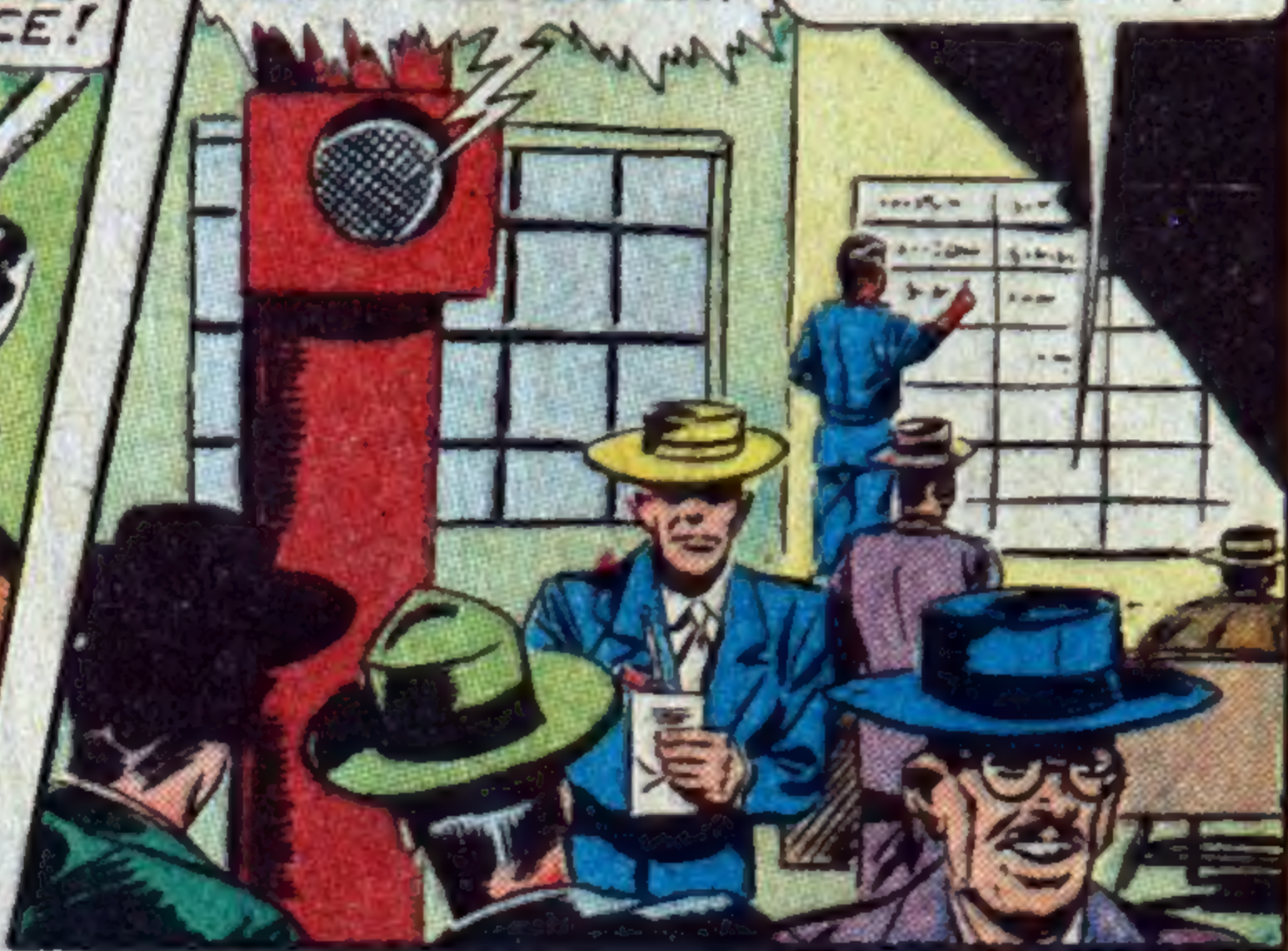
DON'T BE A CHUMP! THAT GOAT "TROJAN" DOESN'T STAND A CHANCE!



LATER...

THE WINNER BY THREE LENGTHS IS... TROJAN, A RANK OUTSIDER!

THAT'S \$51,000 COMING TO ME... I'LL STEP INTO BOOKIE JOE'S OFFICE AND COLLECT!



I'M HERE TO COLLECT MY BET. HAND OVER \$51,000, IF YOU PLEASE!

WHAT BET? YOU MUST BE BATTY, CHUM! I NEVER SAW YOU BEFORE! NOW BEAT IT-- BEFORE I RAP YOUR BRAINS OUT!



SCARCELY HAS BOOKIE JOE'S THREAT BEEN UTTERED THAN...

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO HANDLE A CHEAT-- LIKE THIS!



ONE MOVE OUT OF YOU BOYS AND YOU'RE DEAD PIGEONS! I'LL TAKE JOE'S WALLET AND COLLECT MY MONEY!

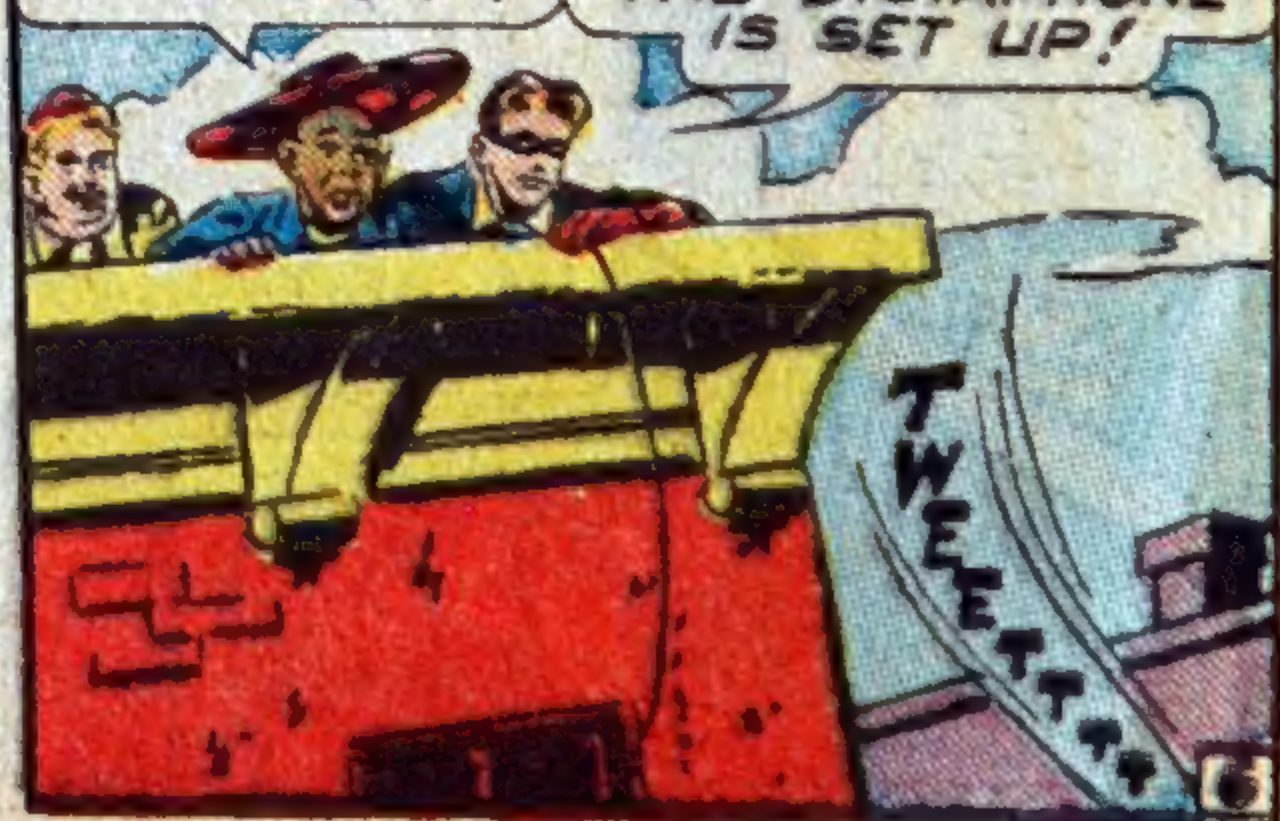
SURE, SURE, FELLA... JUST DON'T GET TRIGGER-HAPPY!



MEANWHILE... OUR YOUNG HEROES AWAIT DEVELOPMENTS ON THE ROOF OF HERB'S APARTMENT...

DERE GOES KNUCKLES' SIGNAL, SHO' AS YO' BORN!

THAT MEANS OUR FRIEND IS ENTERING THE BUILDING! THE DICTAPHONE IS SET UP!



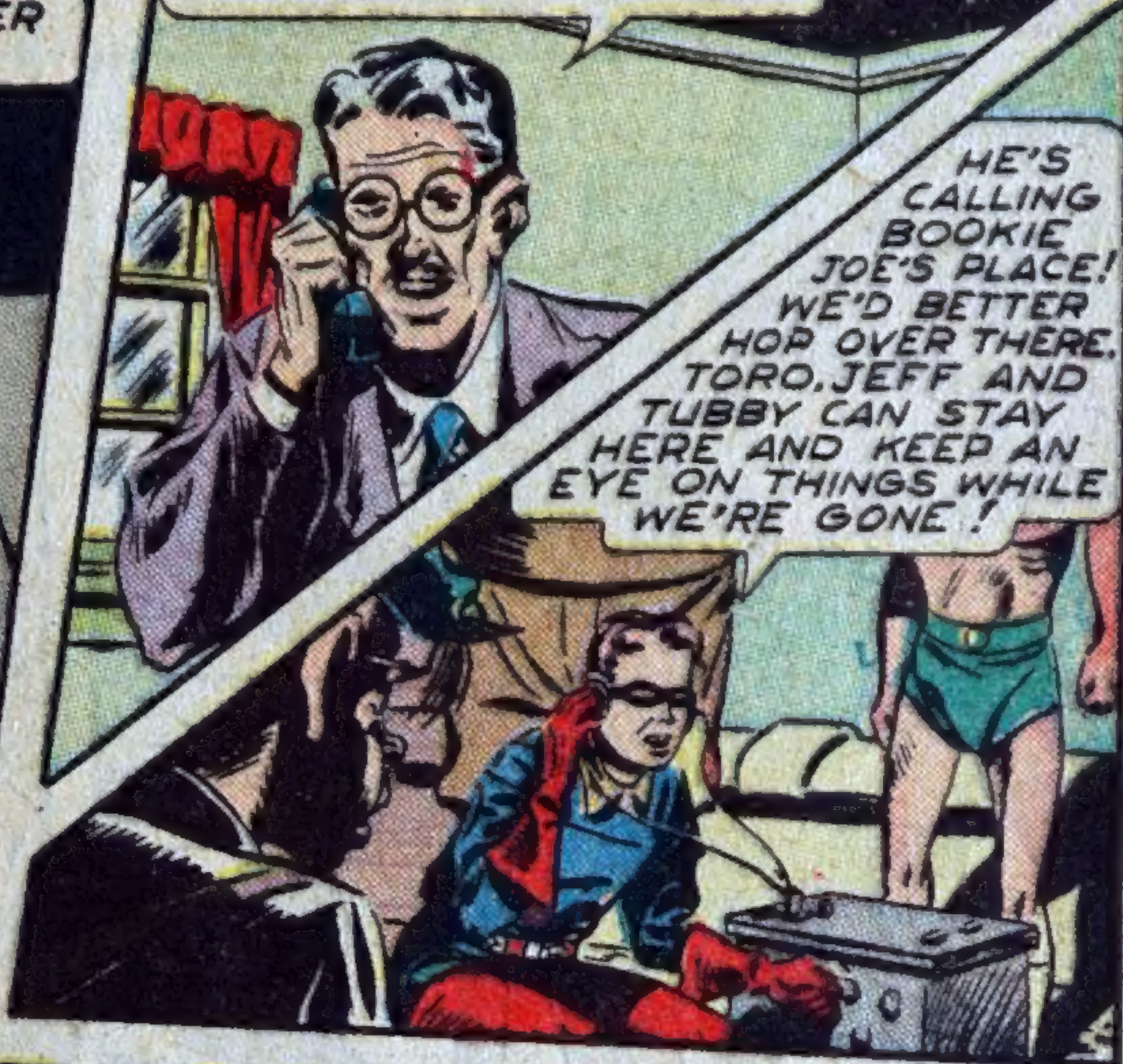


WHILE IN HERB'S APARTMENT....

THE WHEEL SAYS... "TAKE OVER JOE'S MOB...EARLY!" WHEW!



GIVE ME HILLCREST 3197 AND MAKE IT FAST!



HE'S CALLING BOOKIE JOE'S PLACE! WE'D BETTER HOP OVER THERE. TORO, JEFF AND TUBBY CAN STAY HERE AND KEEP AN EYE ON THINGS WHILE WE'RE GONE!

AND AT BOOKIE JOE'S...



SO YOU'RE THE GUY THAT BUMPED THE BOSS, EH? AND YOU WANT TO SEE ME AND THE MOB? SURE, DROP OVER AROUND ELEVEN... WE'LL BE WAITING FOR YOU!

THAT GUY'LL BE HERE AROUND ELEVEN! WE'LL GET OUT OUR CHOPPERS AND BE READY, BECAUSE THE CHUMP IS GOING TO GET A LEAD-SPRAYING THE MINUTE HE OPENS THE DOOR!

OKAY, LEFTY. C'MON, BOYS! LET'S GET THE TOMMY-GUNS OILED UP!



**A**FTER MULLING OVER THE CRYPTIC MESSAGE OF THE WONDER WHEEL, HERB SUDDENLY REALIZES THE FULL IMPORT OF THE WORD "EARLY!"

**Y**OUNG EYES PEER OUT OF THE DARK AS THE WILY GANGSTERS COMPLETE THEIR SINISTER PLANS...



IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT, THOSE THUGS HAVE SOMETHING UP THEIR SLEEVES!

IT'S ALMOST ELEVEN. HE OUGHTA BE HERE ANY MINUTE NOW!

MAN O' MAN, DESE BABIES LOOK LAK DEY SHO' MEANS NO-BODY NO GOOD!

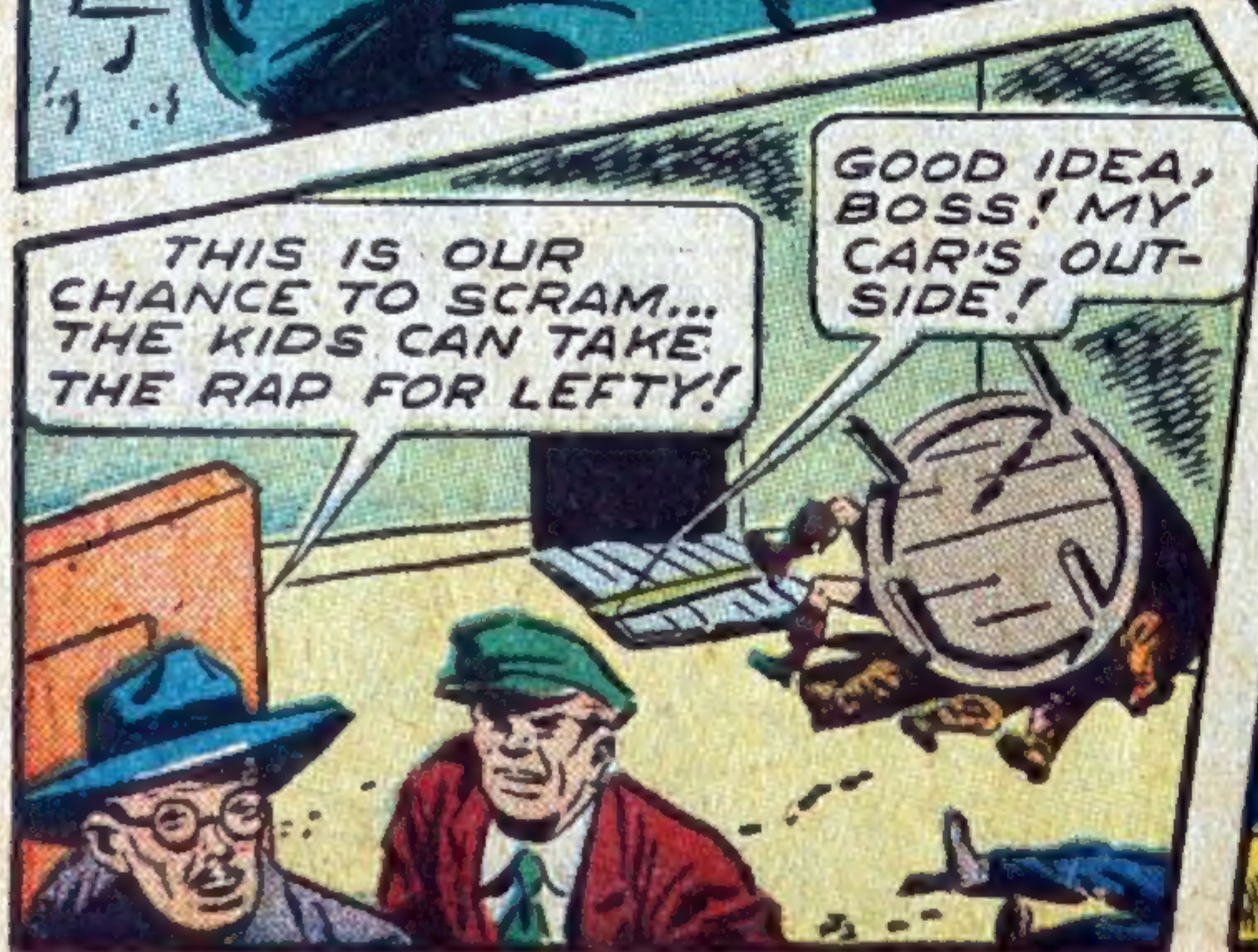




**11** O'CLOCK STRIKES---AND OUT OF A SHADOWY CORNER STEPS HERB--- IN FULL VIEW OF THE THUGS!



**L**IKE A CORNERED RAT, LEFTY MAKES A LIGHTNING MOVE... HIS LAST!

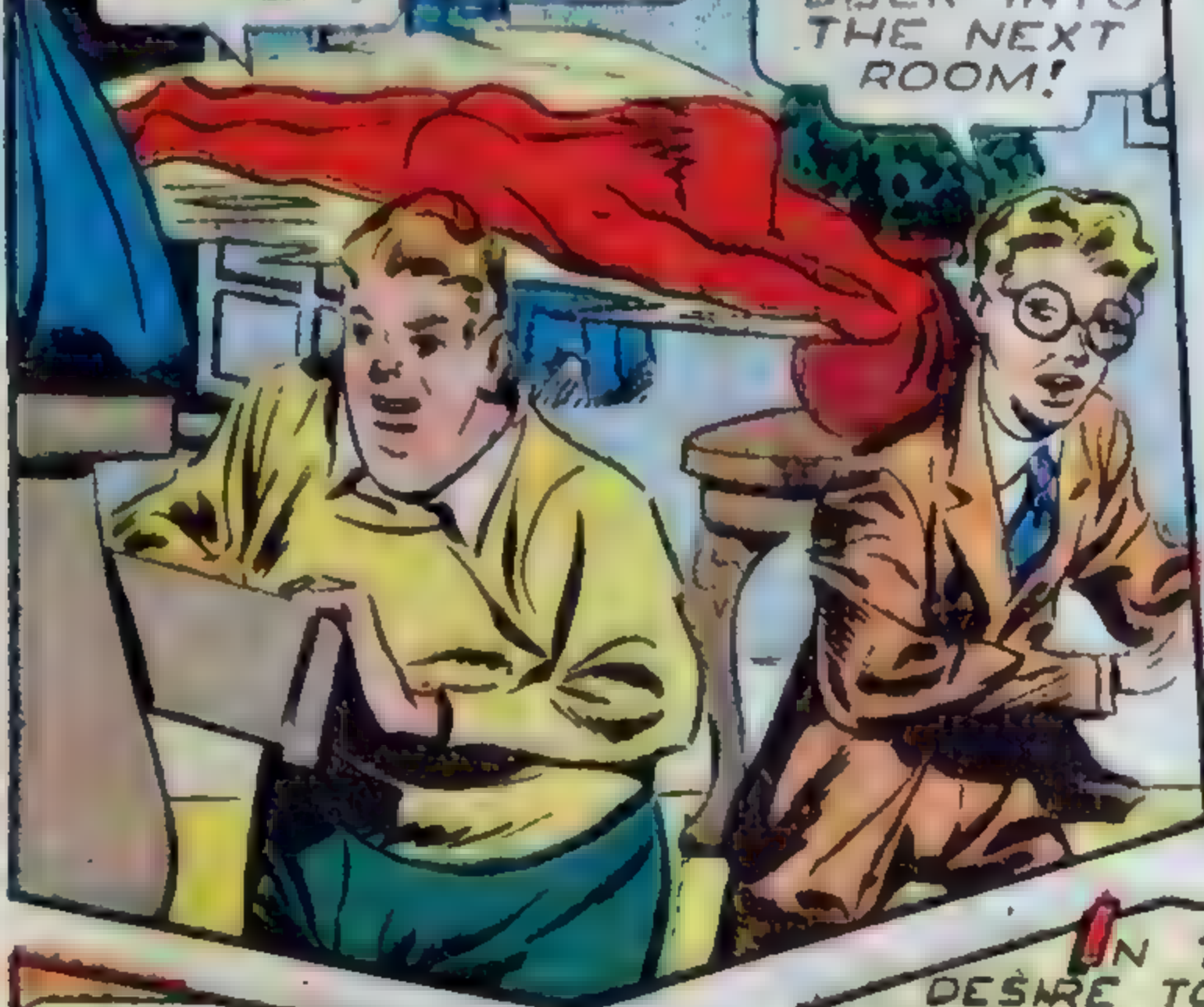




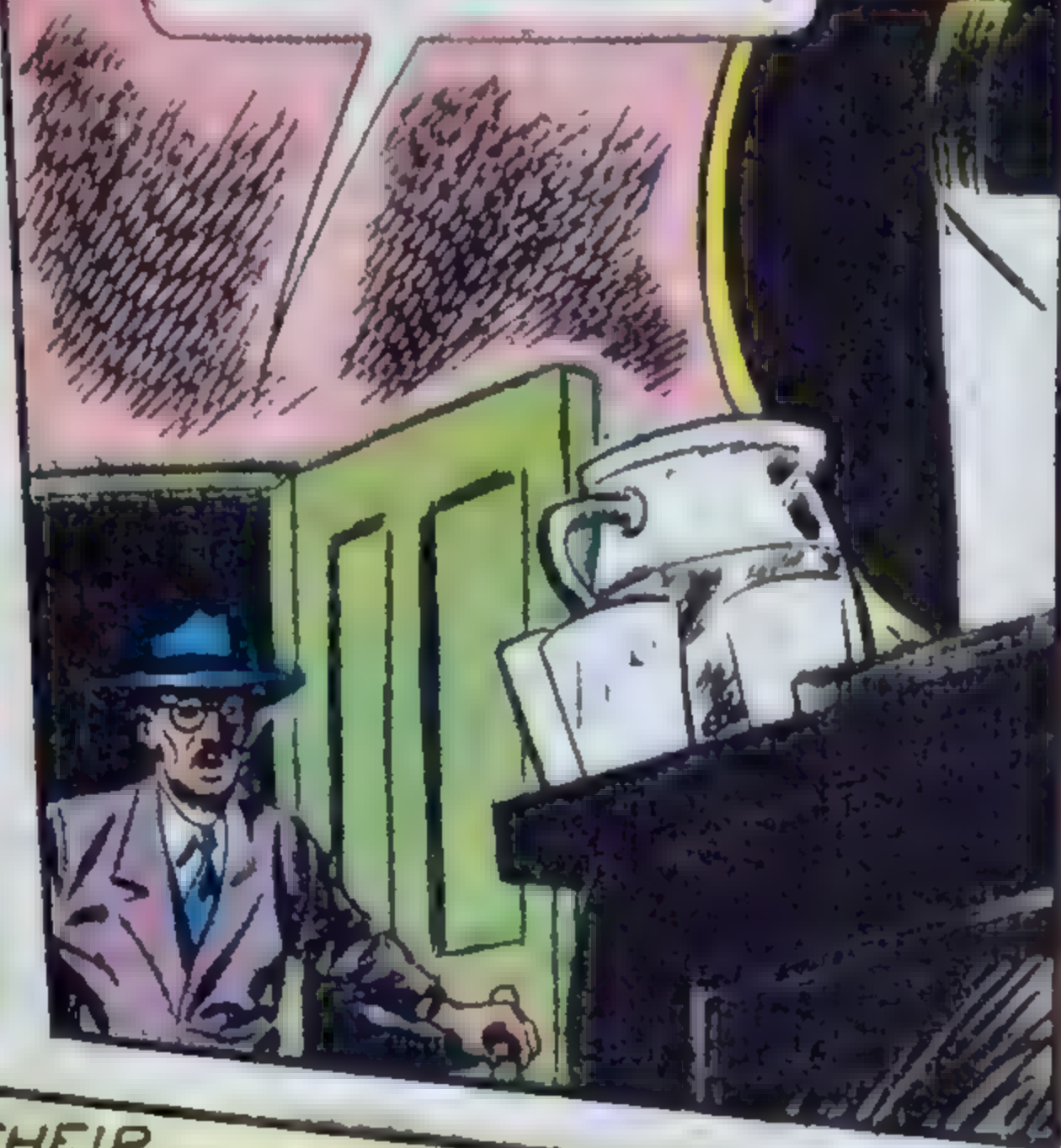
**W**HILE BUCKY AND HIS PALS ARE GONE, THE REST OF THE BOYS DECIDE TO DO A LITTLE INVESTIGATING OF THEIR OWN---

PUT THE STUFF BACK, QUICK! HE'S ON HIS WAY UP!

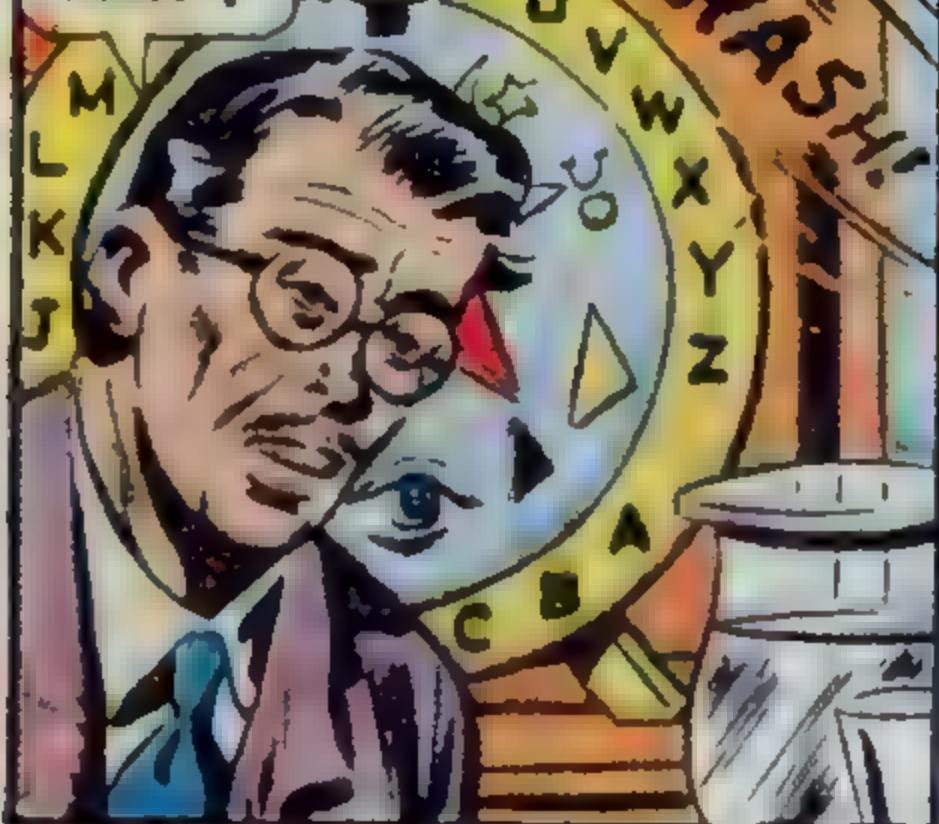
DOUSE THE LIGHTS! WE'LL DUCK INTO THE NEXT ROOM!



THE WHEEL SURE WAS RIGHT ABOUT THE "EARLY" TIP ---- I'LL SEE WHAT ITS MESSAGE IS BEFORE MEETING THE GUYS AT THE HIDEOUT!



PAGEANT--- MONEY-- JEWELS?? SO THAT'S THE TIP-OFF FOR THE NEXT JOB--- WHAT WAS THAT?



**I**N THEIR DESIRE TO FRUSTRATE THE NEXT INFAMOUS SCHEME INVOKED FROM THE WHEEL OF CRIME, CAUTION IS THROWN TO THE WINDS---

GRAB THE WHEEL, BOYS. I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!

THIS'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU!

LOOK OUT, TORO!



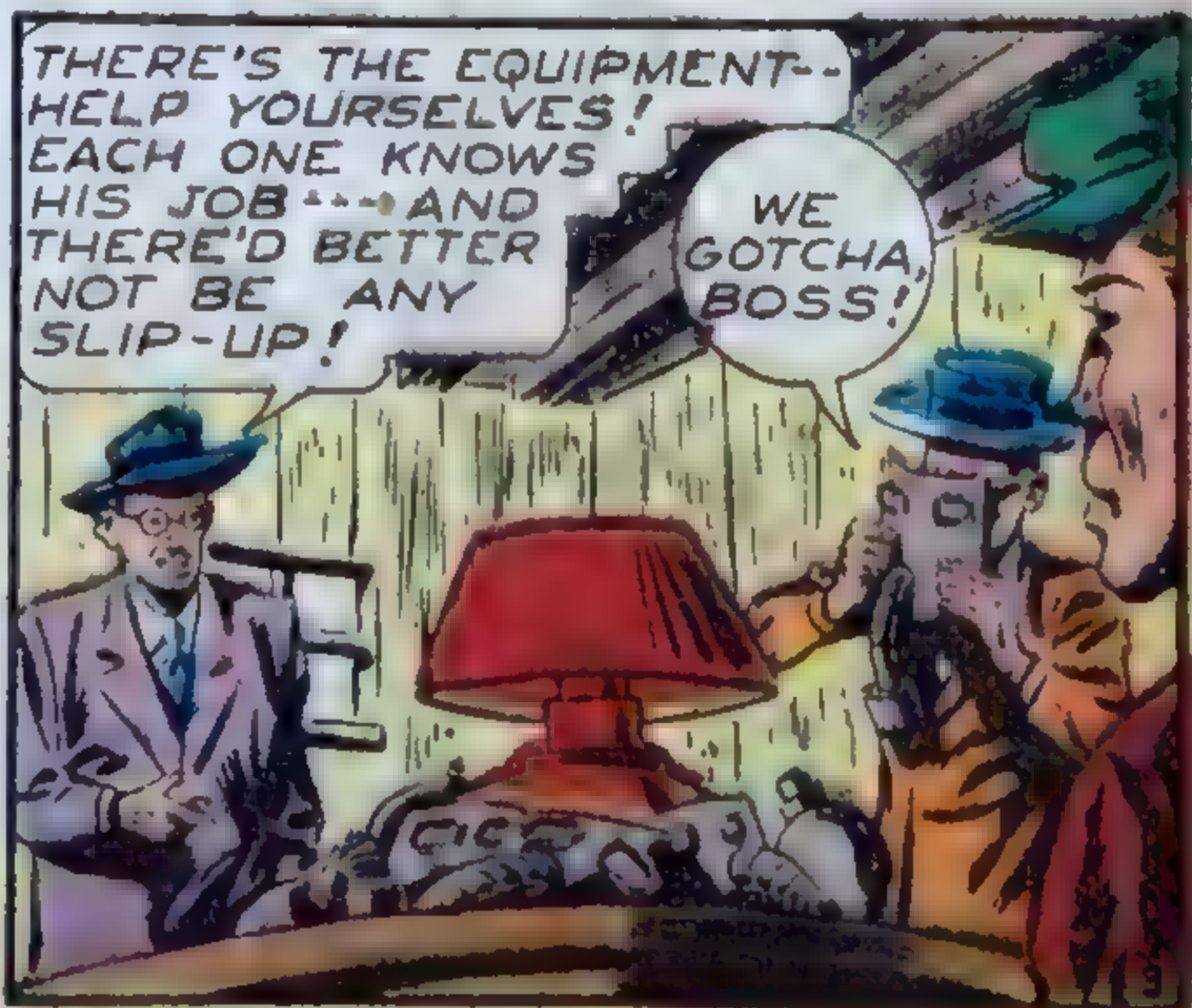
OUT OF MY WAY, YOU BLASTED BRATS! I'VE GOT A DATE TO KEEP!



**M**INUTES LATER---

THERE'S THE EQUIPMENT-- HELP YOURSELVES! EACH ONE KNOWS HIS JOB --- AND THERE'D BETTER NOT BE ANY SLIP-UP!

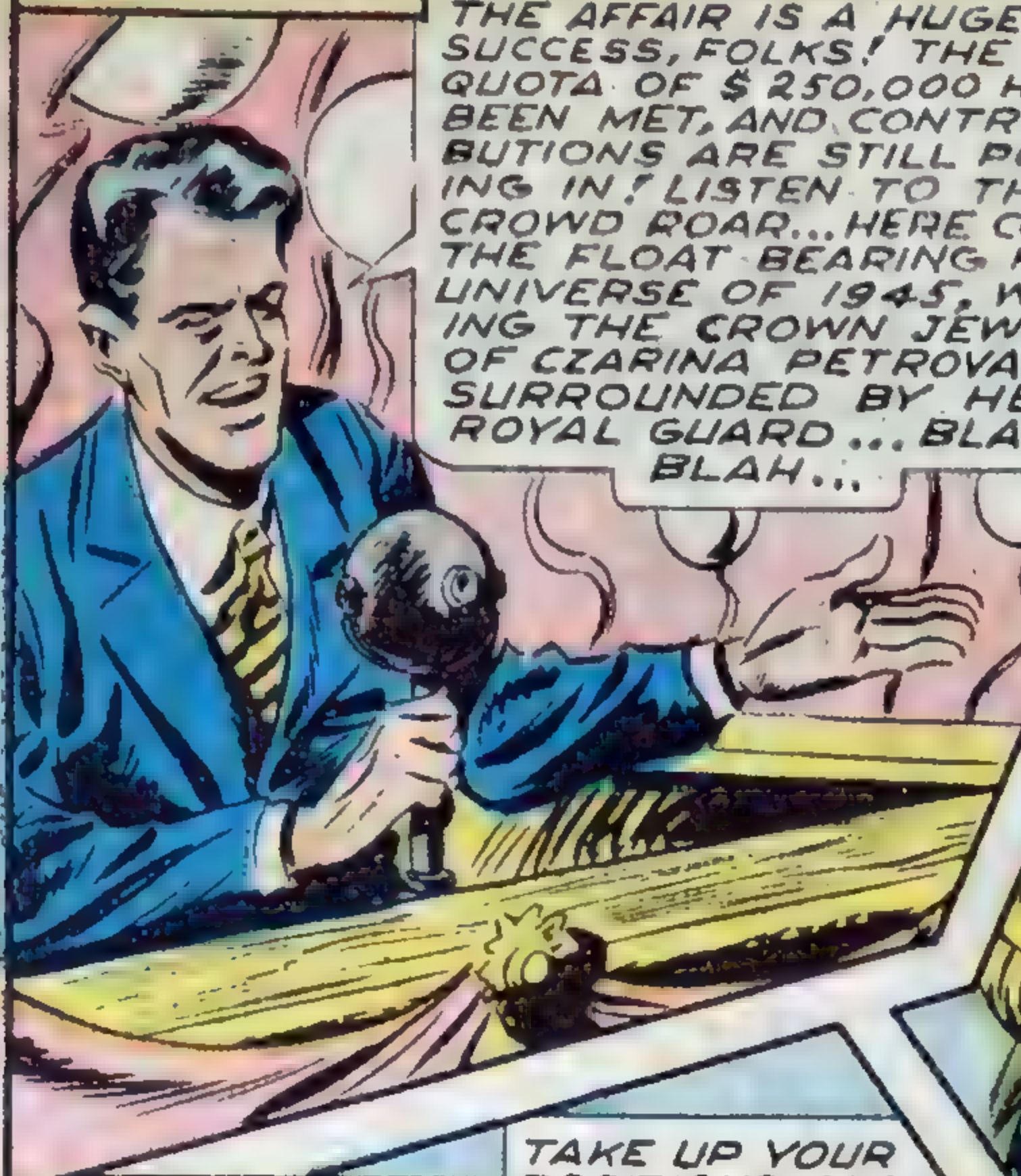
WE GOTCHA, BOSS!



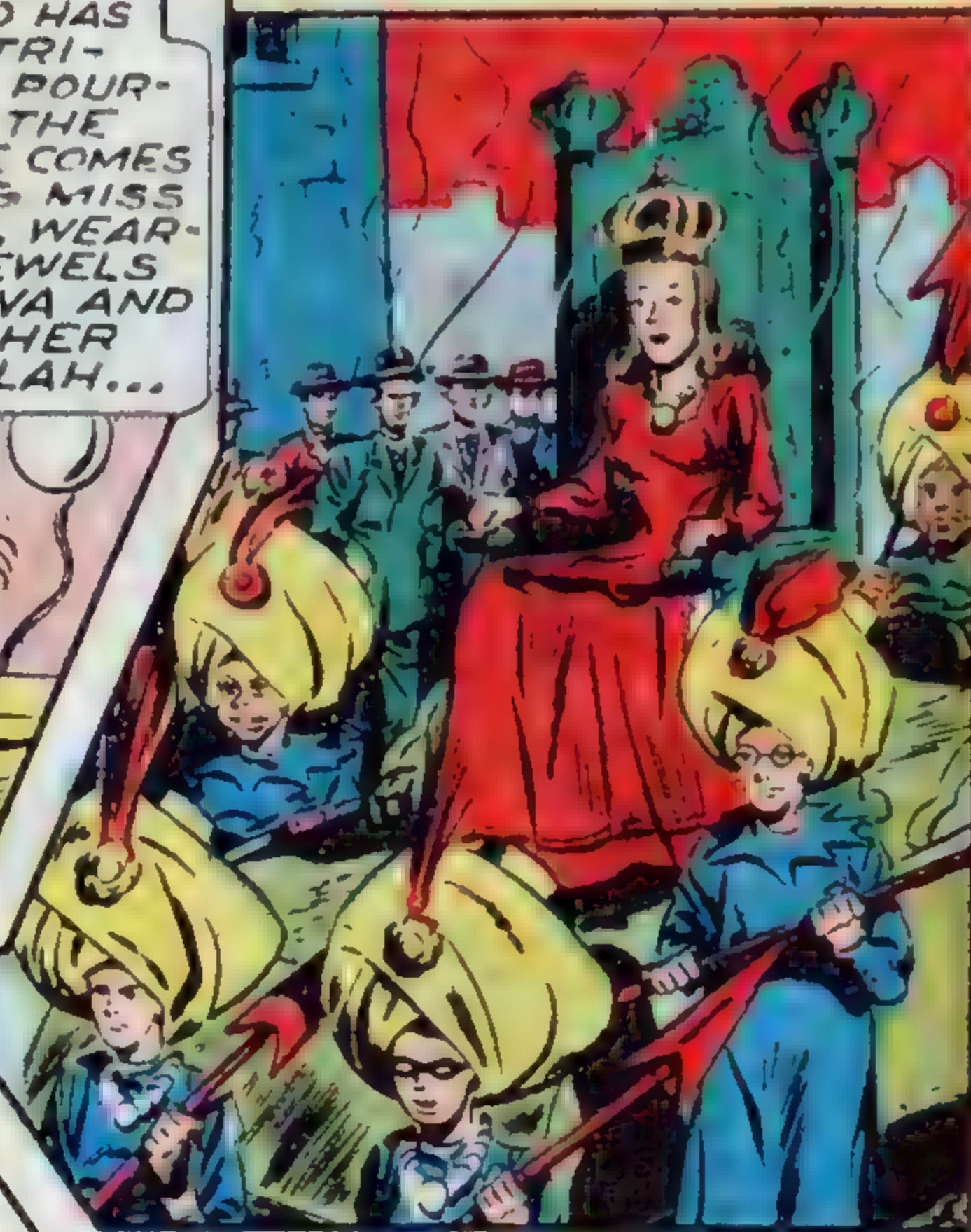


**A**T A MAMMOTH CHARITY DRIVE, LATER THAT DAY...

THE AFFAIR IS A HUGE SUCCESS, FOLKS! THE QUOTA OF \$250,000 HAS BEEN MET, AND CONTRIBUTIONS ARE STILL POURING IN! LISTEN TO THE CROWD ROAR... HERE COMES THE FLOAT BEARING MISS UNIVERSE OF 1945, WEARING THE CROWN JEWELS OF CZARINA PETROVA AND SURROUNDED BY HER ROYAL GUARD... BLAH... BLAH...



**T**HE FLOAT ROLLS PAST... AND ITS SIX LITTLE ESCORTS LOOK VERY FAMILIAR !!!



**W**HILE IN THE CROWD...

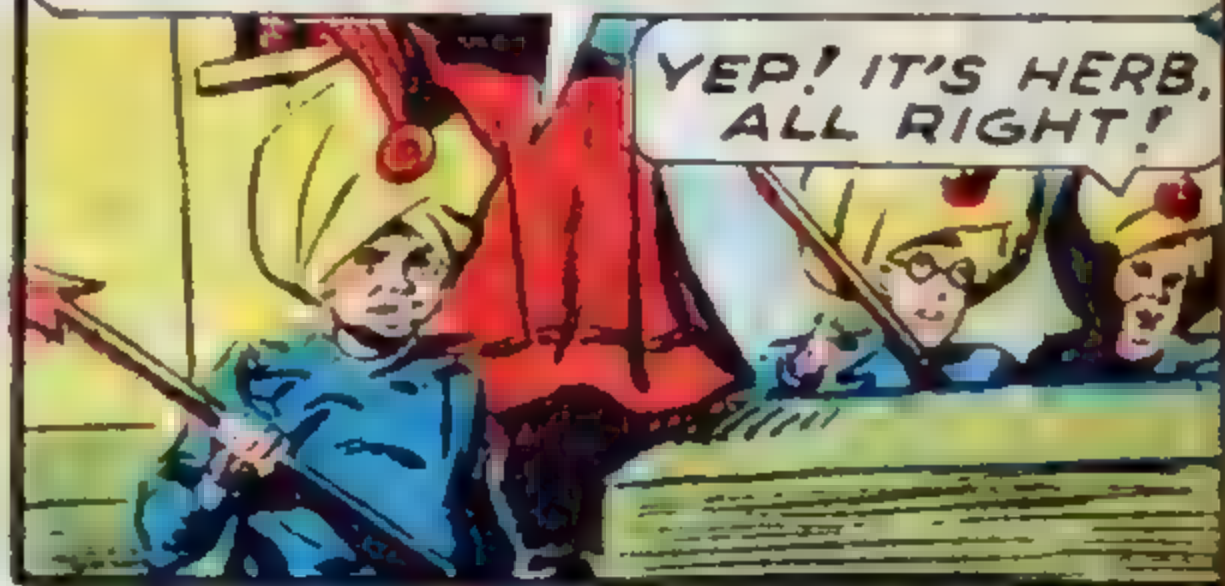
TAKE UP YOUR POSITIONS AND WHEN I GIVE THE WORD, SLIP ON YOUR MASKS AND GIVE 'EM THE WORKS!

DIS IS GONNA BE A SWEET HAUL... LIKE TAKING CANDY FROM A BABY!

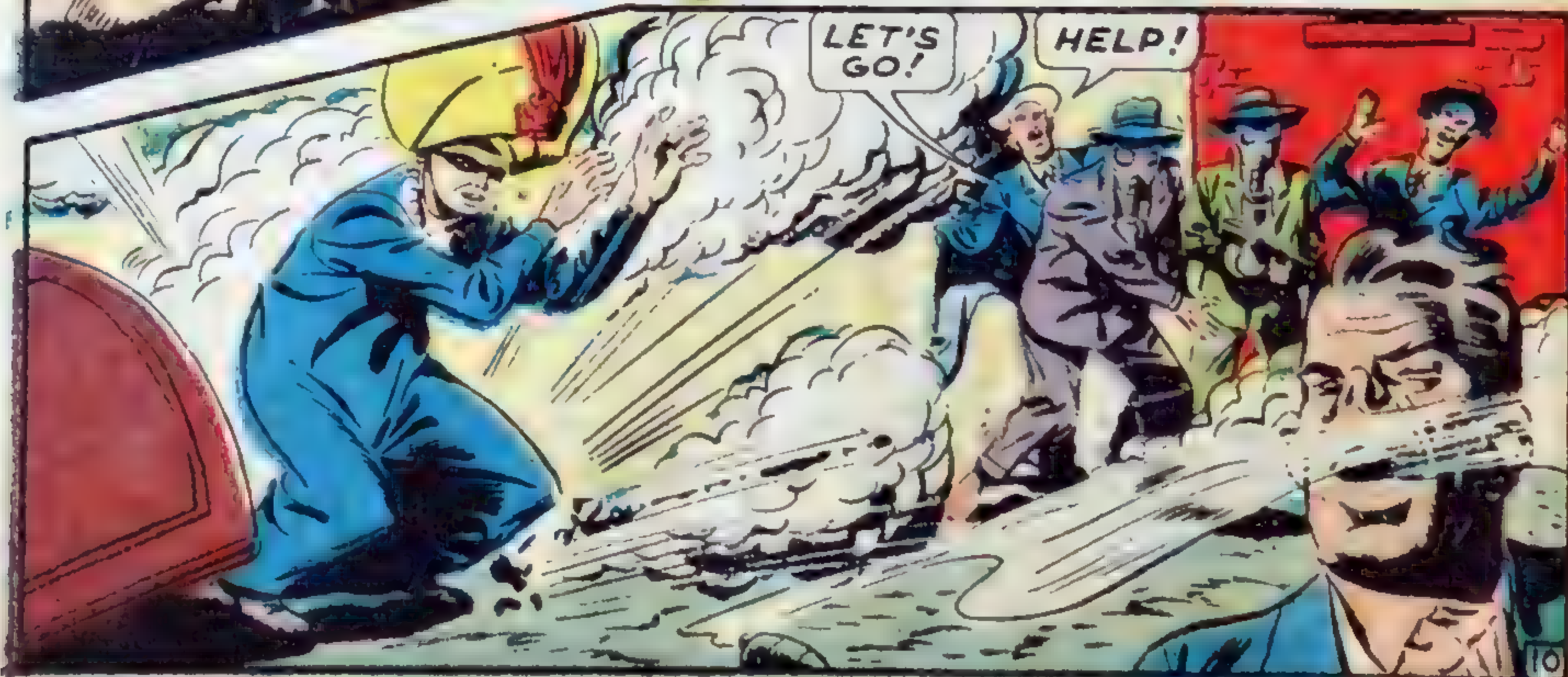


PSSST, FELLAS! IT'S A GOOD T'ING WE DECIDED TA STRING ALONG WIT' DIS PAGEANT--- 'CAUSE DERE'S OUR MAN!

YEP! IT'S HERB, ALL RIGHT!



**S**UDDENLY PANDEMONIUM BREAKS LOOSE!



LET'S GO!

HELP!

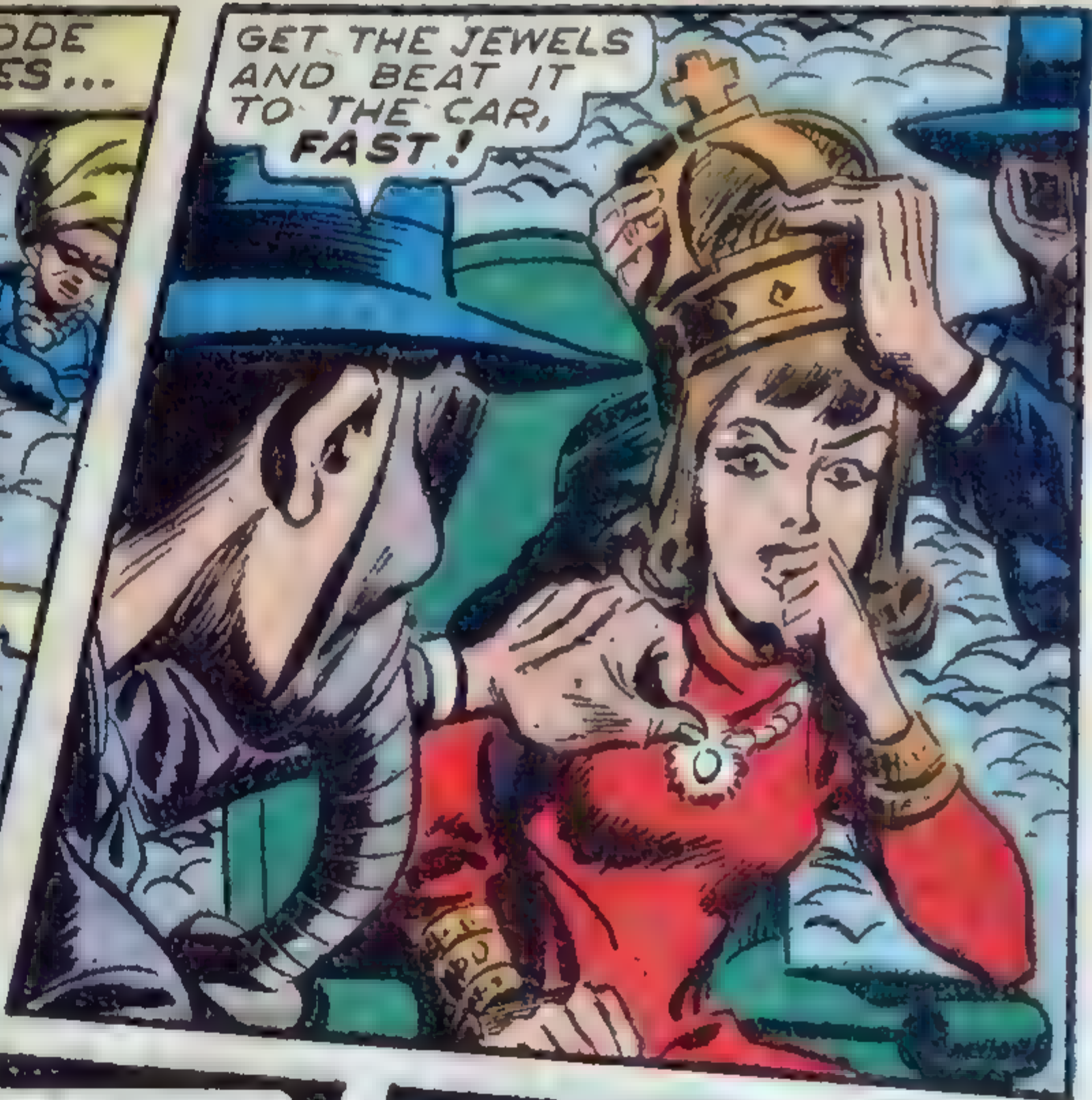


**A**S THE GAS GRENADES EXPLODE  
AMONG THE YOUNG ALLIES...

HEY! WATCH  
OUT!

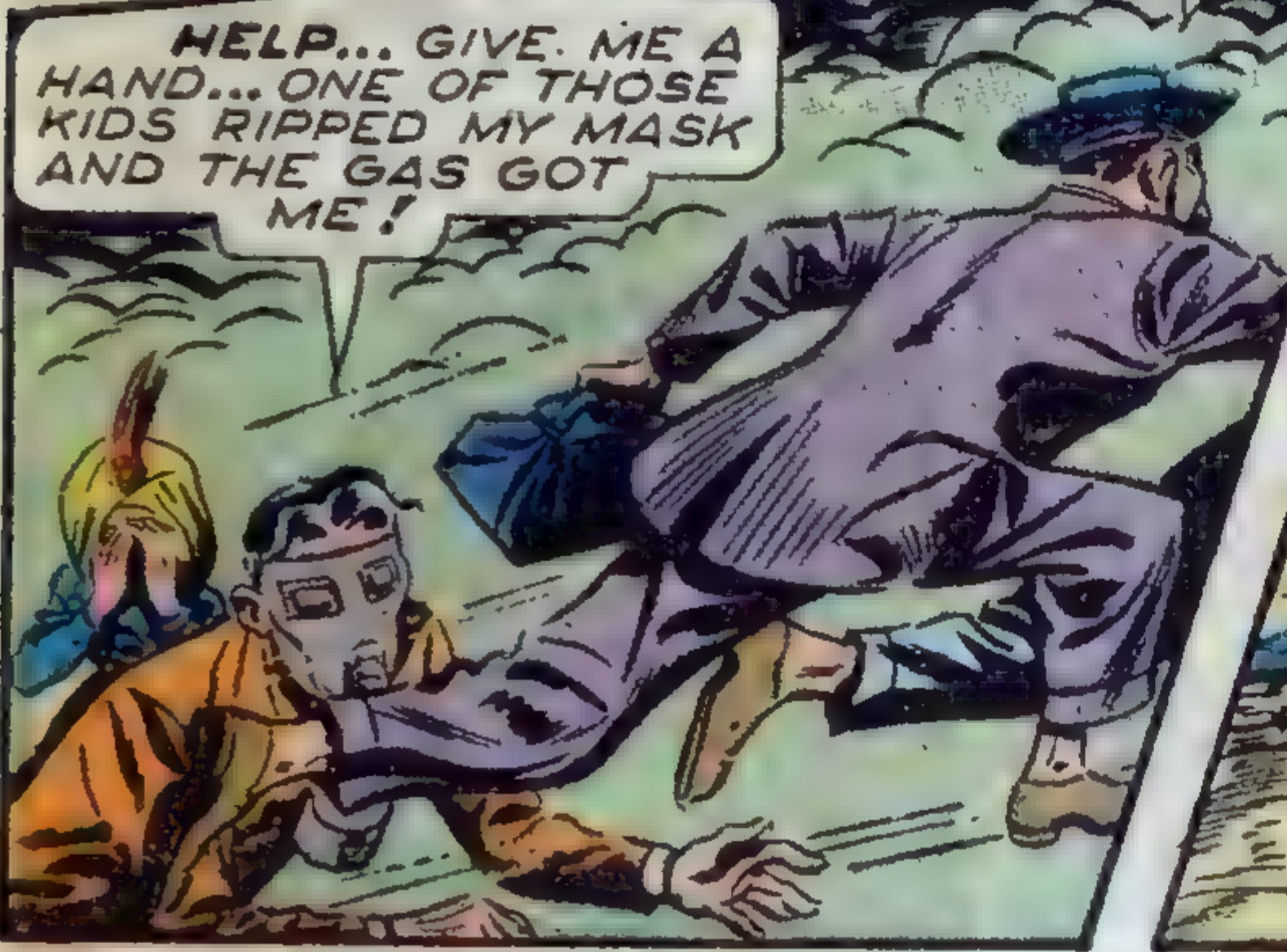


GET THE JEWELS  
AND BEAT IT  
TO THE CAR,  
FAST!



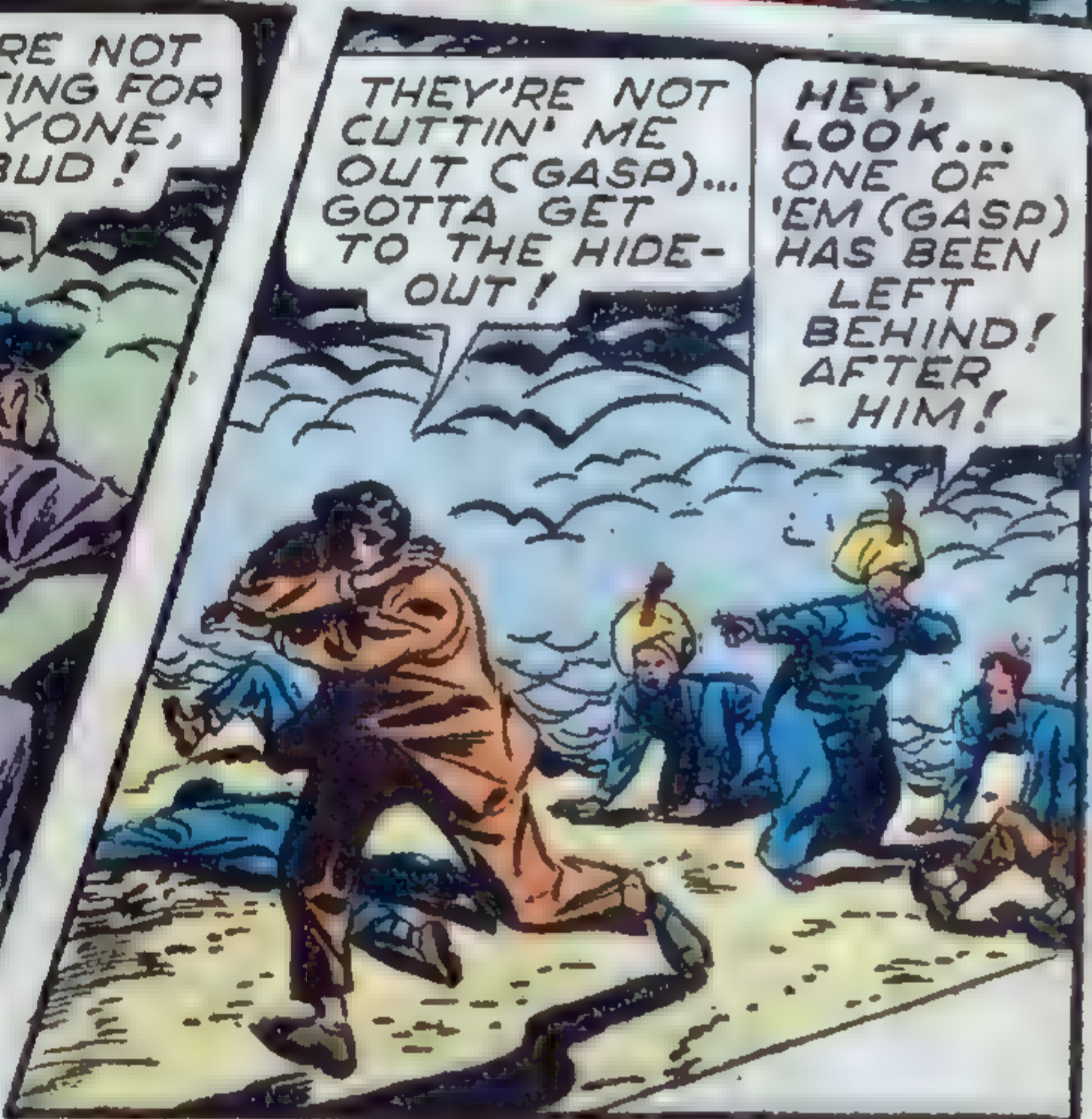
WE'RE NOT  
WAITING FOR  
ANYONE,  
BUD!

HELP... GIVE ME A  
HAND... ONE OF THOSE  
KIDS RIPPED MY MASK  
AND THE GAS GOT  
ME!

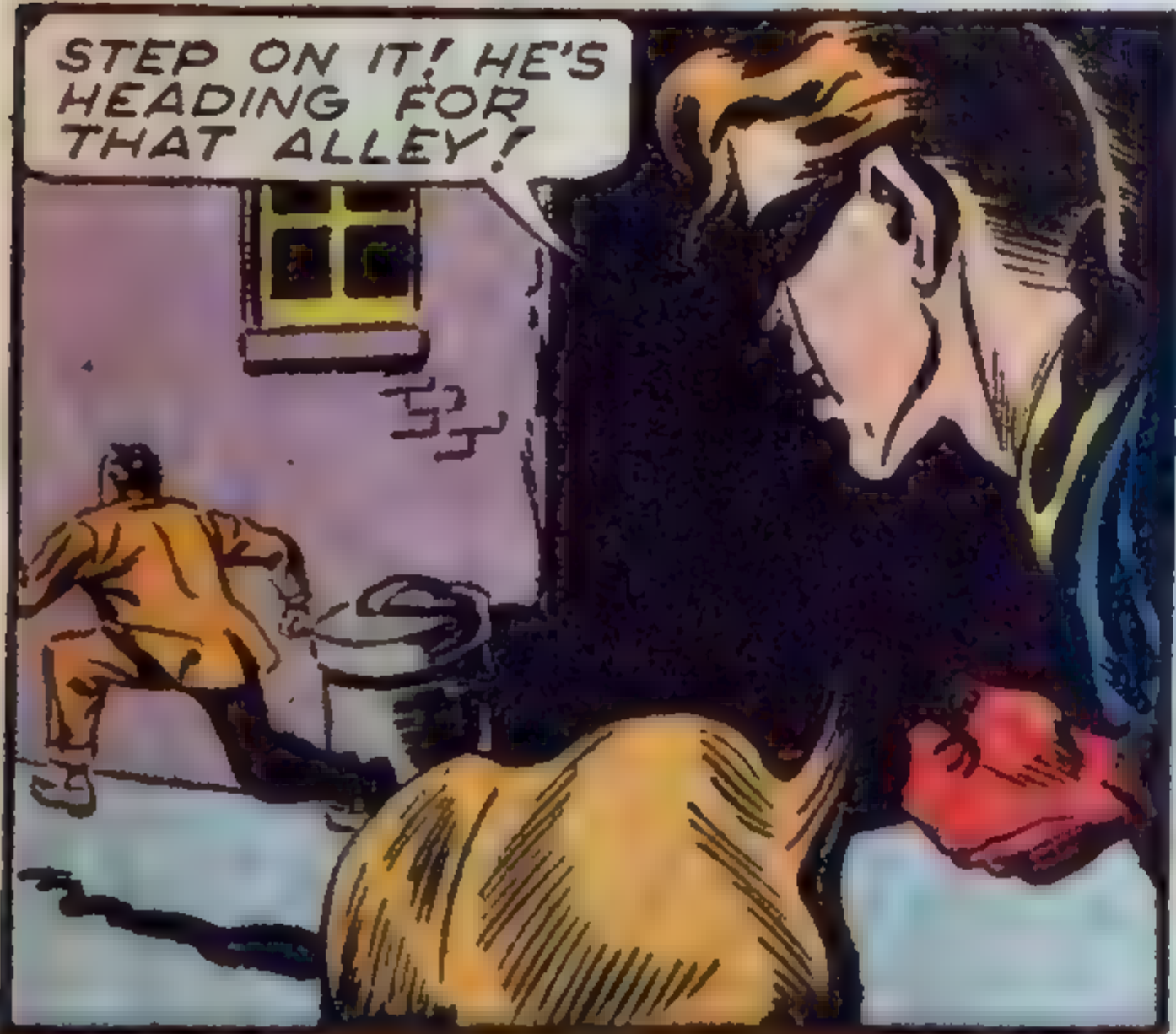


THEY'RE NOT  
CUTTIN' ME  
OUT (GASP)...  
GOTTA GET  
TO THE HIDE-  
OUT!

HEY,  
LOOK...  
ONE OF  
'EM (GASP)  
HAS BEEN  
LEFT  
BEHIND!  
AFTER  
- HIM!

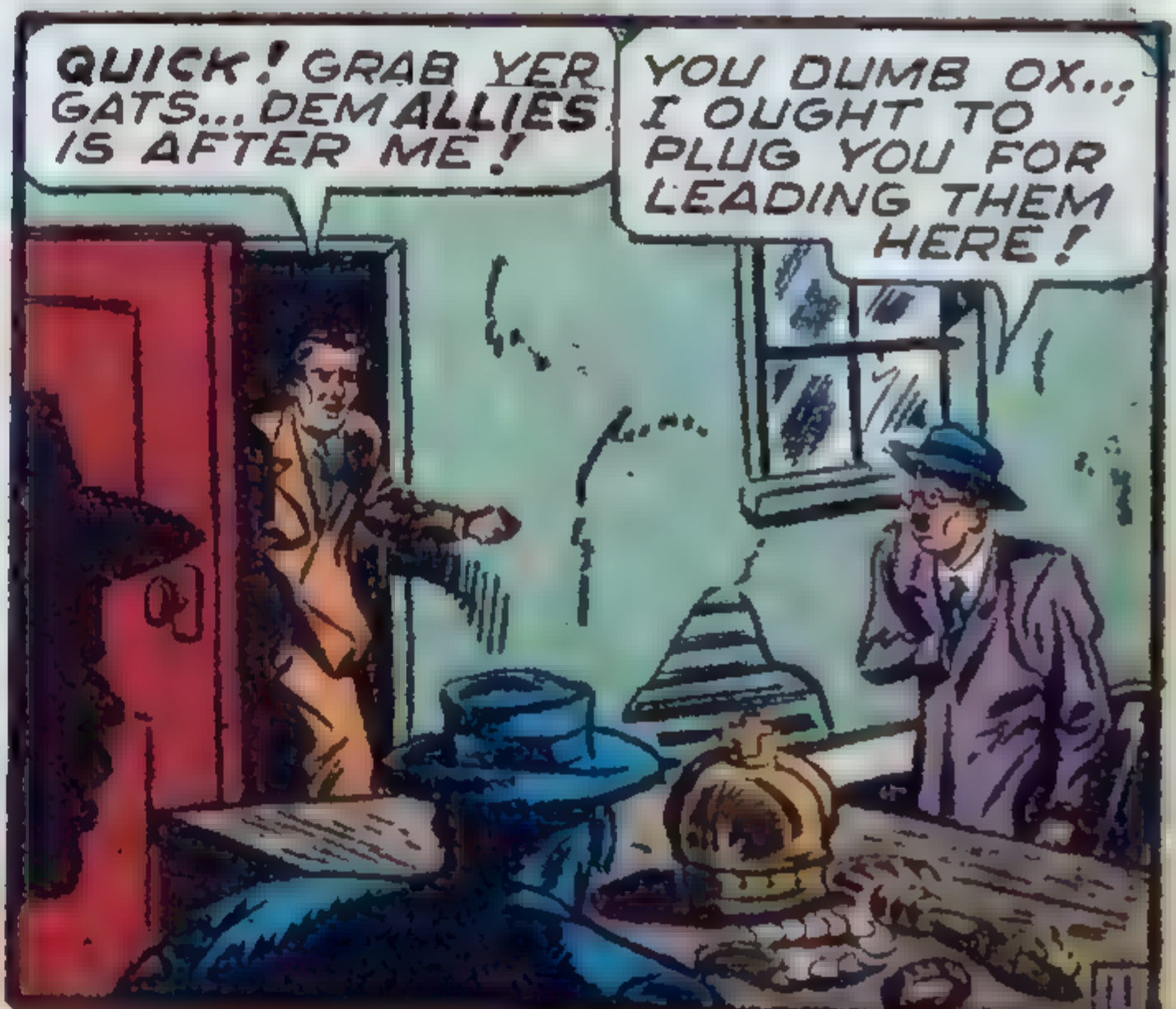


STEP ON IT! HE'S  
HEADING FOR  
THAT ALLEY!

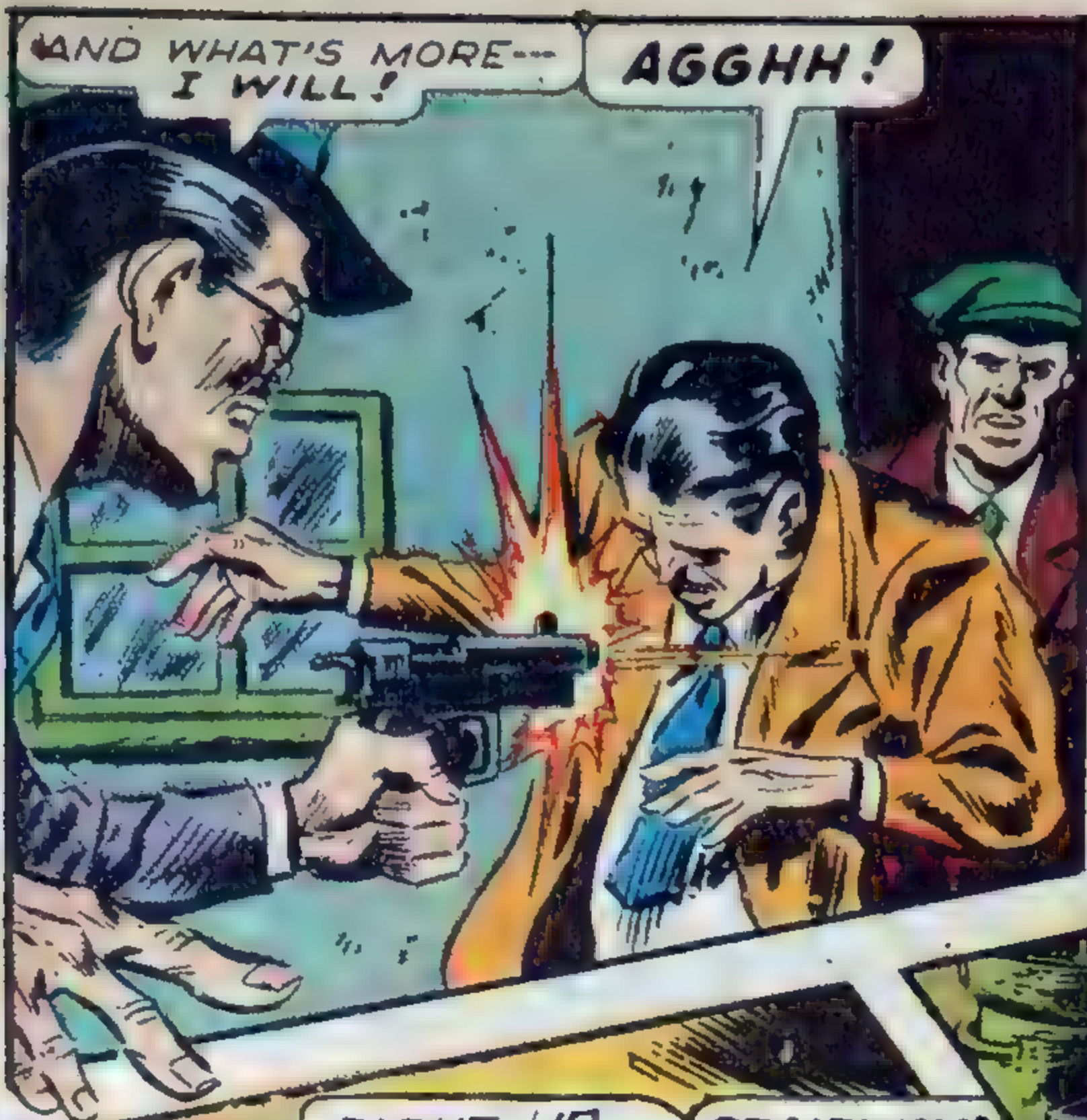


QUICK! GRAB YER  
GATS... DEM ALLIES  
IS AFTER ME!

YOU DUMB OX...  
I OUGHT TO  
PLUG YOU FOR  
LEADING THEM  
HERE!

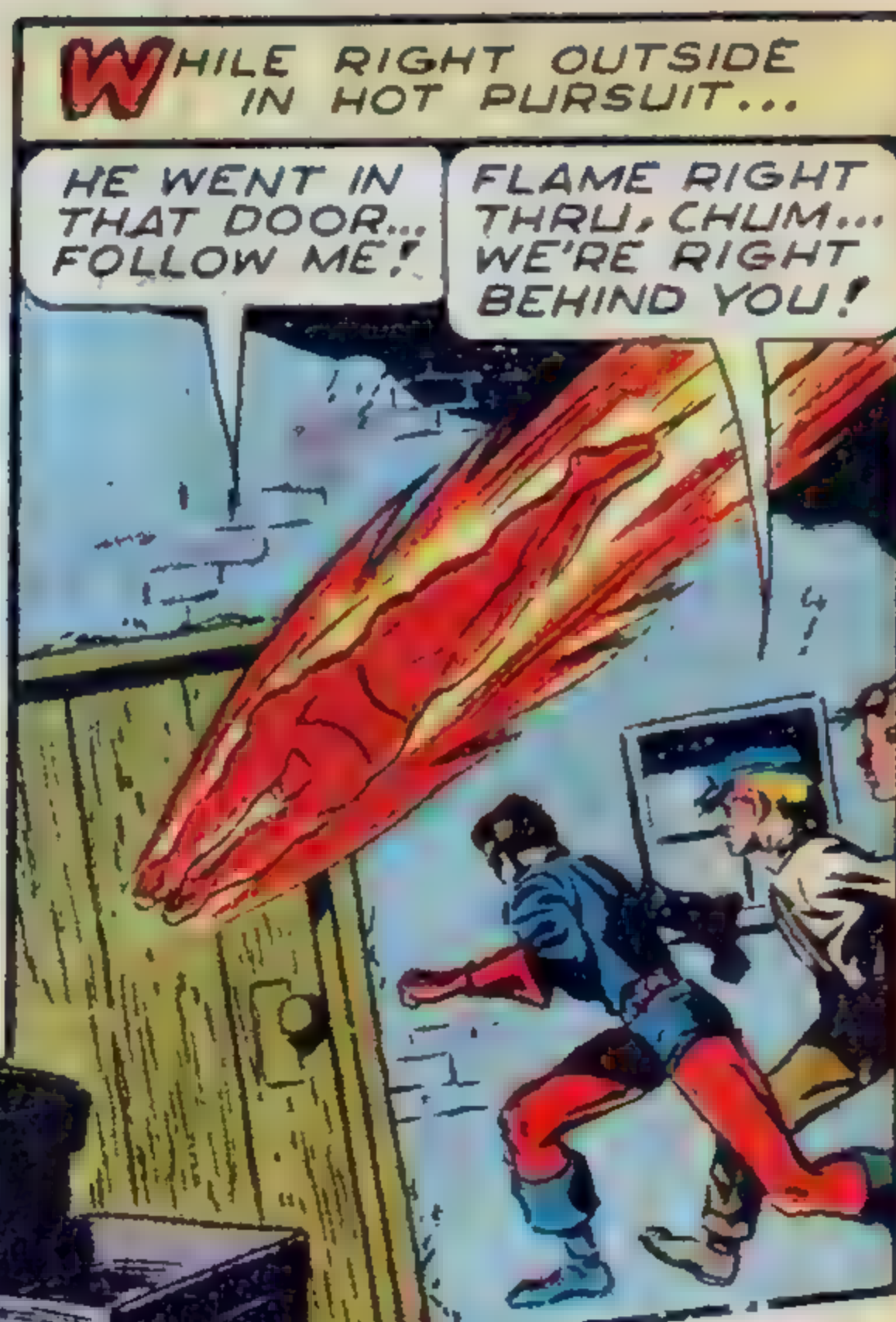






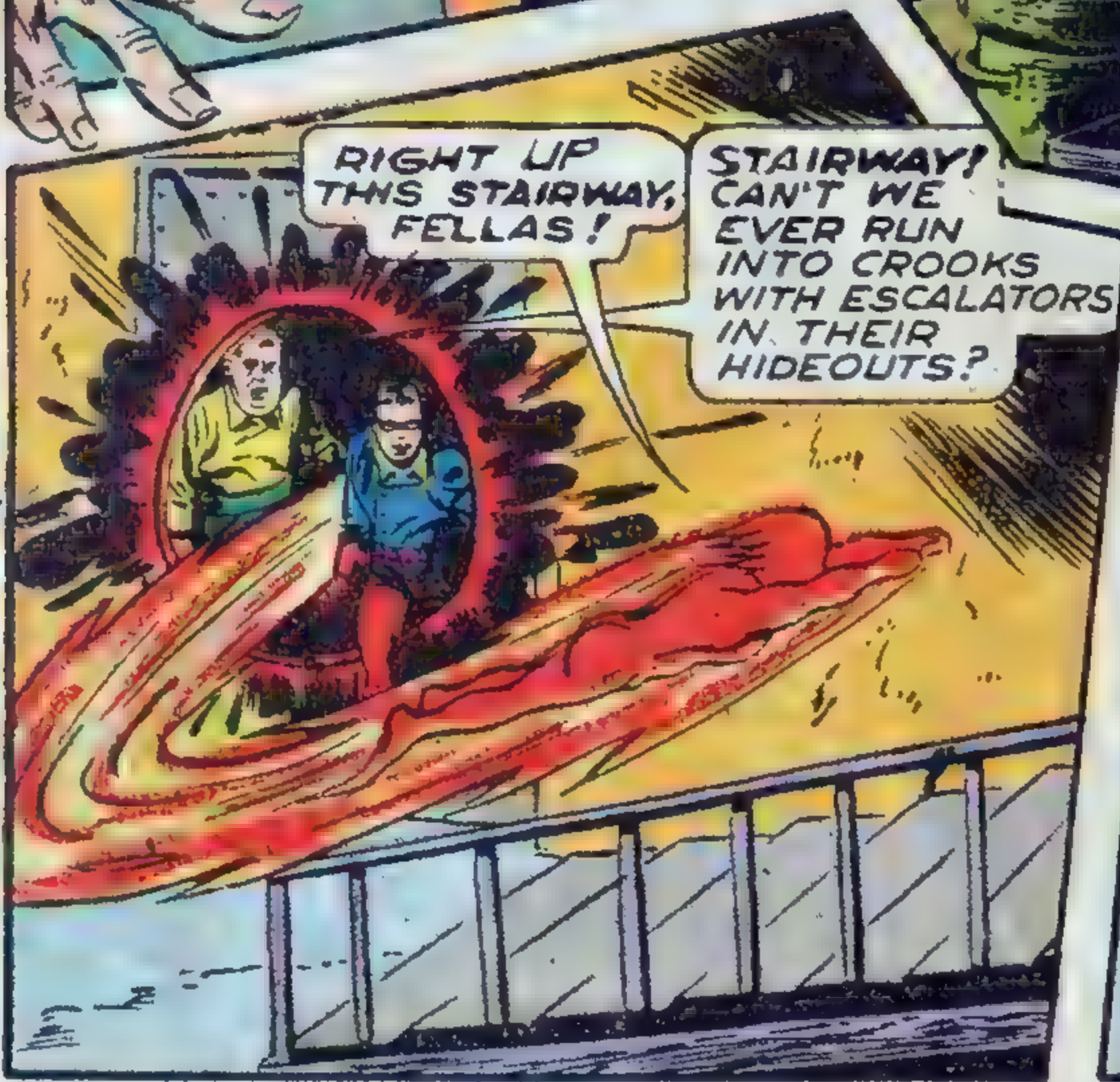
AND WHAT'S MORE---  
I WILL!

AGGHH!



HE WENT IN  
THAT DOOR...  
FOLLOW ME!

FLAME RIGHT  
THRU, CHUM...  
WE'RE RIGHT  
BEHIND YOU!



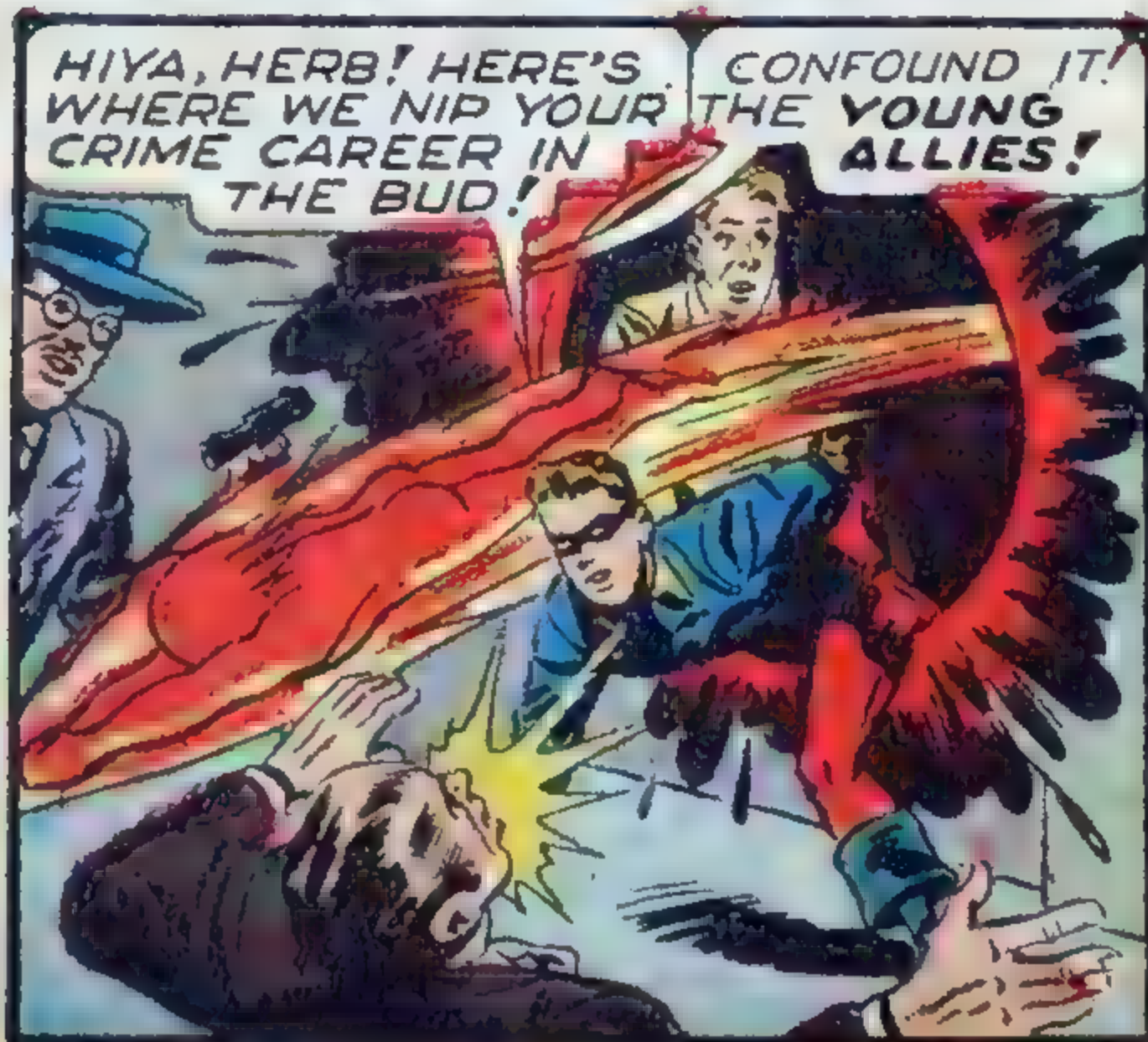
RIGHT UP  
THIS STAIRWAY,  
FELLAS!

STAIRWAY!  
CAN'T WE  
EVER RUN  
INTO CROOKS  
WITH ESCALATORS  
IN THEIR  
HIDEOUTS?



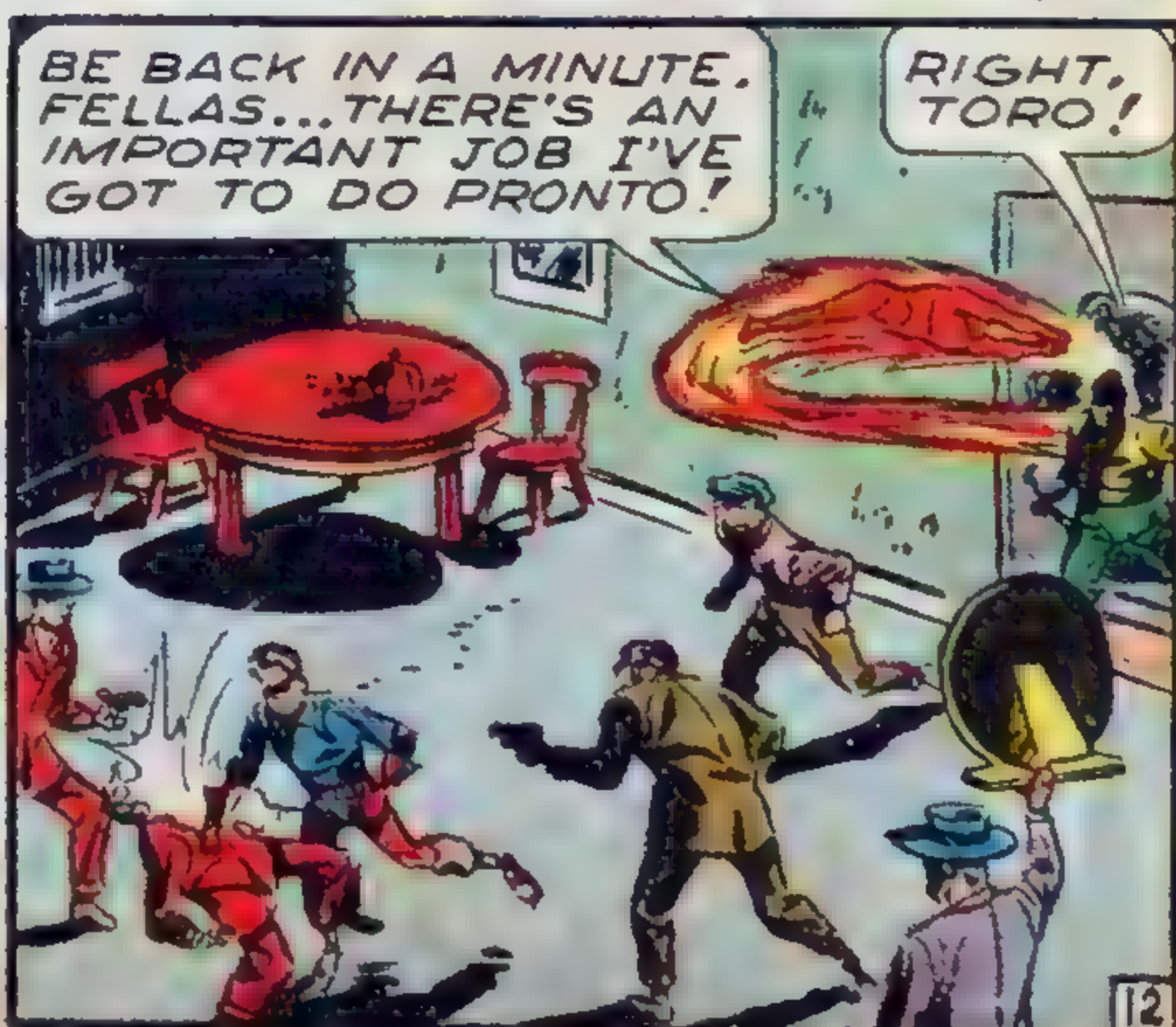
THIS DOOR AT  
THE END OF THE  
STAIRS MUST  
LEAD TO THEIR  
DEN!

WHEW! I  
WOULDN'T  
DO THIS  
FOR TIME-  
AND-A-  
HALF!



HIYA, HERB! HERE'S  
WHERE WE NIP YOUR  
CRIME CAREER IN  
THE BUD!

CONFOUND IT!  
THE YOUNG  
ALLIES!



BE BACK IN A MINUTE.  
FELLAS...THERE'S AN  
IMPORTANT JOB I'VE  
GOT TO DO PRONTO!

RIGHT,  
TORO!



**B**EWILDERED BY THE UNEXPECTED TURN OF EVENTS, HERB STANDS AGHAST PONDERING HIS NEXT MOVE...HELPLESS...

**OW!**

JEEPERS! DIS PUNCHIN' ROUTINE IS GIVIN' ME DISHPAN HANDS!

**THEN!**

ALMOST FORGOT! THE WHEEL CAN HELP ME!... IT'S SPELLING OUT... "D-O-O-" THE LAST LETTER HAS BEEN SHOT OFF... BUT IT MUST MEAN DOOR... HA! HA! NOTHING CAN STOP ME NOW!



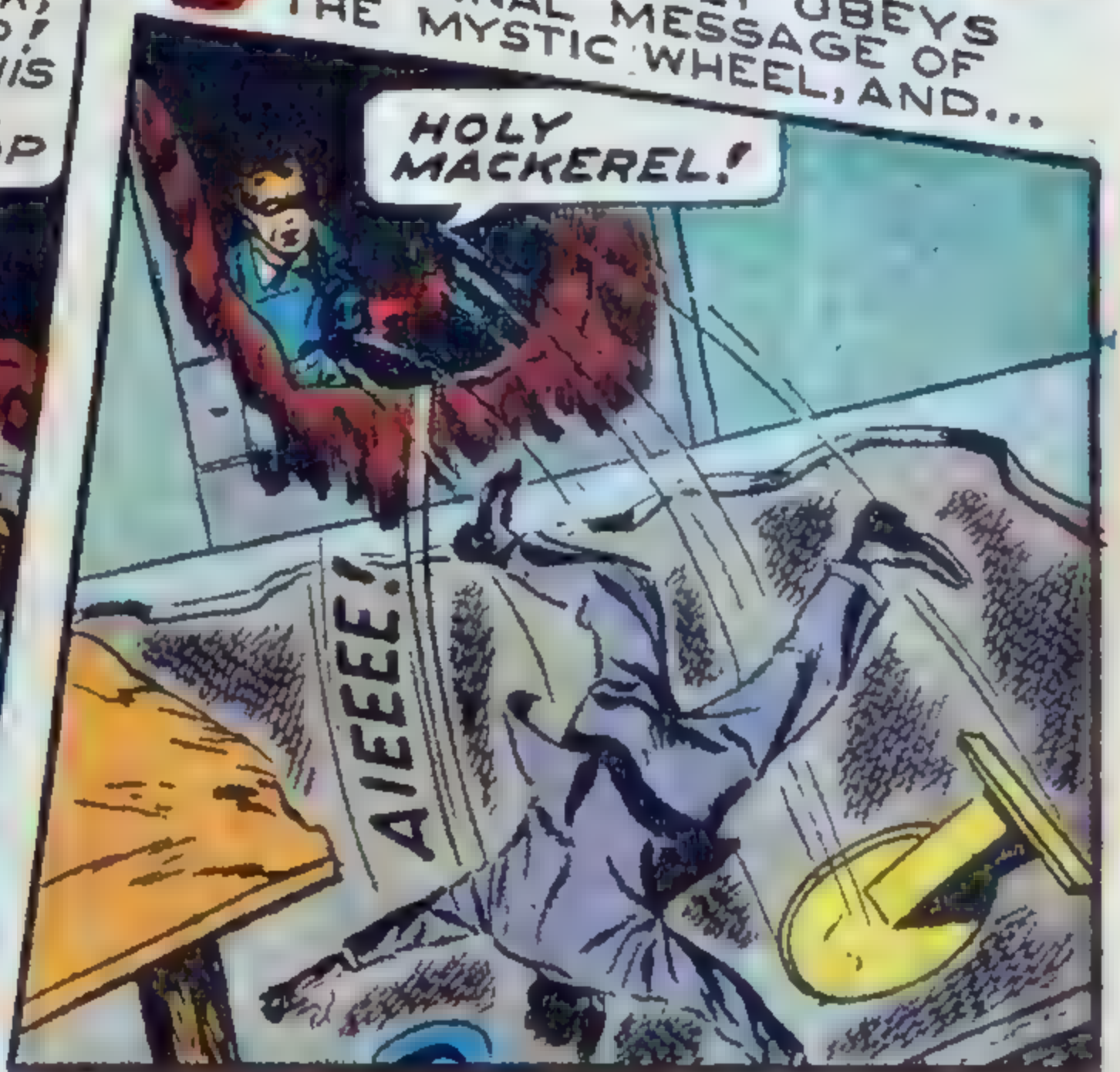
GET OUT OF MY WAY!

COME BACK, YOU SAP! MAYBE THIS FIREBALL WILL STOP YOU!



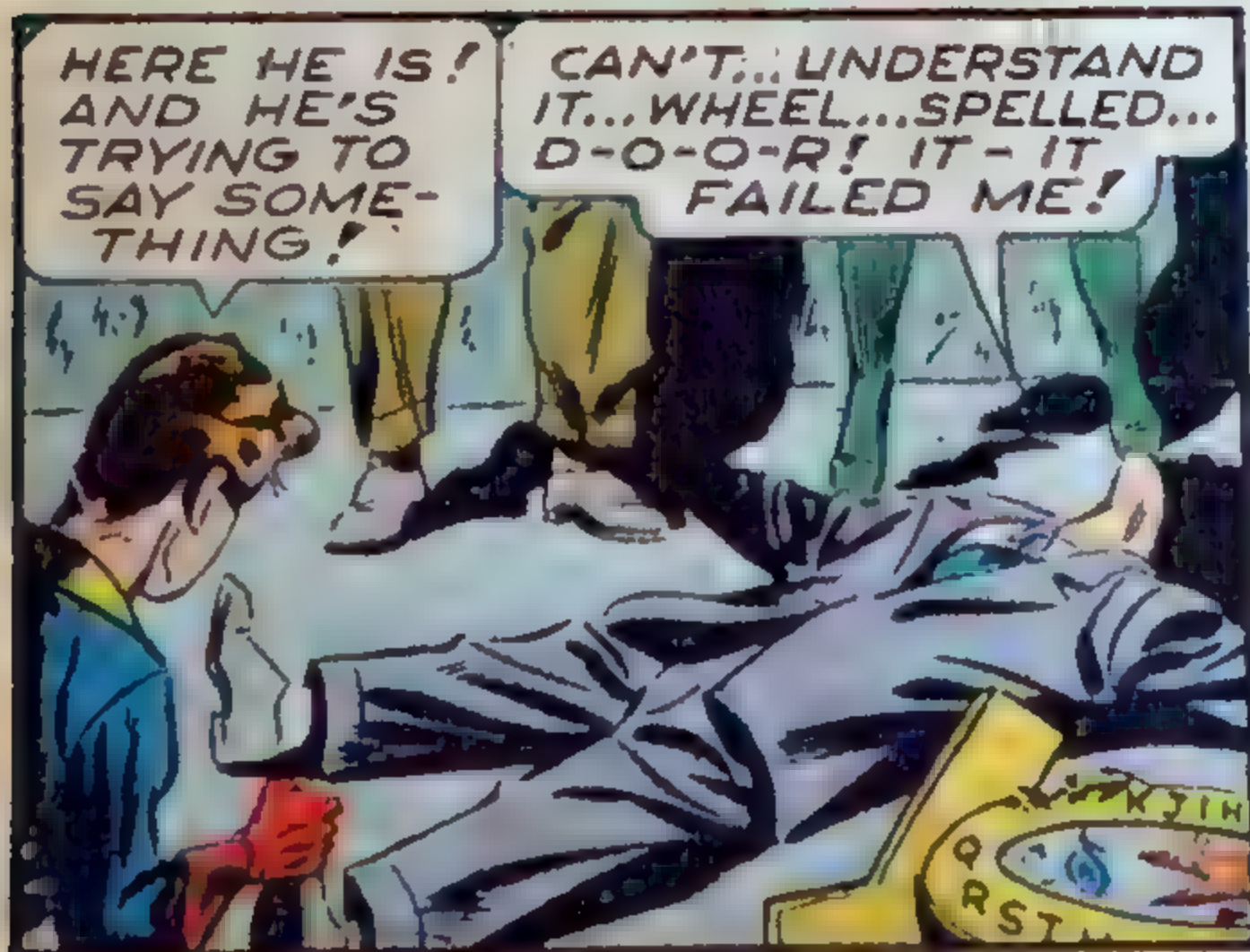
**B**UT HERB BLINDLY OBEYS THE FINAL MESSAGE OF THE MYSTIC WHEEL, AND...

**HOLY MACKEREL!**



HERE HE IS! AND HE'S TRYING TO SAY SOMETHING!

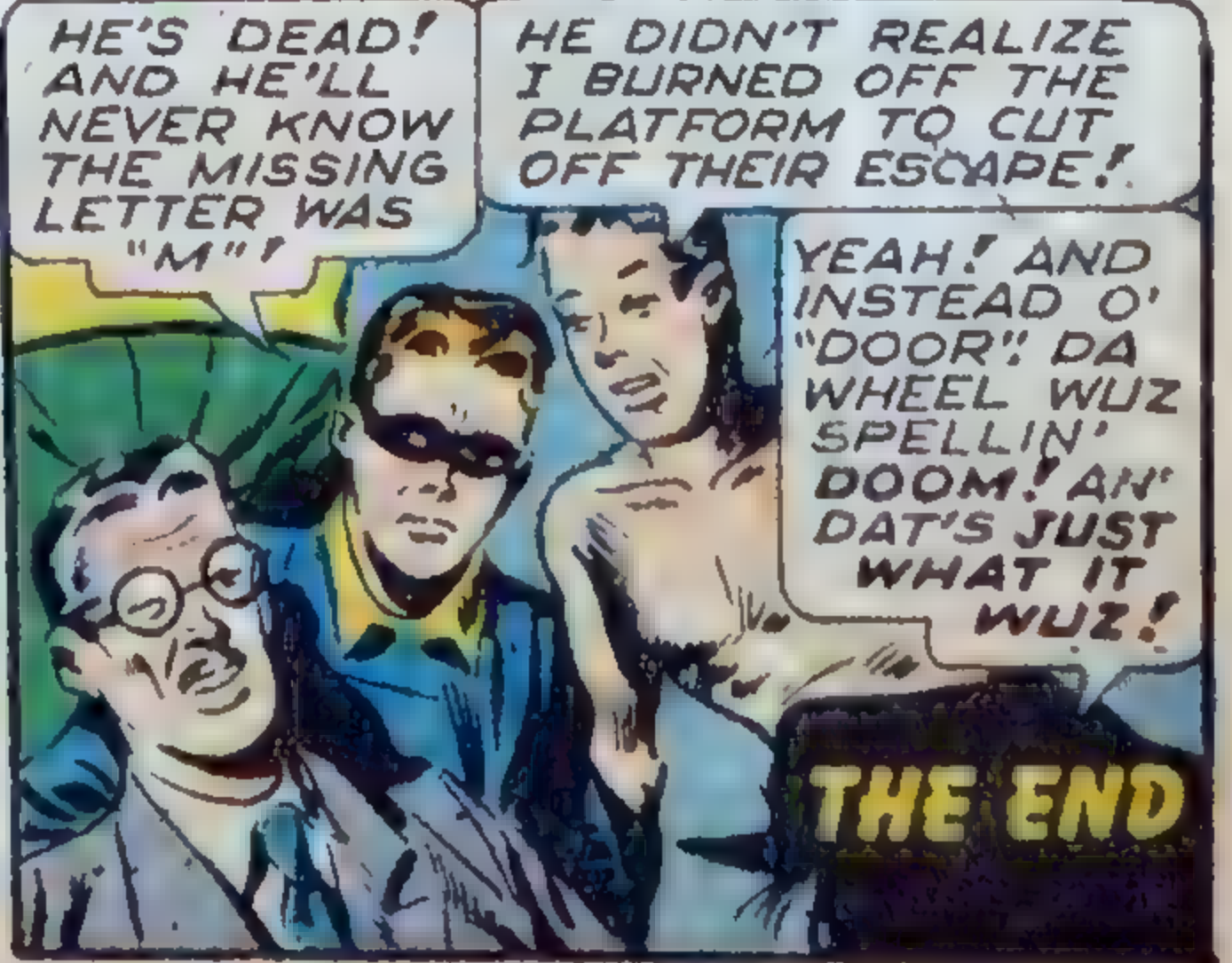
CAN'T... UNDERSTAND IT... WHEEL... SPELLED... D-O-O-R! IT - IT FAILED ME!



HE'S DEAD! AND HE'LL NEVER KNOW THE MISSING LETTER WAS "M"!

HE DIDN'T REALIZE I BURNED OFF THE PLATFORM TO CUT OFF THEIR ESCAPE!

YEAH! AND INSTEAD O' "DOOR" DA WHEEL WUZ SPELLIN' DOOM! AN' DAT'S JUST WHAT IT WUZ!

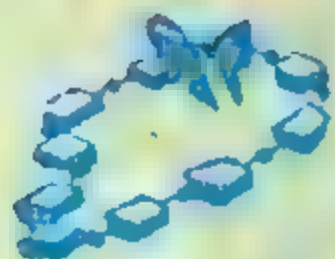
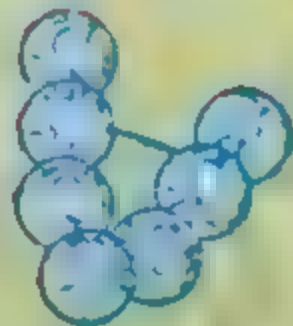
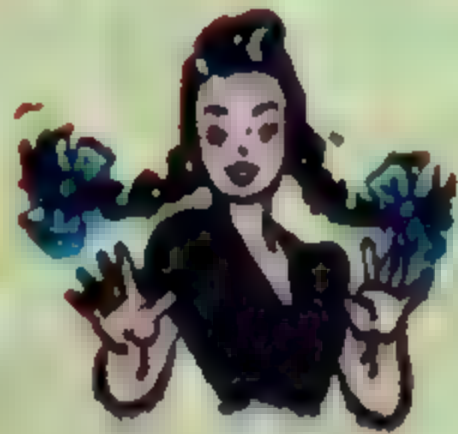


**THE END**



# CHRISTMAS CREATIONS

by You



A simply wonderful collection of wonderfully simple ideas for Christmas gifts for everybody . . . Tricky trinkets—bracelets, necklaces, rings, lapel pins, earrings . . . Enhancing hairbands, combs, barrettes . . . Dandy doo-dads and handy gadgets—scuffs and belts, trays and vases, sewing kits, waste paper baskets, notepaper, and just heaps of things . . . Delicious, nutritious recipes for cookies and cakes . . . And a joyful jubilee of gala mixins with fun-derful games and party fixins . . . to make this year's celebration the best ever! . . . Make all these gifts yourself out of tiny bits and pieces . . . Pretty, practical presents for all, at a cost so small it's just nothing at all . . . And all in this "nifty notion" Christmas booklet, bright and shiny in a gay holiday wrapping . . . With lifelike colored illustrations to guide you . . . And a special section to list all the stockings you've filled and the gifts you've put into them—a permanent record of everyone you play Santa to in 1945 . . . This festive booklet is published by MISS AMERICA Magazine from the overflow of suggestions from the "Miss America Speaks" column . . . Send for your copy NOW . . . "Here's How For A Merry Christmas" . . . Only 10c . . . Mail your dime TODAY to MISS AMERICA Magazine, Dept. B-K, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.



Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

MISS AMERICA MAGAZINE  
Dept. B-K, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.



# The DESTROYER

AND

"THE CORPSE IN THE GILDED CAGE!"



DESTROYER VISITS THE CENTRAL DETECTIVE AGENCY...

DESTROYER, OLD KICK!! GLAD YOU GOT HERE IN TIME. I WAS JUST READY TO LEAVE!

SO I NOTICE.. AND TO WHAT SPOT ON THE GLOBE DOES A CASE TAKE OUR INTREPID DETECTIVE THIS TIME?

MEXICO! AND YOU'VE GOT TO TAKE OVER THE AGENCY UNTIL I RETURN!

SO THAT'S WHY YOU WANTED TO SEE ME? OF ALL THE COLOSSAL..

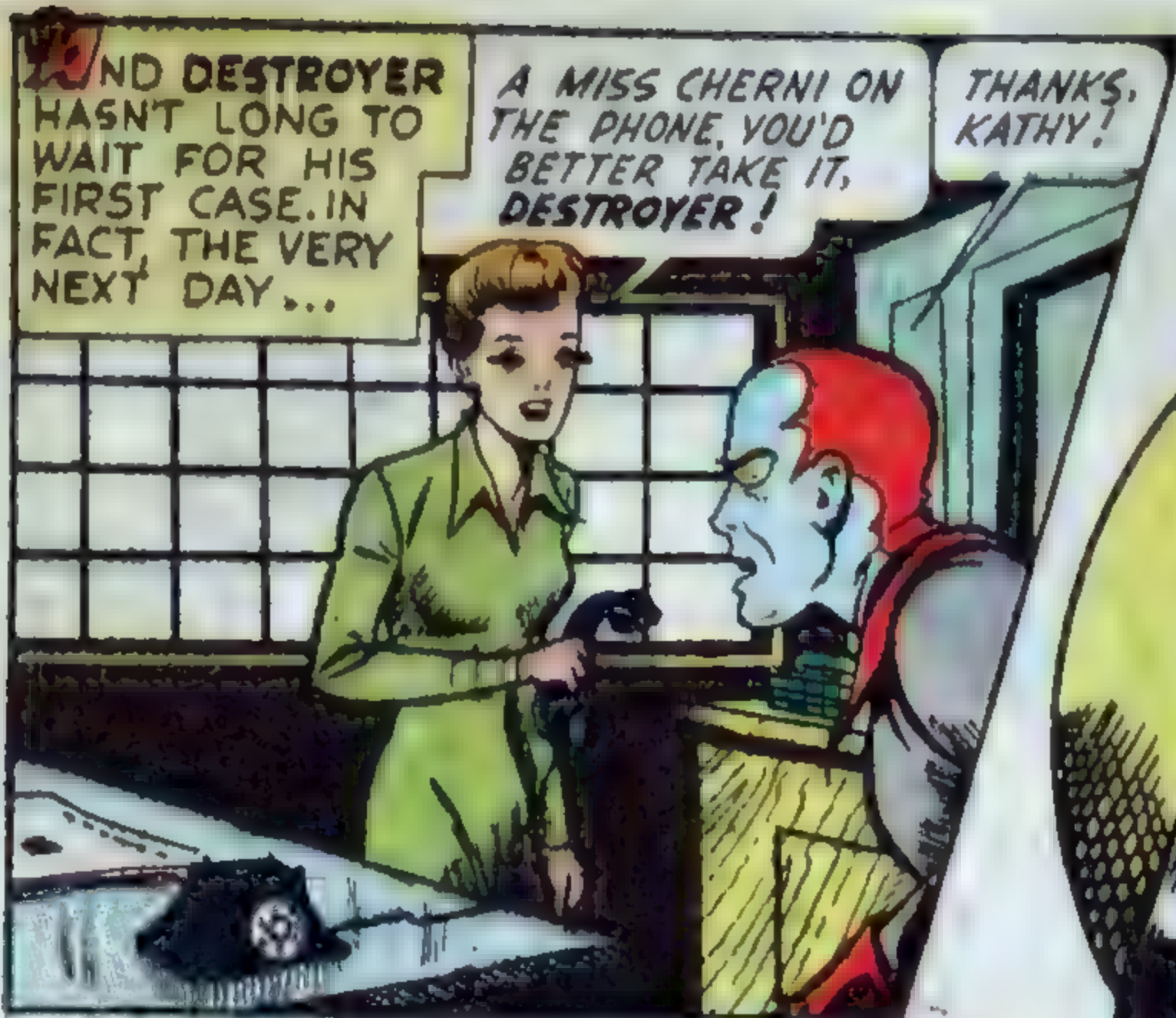
I KNEW YOU'D DO IT! KATHY'LL GIVE YOU THE LOWDOWN. SO LONG, SWEETHEARTS, I'M OFF!

BUT, JERRY!!

BYE NOW, JERRY! HAVE FUN!

SUCH IS THE MANNER BY WHICH DESTROYER FINDS HIMSELF IN CHARGE OF JERRY CRANE'S DETECTIVE AGENCY.





AND DESTROYER HASN'T LONG TO WAIT FOR HIS FIRST CASE. IN FACT, THE VERY NEXT DAY...

A MISS CHERNI ON THE PHONE, YOU'D BETTER TAKE IT, DESTROYER!

THANKS, KATHY!



I'M MAGMA CHERNI OF THE HOUDIN AND CHERNI MAGIC ACT! I'VE DISCOVERED MY PARTNER IS A THIEF AND IS PLANNING TO STEAL THE... SOMEONE'S COMING, DESTROYER!!



HURRY, MAGMA! THE CURTAIN GOES UP IN FIVE MINUTES AND YOU'RE NOT EVEN DRESSED! WHAT'S KEEPING YOU?

A PHONE CALL FROM MY DRESSMAKER, HOUDIN. I'LL BE RIGHT OUT!

SHE'S LYING! THAT WAS THE DESTROYER SHE SPOKE TO! I'LL SEE TO IT THAT SHE SPEAKS NO MORE - TO ANYONE! AND AS FOR THE DESTROYER...



SHE HUNG UP!!! FIND OUT WHERE THEIR ACT IS PLAYING TONIGHT!

JUST A SECOND - SOMETHING ABOUT THEM IN TODAY'S PAPER!



HERE IT IS, THEY'RE DOING A CHARITY PERFORMANCE FOR THE MILK FUND AT THE SWANK HOTEL CLAYTON. SOCIETY WILL BE WELL REPRESENTED!

AS WILL THE CENTRAL DETECTIVE AGENCY IN THE FORM OF YOURSELF - AND THE DESTROYER!

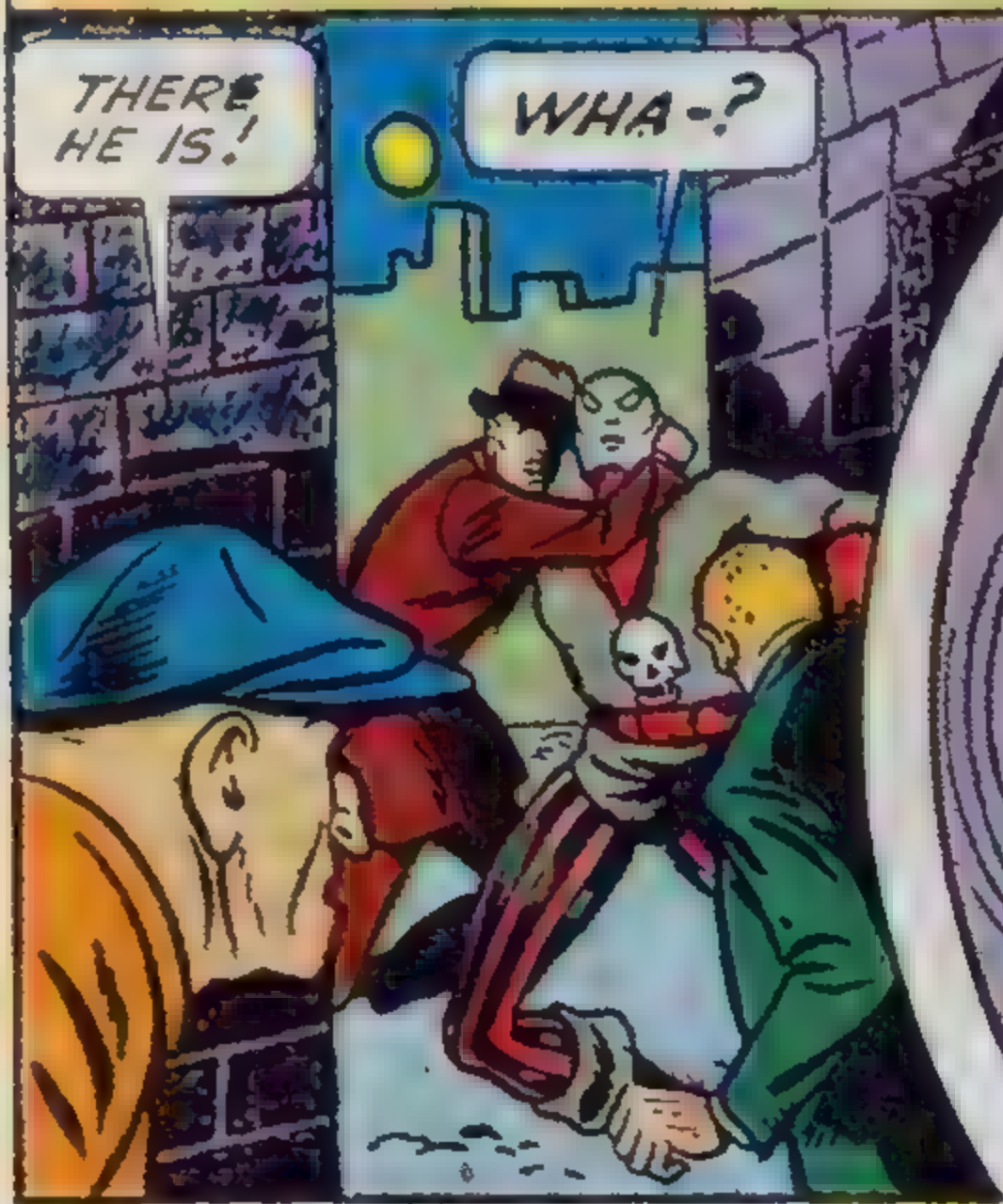


WELL, LOOK AT THOSE DIAMONDS! THESE GLAMOR GALS MUST HAVE THEIR FAMILY FORTUNES AROUND THEIR NECKS!

WHICH MAY BE THE REASON FOR HOUDIN'S PRESENCE HERE TONIGHT. GO ON IN, KATHY - I'M GOING BACKSTAGE TO WATCH THIS FROM THE WINGS!

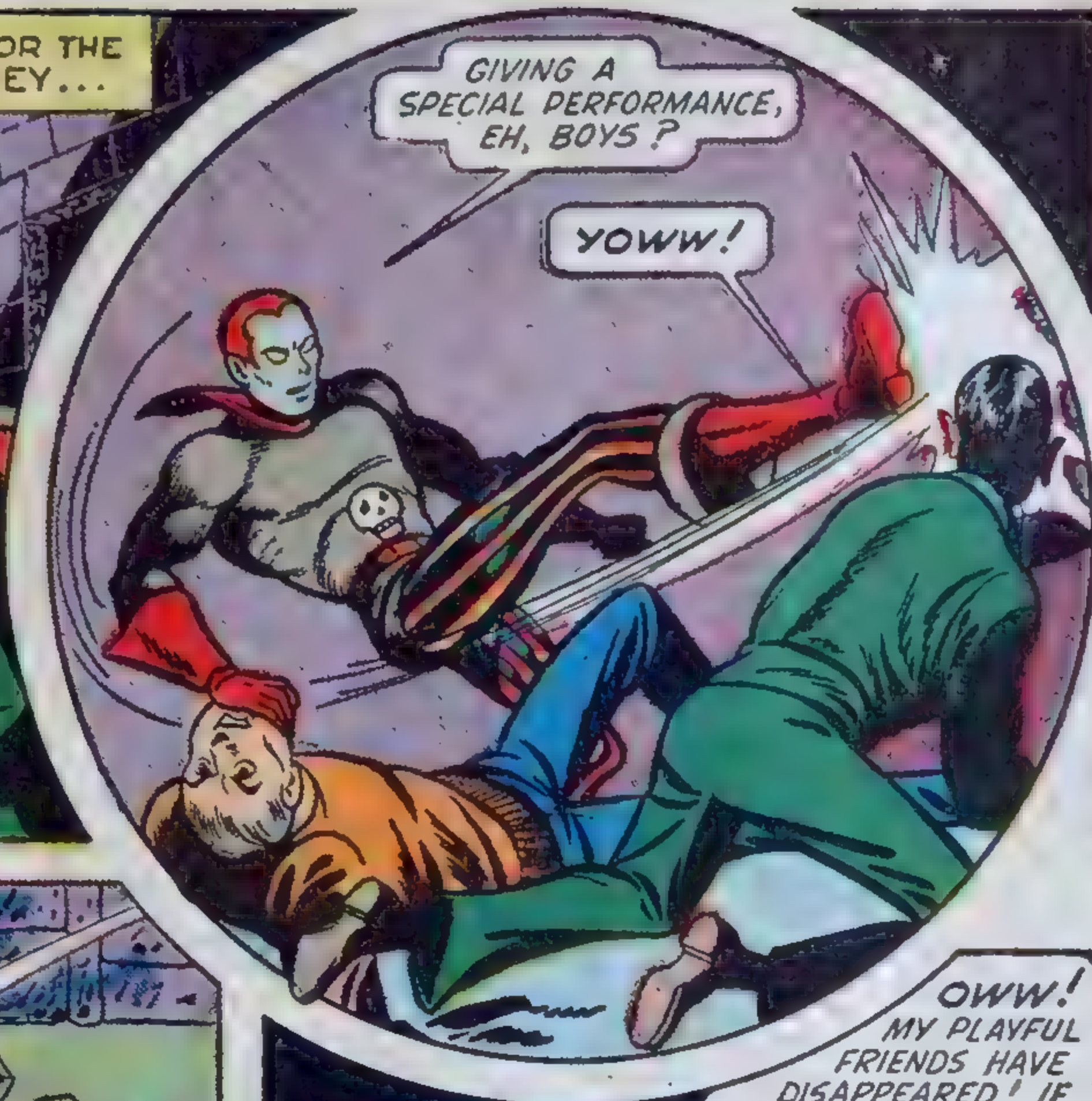


**A**S DESTROYER HEADS FOR THE STAGEDOOR IN THE ALLEY...



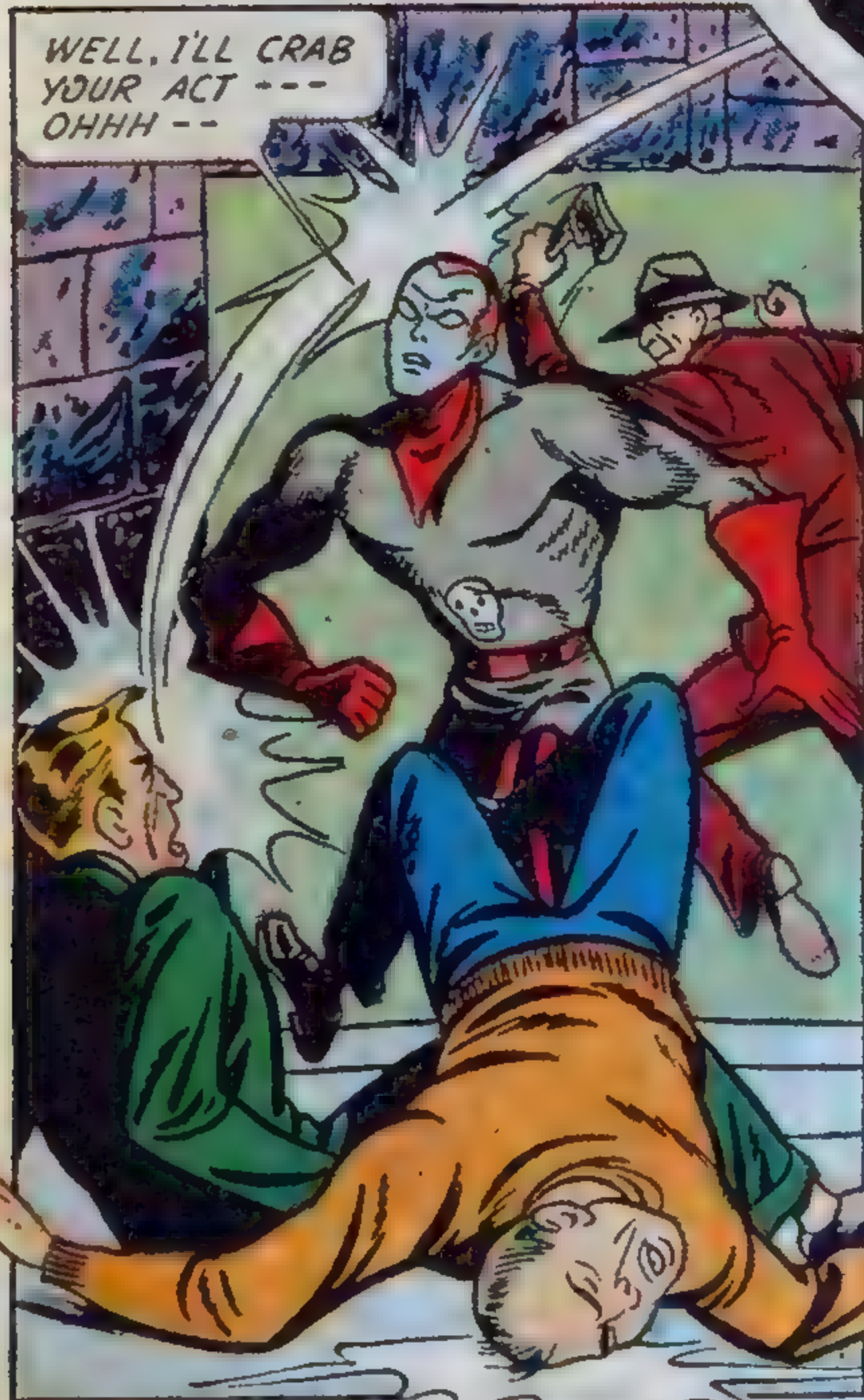
THERE HE IS!

WHA-?



GIVING A SPECIAL PERFORMANCE, EH, BOYS?

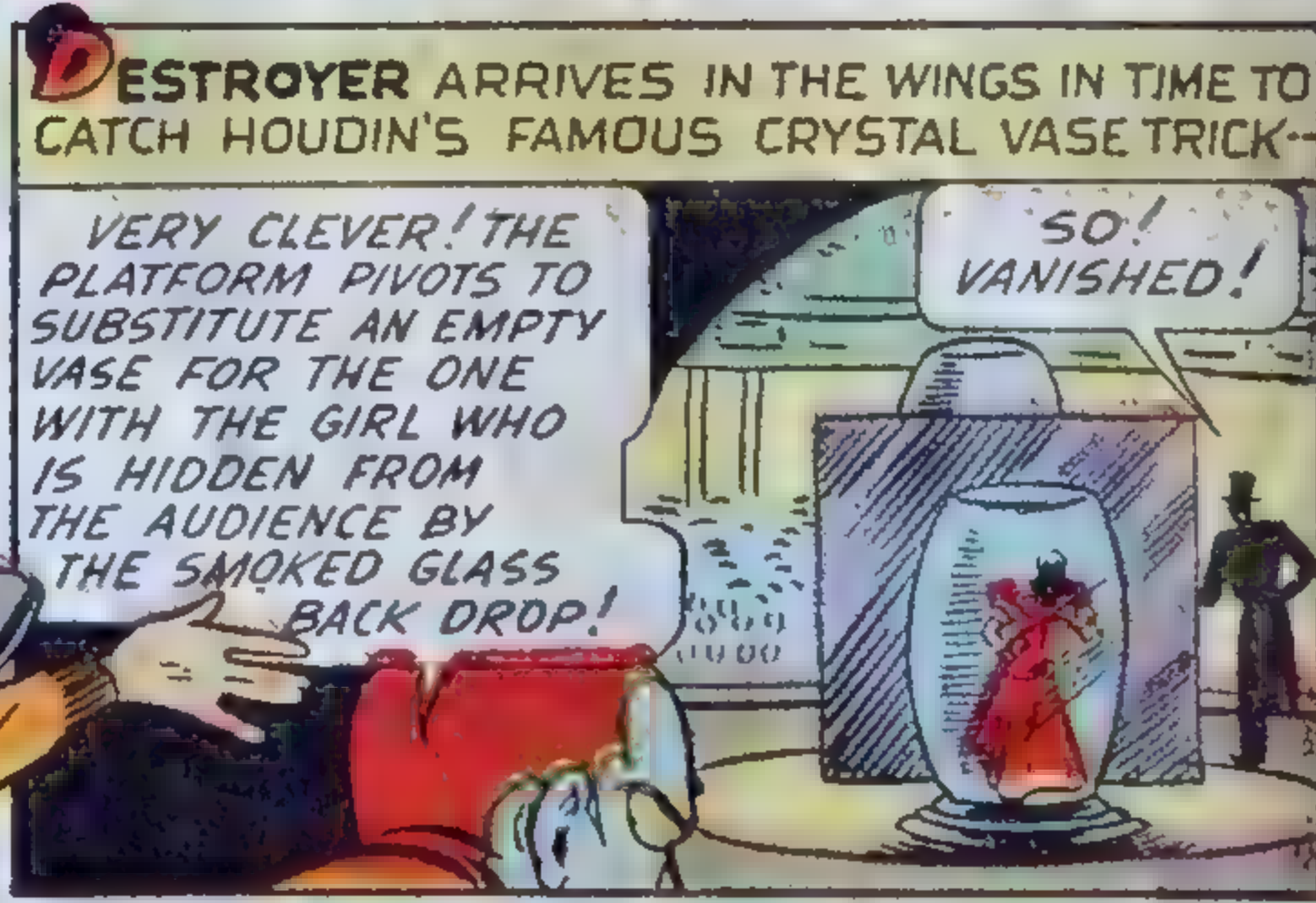
YOWW!



WELL, I'LL CRAB YOUR ACT --- OHHH --



OWW!  
MY PLAYFUL FRIENDS HAVE DISAPPEARED! IF HOUDIN' OVERHEARD MISS CHERNI'S PHONE CALL TO ME, HE MIGHT HAVE SENT THEM TO GET ME...



**D**ESTROYER ARRIVES IN THE WINGS IN TIME TO CATCH HOUDIN'S FAMOUS CRYSTAL VASE TRICK-

VERY CLEVER! THE PLATFORM PIVOTS TO SUBSTITUTE AN EMPTY VASE FOR THE ONE WITH THE GIRL WHO IS HIDDEN FROM THE AUDIENCE BY THE SMOKED GLASS BACK DROP!

SO! VANISHED!



AND NOW MY ASSISTANT WILL REAPPEAR IN THE GILDED CAGE ABOVE YOUR HEADS! SO!

CLAP! CLAP!



AS THE CURTAIN RINGS DOWN, ACCOMPANIED BY THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE, DESTROYER HEARS A MUFFLED SHOT AND SEES..

WHAT ???

THE GIRL!  
SHE'S BEEN..  
SHOT!

BANG!

GOOD LORD 'IT'S DEAD?  
MISS CHERNI!  
IS SHE....?

YES!  
SHE WAS  
SHOT IN THE  
BACK FROM THIS  
PLATFORM!

YOU'RE BLAKE, THE  
HOTEL MANAGER.  
AREN'T YOU?

MAGMA! SHE'S DEAD!  
THIS IS HORRIBLE-  
HORRIBLE!

EASY, HOUDIN!  
KEEP CALM!

THE AUDIENCE IS GETTING  
RESTLESS. WE MUSTN'T LET  
THEM SUSPECT! GO DOWN  
THERE AND CARRY ON!

ALL RIGHT, BLAKE! I MUSTN'T  
THINK OF MYSELF, EVEN NOW.  
THE SHOW MUST GO ON!

I'LL CALL THE  
POLICE!

SHE WAS SHOT FROM  
HERE, HUH? THAT  
RULES OUT HOUDIN!

TEMPORARILY!  
BUT REMEMBER,  
HE HAD A STRONG  
MOTIVE FOR KILLING  
MAGMA... LET'S WATCH  
THIS ACT FROM THE  
WINGS!

I'LL NEED A JEWEL  
FOR MY NEXT TRICK...  
MRS. FARRELL, I SEE  
YOU'RE WEARING YOUR  
FAMOUS CROWN DIAMOND.  
MAY I BORROW IT, PLEASE?

WHY.. WHY...  
ALL RIGHT!

NOW I PLACE THIS PRICELESS  
GEM BETWEEN THE CRUSHER  
AND BRING IT DOWN- SO!-  
BUT DO NOT WORRY  
MRS. FARRELL

OHH!

CRUNCH!



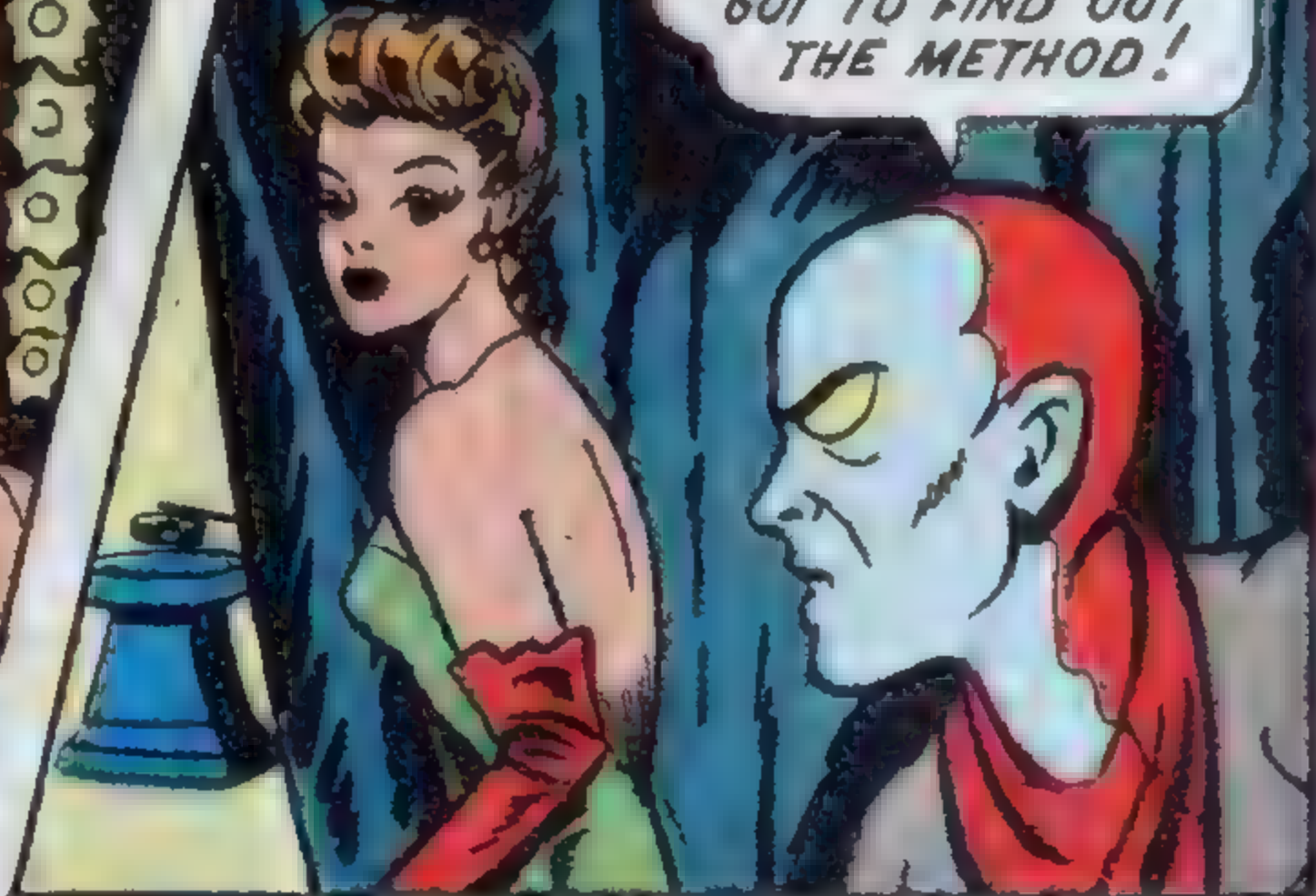
NOW I RAISE THE CRUSHER  
AND, FEELING FOR THE  
SHATTERED JEWEL, I FIND  
IT - INTACT! YOUR  
DIAMOND, MADAME!



VERY CLEVER,  
BUT I DON'T  
THINK I'D WANT  
TO TRY IT AGAIN!

WHAT DO YOU  
THINK OF THAT  
TRICK?

PLENTY! GET  
THAT WOMAN'S  
DIAMOND AND  
HAVE IT APPRAISED...  
I CAN NOW PROVE  
THE MOTIVE FOR THIS  
MURDER - BUT I'VE  
GOT TO FIND OUT  
THE METHOD!



**W**HILE KATHY DASHES AWAY ON HER  
ERRAND, DESTROYER VISITS THE STAGEHANDS.

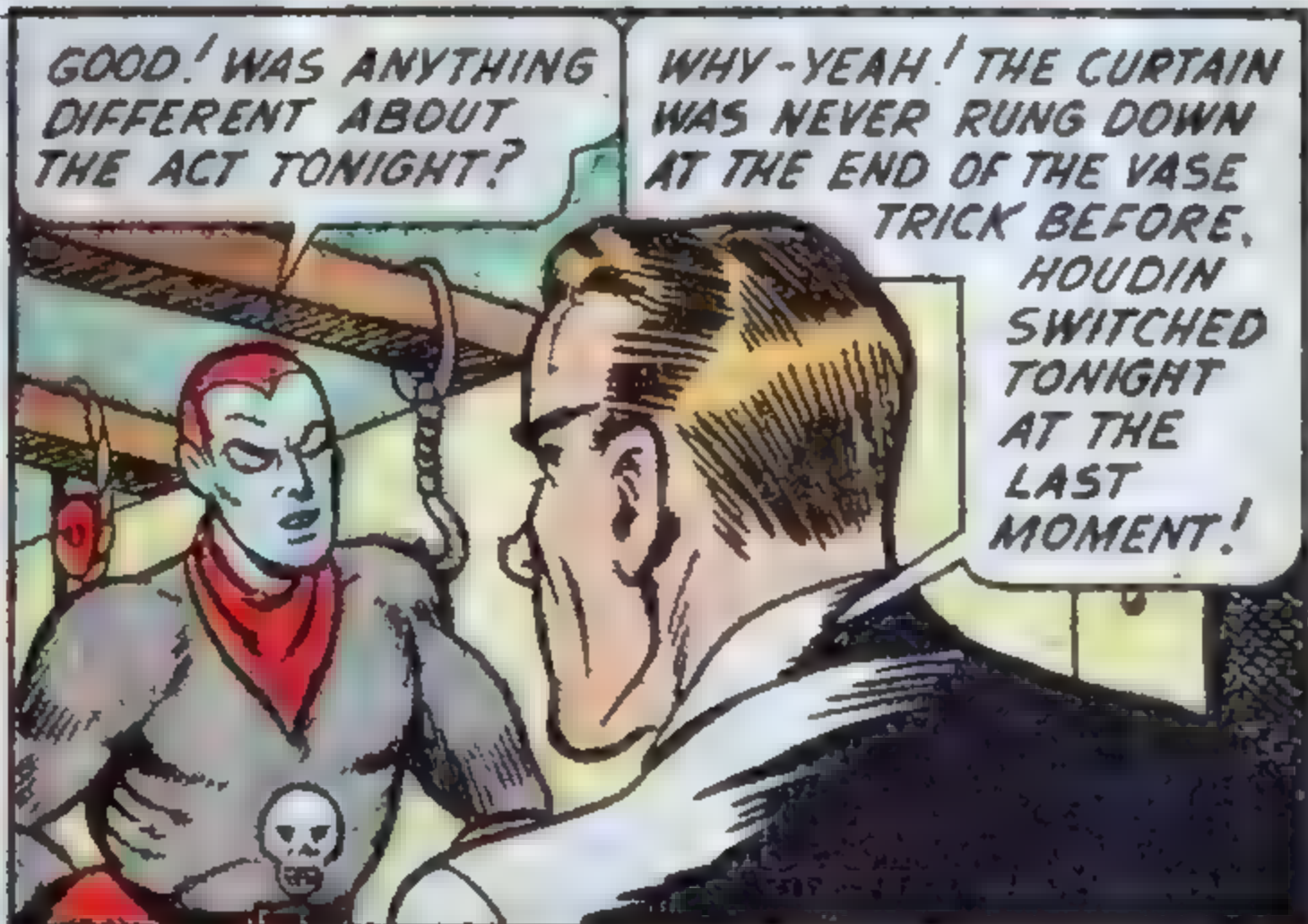
I UNDERSTAND YOU  
MEN HAVE BEEN WITH  
HOUDIN AND CHERNI  
A LONG TIME!

OVER THREE  
YEARS.



GOOD! WAS ANYTHING  
DIFFERENT ABOUT  
THE ACT TONIGHT?

WHY-YEAH! THE CURTAIN  
WAS NEVER RUNG DOWN  
AT THE END OF THE VASE  
TRICK BEFORE.  
HOUDIN  
SWITCHED  
TONIGHT  
AT THE  
LAST  
MOMENT!



THANKS! YOU'VE  
JUST HANDED ME  
A MURDERER ON  
A SILVER PLATTER!

HUH?  
ARE YOU  
KIDDIN'?



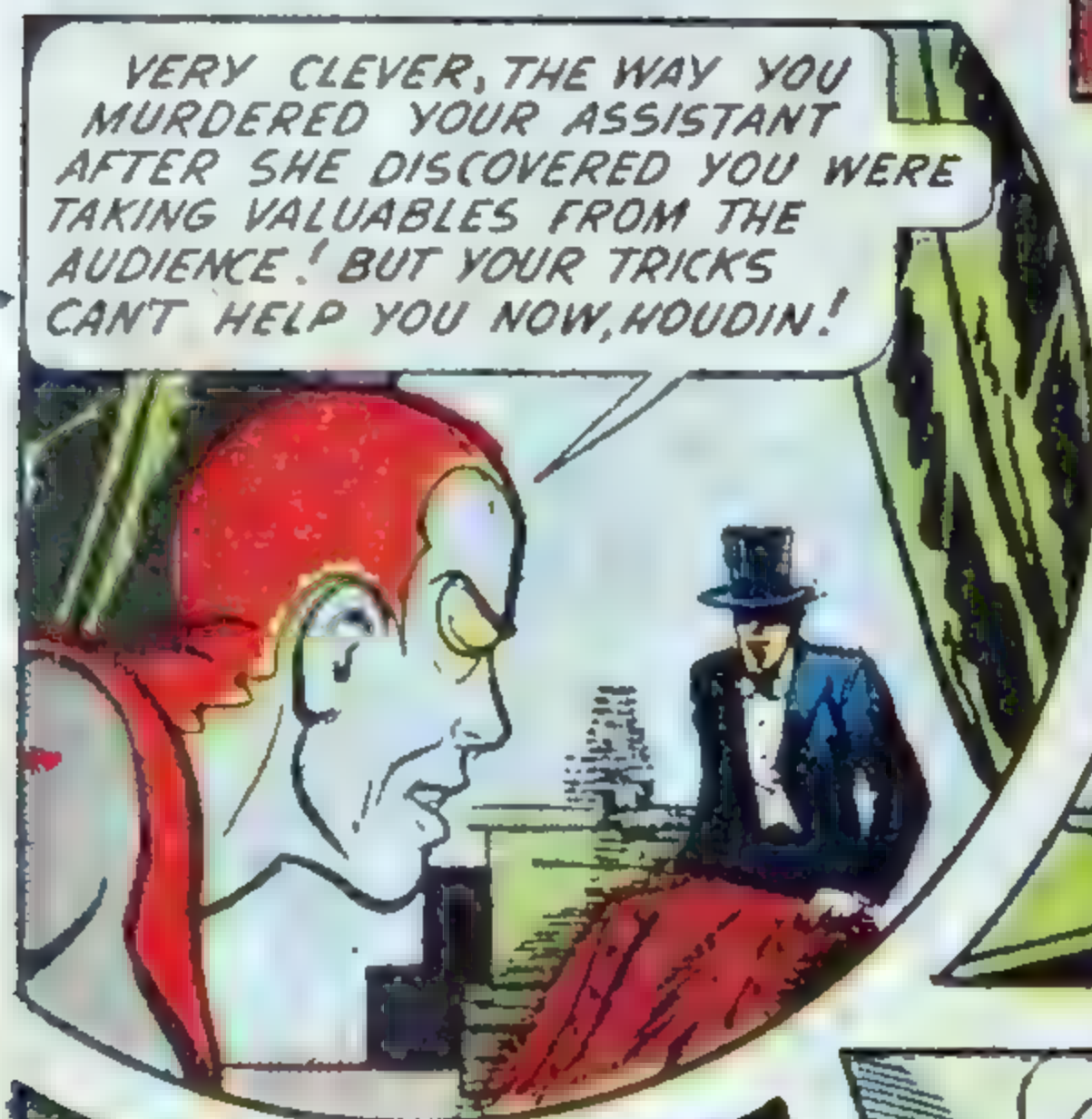
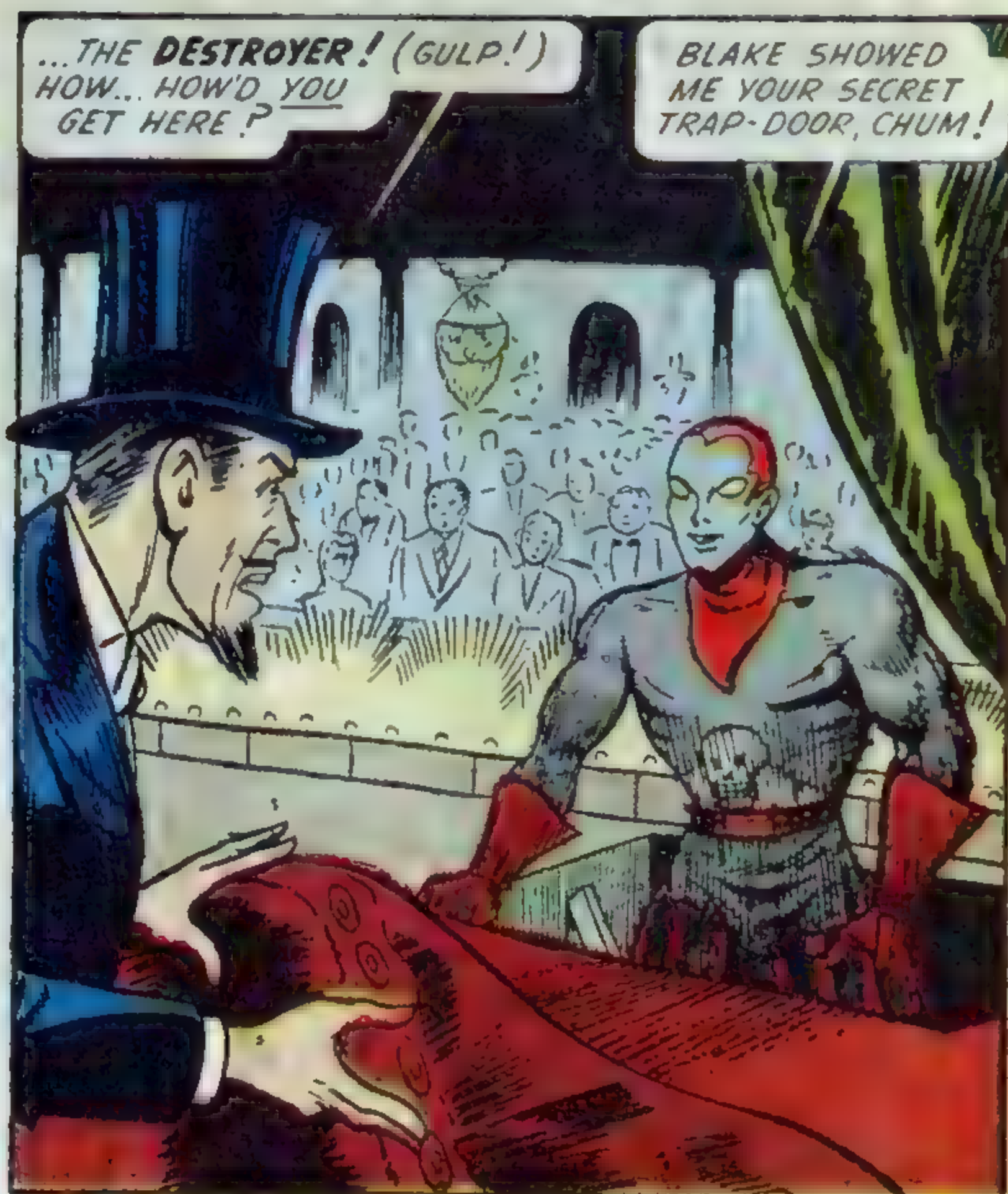
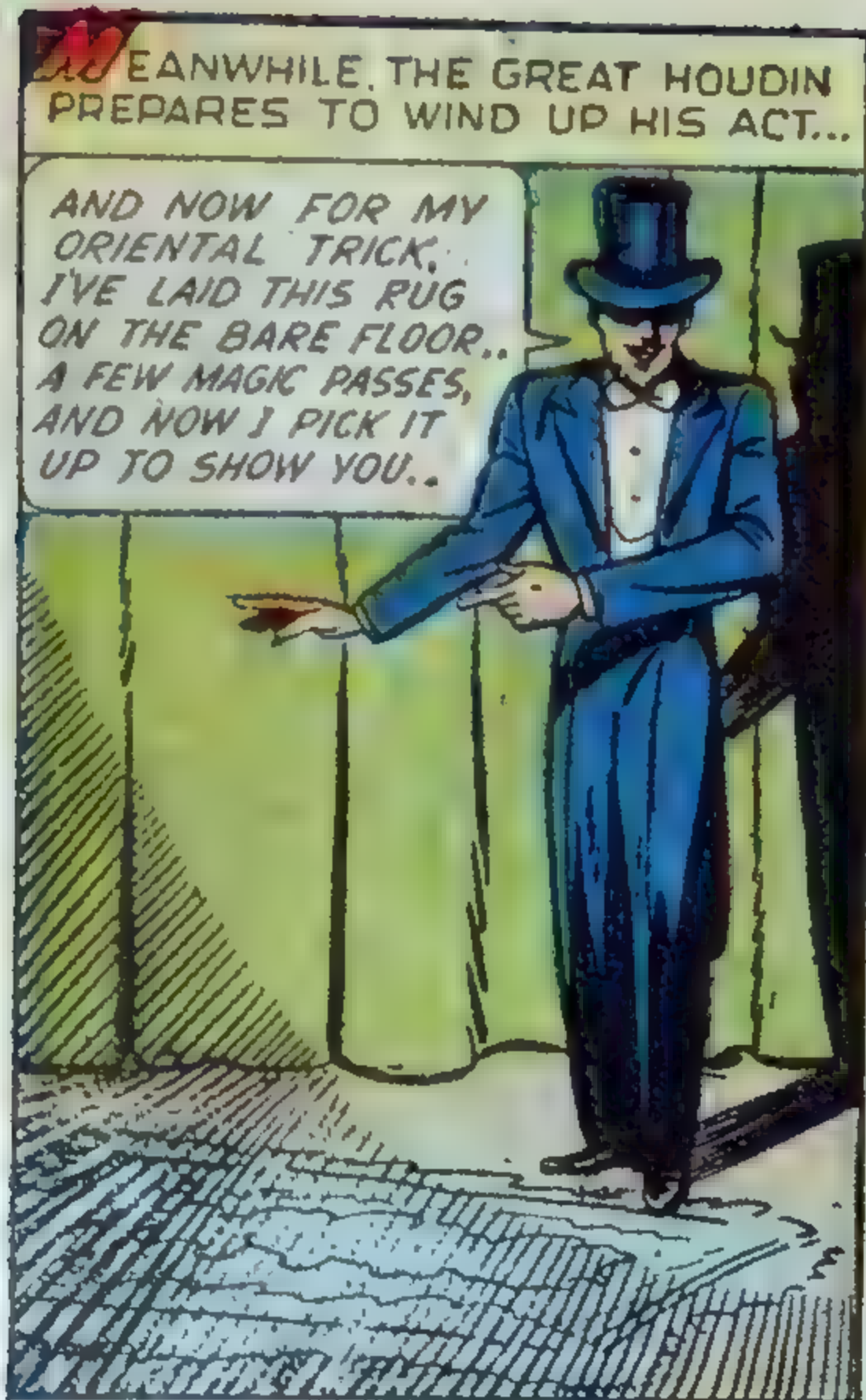
A PISTOL RIGGED  
TO FIRE AT THE  
CAGE WHEN THE  
CURTAIN WAS RUNG  
DOWN! SO THAT'S HOW  
HOUDIN KILLED MAGMA!  
QUITE A TRICK!



I'VE GOT A TRICK OF  
MY OWN TO TRAP THE  
GREAT HOUDIN - BUT  
I'LL NEED BLAYE, THE  
HOTEL MANAGER, TO  
HELP ME!









YOUR THUGS AGAIN, EH, HOUDIN? I THOUGHT YOU WERE BEHIND THAT ATTACK ON ME BEFORE!



YES, AND HAD THEY KILLED YOU THEN, I'D NEVER HAVE BEEN TAGGED FOR MAGMA'S DEATH!



BUT THEY DIDN'T, PAL! I'M VERY MUCH ALIVE!

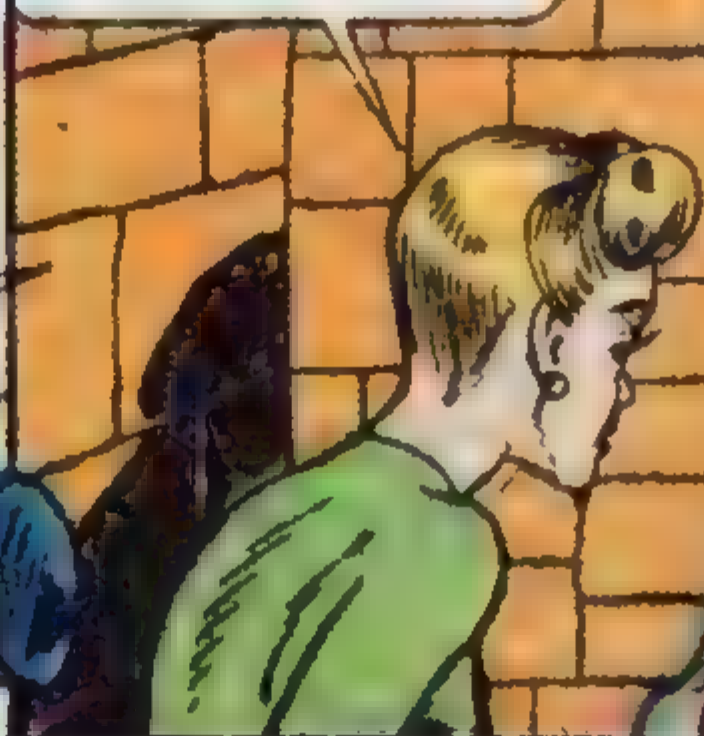


SO? WELL THIS GUN WILL DISPOSE OF YOU!

NOT IF I DISPOSE OF THE GUN FIRST!!!



DESTROYER! YOU ALL RIGHT?



YES! DID YOU FIND OUT ABOUT THE CROWN DIAMOND? WAS IT..

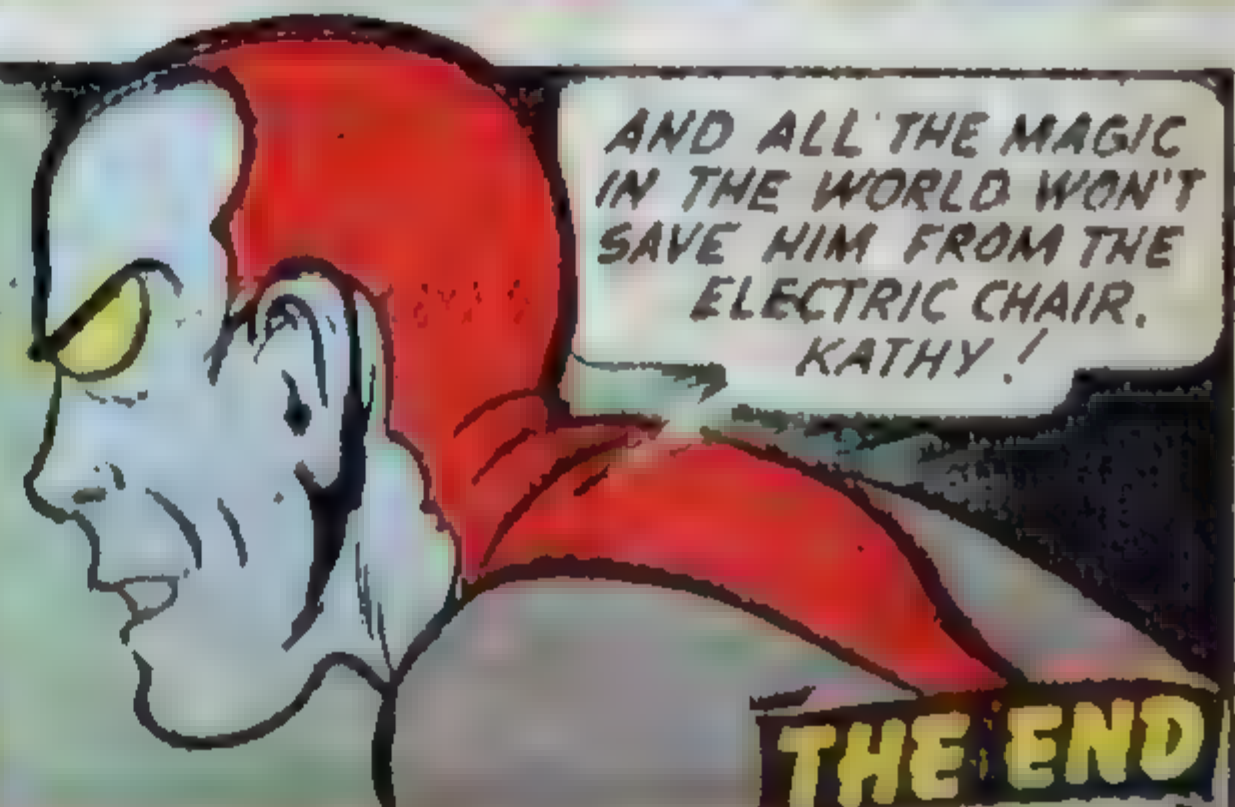


YES, ONE OF THE BEST IMITATIONS THE JEWELER'S EVER SEEN!

THERE'S YOUR CASE, CAPTAIN: HOUDIN BORROWED THE JEWELS FROM THEIR OWNERS FOR THE CRUSHER TRICK, THEN SWITCHED AND HANDED BACK IMITATIONS! MISS CHERNI CAUGHT ON, SO HE KILLED HER! THE RIGGED GUN IS ON THE CURTAIN-CONTROL!



WELL, DESTROYER, YOU DID A SWELL JOB ON YOUR FIRST CASE FOR JERRY. HOUDIN'S SAFELY ON HIS WAY TO JAIL!



AND ALL THE MAGIC IN THE WORLD WON'T SAVE HIM FROM THE ELECTRIC CHAIR, KATHY!

**THE END**



# THE KILLER

**J**OHN MORRIS was the kind of man that people set their watches by. For 20 years, he had been on time. He would take the 7:01 A.M. train to the city, and be at his job by 8:00. Everyone at the National Bank knew him. He became a fixture there.

Now John Morris was going to kill a man. His nervous fingers clutched the butt of the heavy service pistol he had brought home from the last war.

He walked along the street, his eyes shining behind the pince-nez glasses he wore. His suit was pressed, his shoes shined, and his white shirt was snowy. He looked like what he was, a neat, meticulous bank clerk.

But what the casual passers-by did not know was that Morris had helped embezzle almost \$10,000 from the bank. The next day the examiners would come and he would be exposed. That was why he moved so precisely toward the moment when he would kill.

In John's orderly mind, the sequence of events which brought him on the threshold of murder passed in neat array. It all started a month previously.

Ned Corley, son of Alvin Corley, the Bank President had stumbled into his cage late one afternoon. Liquor was heavy on the younger man's breath.

"Hi, Morris," he mumbled.

"Hello, Ned," the clerk replied.

"Say, Morris what are you doing later this evening?"

"Why-er- I was going to dinner and then home why?"

"I'd like to have a talk with you," said Ned.

**M**ORRIS disliked Corley intensely. But he could scarcely be indifferent to the son of his employer.

"Well, Ned," he asked, "what is it you want to talk about?"

"It's concerning a little investment that I want to make," the other replied.

Morris' voice was annoyed, "Can't you speak to me about it here. I don't like to discuss business after hours."

The young man laughed. There was a nasty ring to the laugh. He said, "I think that you will be very interested in this investment, Morris."

"All right," said the clerk, "where do you want me to meet you?"

"Suppose we make it at my apartment. Be there at 8:00. I know that I don't have to worry about you being on time. You've never been late for anything."

That was how it had begun. That was the first step along the road which had brought John Morris to the brink of murder.

At exactly 8:00 Morris presented himself at the door of Corley's swank apartment. The young man answered the door bell himself. He swayed slightly, and his face was flushed. He held a glass in his hand and his eyes were pin points of hardness.

"Why if it isn't old man Morris. The kid himself. C'mon in, kid." Corley's voice was thick.

Morris stepped through the door. In clipped tones he said, "Get down to business. I haven't much time to waste with you, Corley."

"Oh, I think you'll be very interested in what I have to say. You won't feel that you're wasting your time. Not at all. Let's sit down." Corley led the way into a finely furnished living room. He motioned to a chair. Morris sat down.

"Drink?" asked Corley.

"I don't drink."

"Smoke?" he held out a cigarette case toward Morris.

"No thanks. I don't smoke. Now please tell me why you asked me to come here. You said something about advice concerning an investment you planned to make."

"So you don't drink—and you don't smoke. No vices, eh? And to top it all you've never been late in the 20 years you have worked at the bank. You are a fine man." Yes indeed, a fine man.

"What are you leading up to?" asked Morris.

**F**OR a long moment, Corley stared at Morris. His eyes seemed to bore into the other man. Then he grinned nastily.

"Morris—what do you consider the best investment?"

"Why, stocks, securities, bonds. Anyone knows that. Of course, you are just joking."

"No. You are wrong. You know what the best investment is? I'll tell you. The best investment is—BLACKMAIL!"

"What are you talking about? I don't understand!"

Corley laughed out loud. "Well, my good, upright, honest Mr. Morris, suppose I tell you that I know something about you that no one else knows. Something that has been buried for



almost 20 years."

Morris' face turned white. He sucked in his breath. "I-I don't know what you are talking about. . . . I-I—"

The other man stood over him. A long finger pointed to Morris.

"I know you. I know all about you—Al Taylor. Killer and jail-bird. I know all about you!"

Morris seemed to crumple. He dropped his face in his hands. "But—that is all gone. I was released from prison. I never killed her. I was innocent. It was circumstantial evidence."

"Innocent? You were innocent. Why you poor man. But you did serve two years in the pen. You did get accused of your wife's murder. Your name was plastered over the papers, back in 'Frisco." Corley stopped to light a cigarette.

"But that was almost 25 years ago. There has never been a breath of scandal against me. You can do nothing—nothing!"

"Oh, can't I? Suppose it became known that John Morris, the paragon of virtue was living under an alias. Suppose it became known that he was Al Taylor—the sensation of 25 years ago. Do you think that people would want their money handled by an ex-murder suspect? By a convict? This is a small community. There is no place for convicts here. Especially in the bank."

"You don't frighten me a bit," said Morris, "tomorrow I will tell your father the whole story."

"And what good do you think that would do you? Especially when your accounts turn up \$1,000 short. You see I have you trapped. I juggled your books just enough to convince everyone that the leopard doesn't change his spots. Do you think my father will believe anything you tell him?"

"Well . . .", Morris said hopelessly, "you have me. What do you want?"

"Now you are talking some sense. I want money. Straight out—I want money. And you are going to give it to me. Or else—I tip the works about your past and the shortage is discovered in your books. Play ball with me and I'll help you hide the deficiency."

"No. I won't do it. You can't frighten me into paying you blackmail."

**C**ORLEY'S fist shot out. It caught Morris in the mouth. Blood trickled down Morris' chin. Corley punched again and the older man went down.

"Listen, you! I'm not fooling. I need dough. And I'm going to get it. If I spill the beans you are going to jail. Get me dough and I'll help you cover the shortage. Because by the time I

get through with you—there'll be plenty of shortage to cover. Do you say yes—or must I beat it out of you?"

Morris was beaten. He slowly lifted himself from the floor. His face worked with emotion. "I'm licked. What do you want me to do?"

That was how it began. But it was going to end with the death of Ned Corley. He would die with a bullet in his head. A bullet from the pistol John Morris carried in his overcoat pocket.

**M**ORRIS knew it was too late to make up for the weakness he had shown by giving in to the other's plan. Too late. He would go to prison for stealing money from his account to pay the blackmail. True, the books could be juggled to hide the deficit. But Corley had demanded and received \$10,000 in a month! Where would it end? How far would the blackmailer's demands lead his victim?

That morning Morris made his decision. He took the pistol, which he had not touched since 1918, down from the shelf. It was wrapped in the cosmoline cloth, which he had put around it so many years before. He cleaned it carefully. Loaded it, and placing it in his pocket, had gone through the day's routine.

He was to meet Corley at the apartment, later in the evening. That was where his exact steps were taking him now. To keep a rendezvous which would make him a killer. Once he had been called a killer, but was innocent. Now he would truly be a murderer. A thief and a murderer.

**H**E WAS at the apartment house. He strode across the lobby and rang for the elevator. The door slid open and he walked into the car. The cheerful elevator operator said:

"Good evening, sir. What floor?"

"Mr. Corley's apartment, please." His fingers tightened around the pistol butt.

"Mr. Corley, sir? Haven't you heard?"

Morris' heart beat more rapidly. "Heard? Heard what?"

"Mr. Corley was killed by a hit and run driver just a half-hour ago, sir. He was coming across the street against the light and . . ."

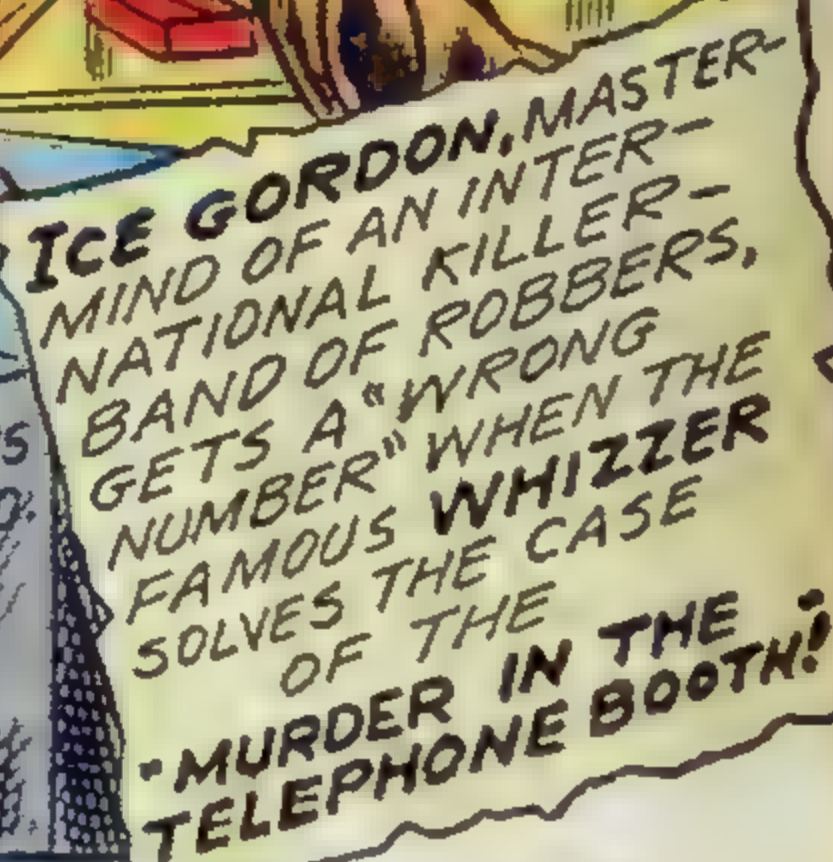
Morris heard no more. He ran out of the car and into the street. Corley was dead! Corley was dead! Now he could go to the examiners and tell them! Maybe he would go to prison—maybe they'd give him a chance! But he would not be a murderer. Corley was dead!

For the first time in 20 years, John Morris had been late for an appointment!

THE END



"MURDER IN THE  
TELEPHONE BOOTH"



AT THE STAR  
RESTAURANT.

WE'LL CALL HIM TO THE  
PHONE FROM OUTSIDE!  
MAKE IT SNAPPY..WE'LL BE  
WAITING IN  
THE CAR!

I GOTCHA  
BOSS!

MOMENTS LATER,  
JACK ROBINSON, ALIAS **THE WHIZZER**,  
IN PASSING THE SAME RESTAURANT,  
REMEMBERS A CALL HE HAS TO  
MAKE!

THERE'S A BOOTH IN THE DOWN-STAIRS SMOKING LOUNGE! (SIGH)

THANKS,  
MISS!





MIND AND MUSCLE COORDINATE IN LIGHTNING DECISION, AND INSTANTLY THE FAMOUS WHIZZER TAKES SHAPE AND IS AFTER HIS QUARRY--



EXCITED PATRONS GASP IN AMAZEMENT AS A BLUR OF BLINDING SPEED WHIPS BY---

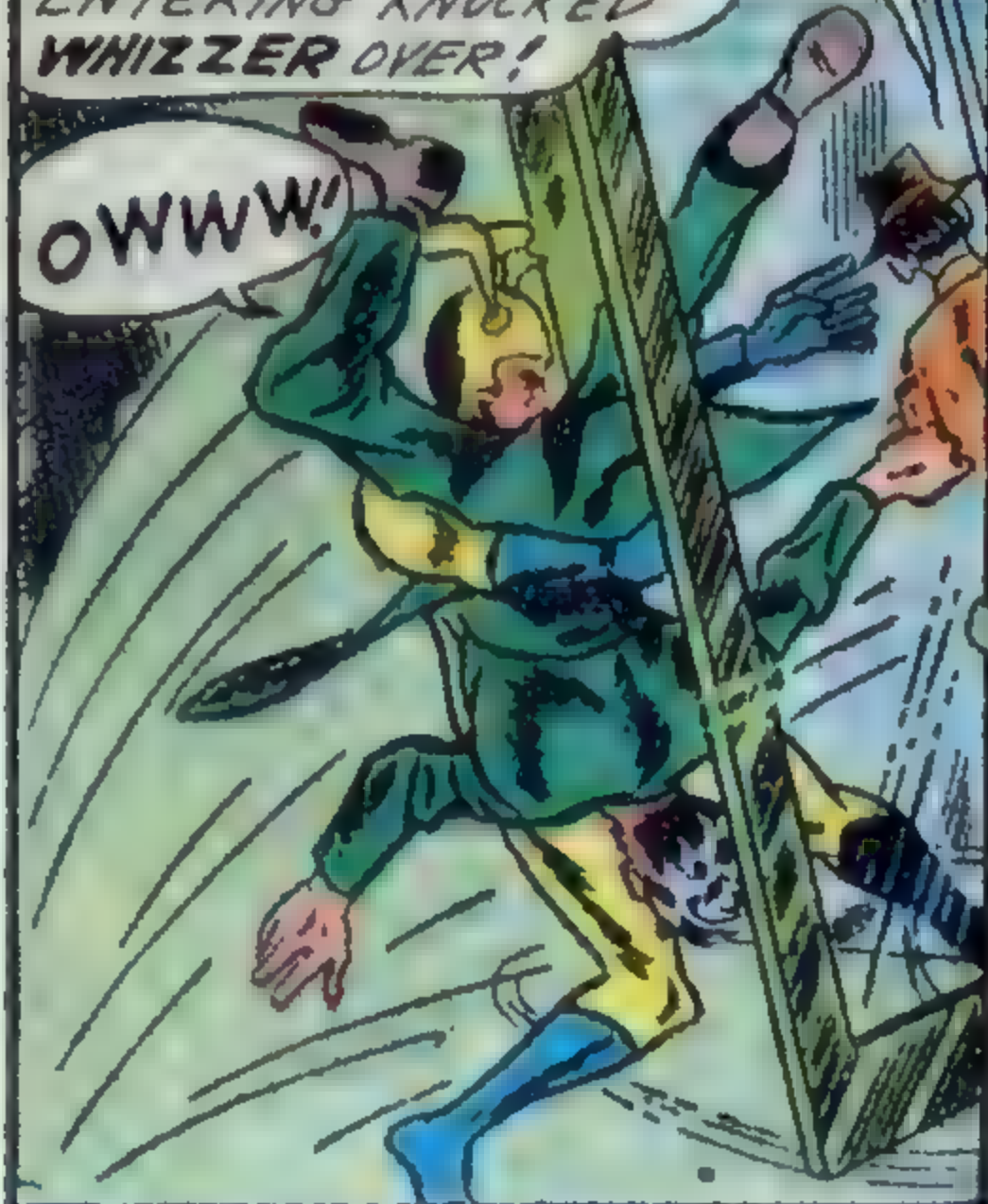




WHIZZER'S PURSUIT IS TEMPORARILY HALTED---

YOW! A BREAK! SPUN THE DOOR SO FAST, THE CUSTOMER ENTERING KNOCKED WHIZZER OVER!

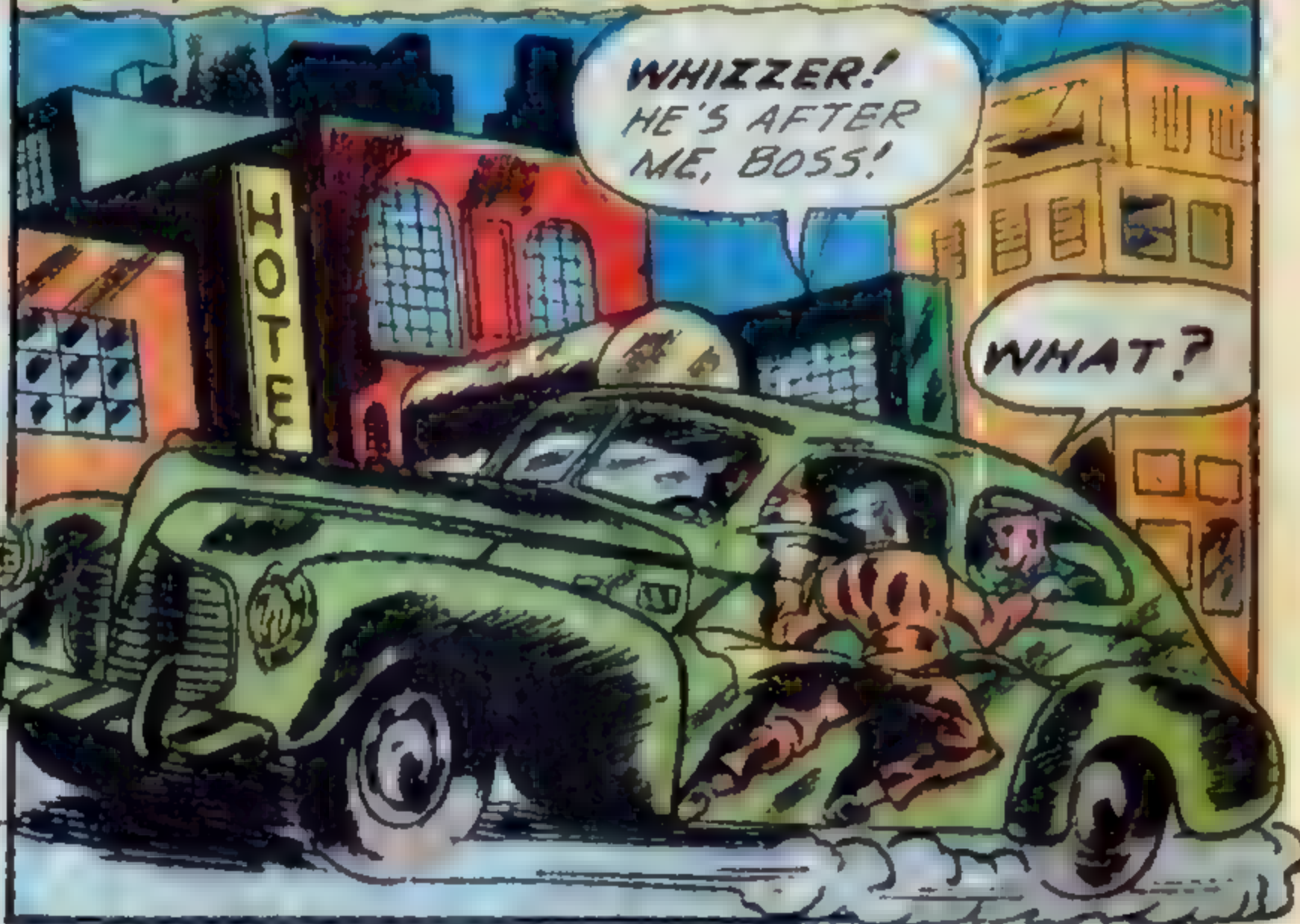
OWWW!



ENABLING THE FLEEING THUG TO LEAP ABOARD A CAR, THAT ROARS AWAY FROM THE CURB---

WHIZZER! HE'S AFTER ME, BOSS!

WHAT?



REALIZING ESCAPE IS IMPOSSIBLE BECAUSE OF WHIZZER'S SPEED, ICE GORDON INSTANTLY HITS UPON A PLAN!

HEY, BOSS! I'LL BE NABBED!

THEY HAVEN'T A THING ON YOU! HURRY WITH THAT GUN! HERE HE COMES!



WITHIN SPLIT SECONDS AFTER REGAINING HIS FEET, WHIZZER OVERHAULS HIS QUARRY---

THIS IS THE CAR! I SAW HIM LEAP FOR IT BEFORE I WAS BOWLED OVER!



TURN AROUND AND HEAD BACK FOR THE RESTAURANT!

WHIZZER!!!

RIGHTO! AND THIS TIME THERE'S NO REVOLVING DOOR!





WHIZZER, BUSY WITH HIS OWN THOUGHTS, LISTENS TO THE CUNNING TALE TOLD CONVINCINGLY BY ICE!

WE WERE ABOUT TO STOP AT THE RESTAURANT. HE LEAPED IN AND THREATENED ME! NATURALLY I INSTRUCTED MY CHAUFFEUR TO OBEY HIM!

HNMMM!



HE APPEARS TO BE A DESPERATE CHARACTER! WHAT WAS HE RUNNING FROM?

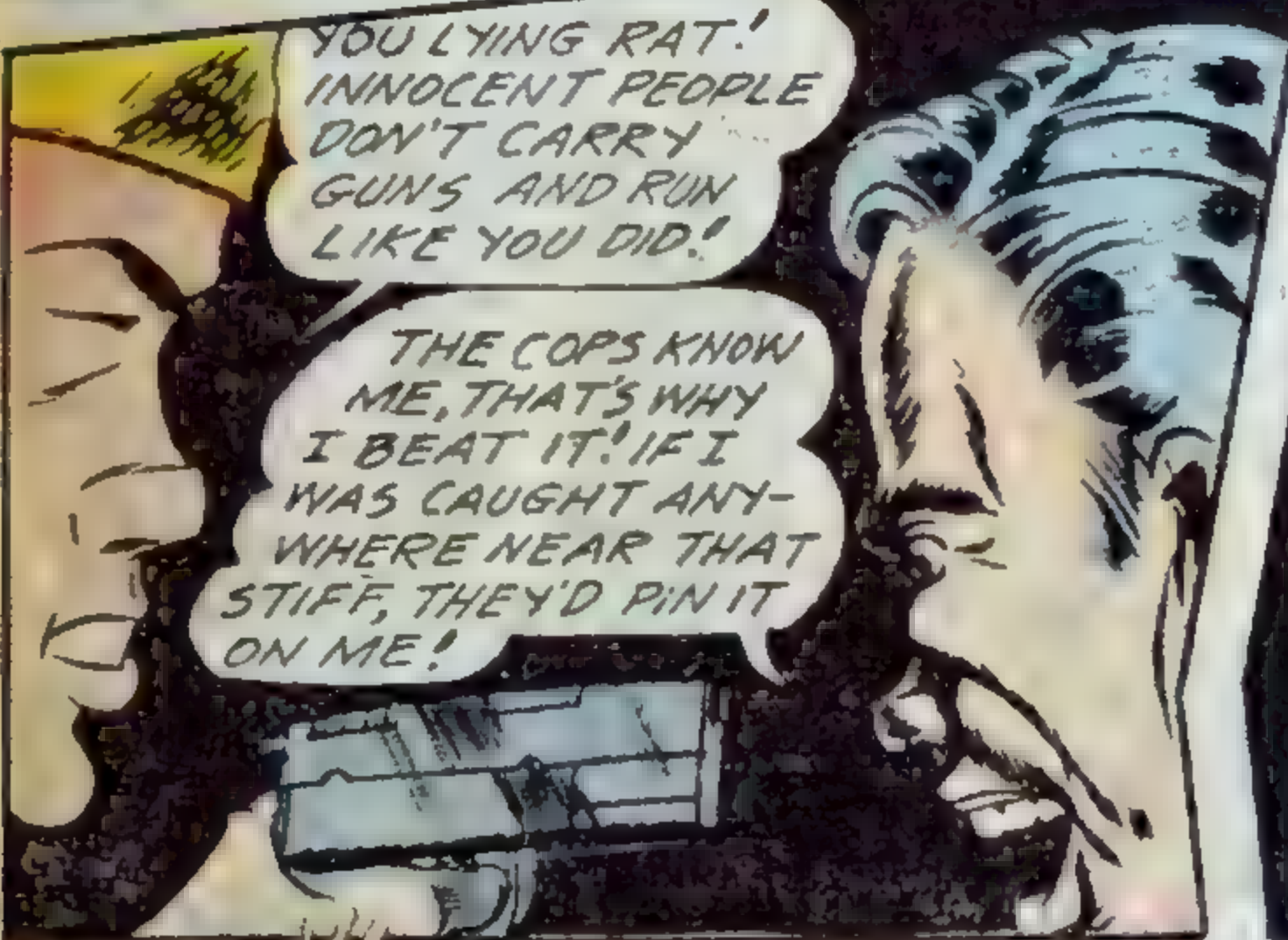
I DIDN'T DO IT! I'M INNOCENT!

**MURDER!**



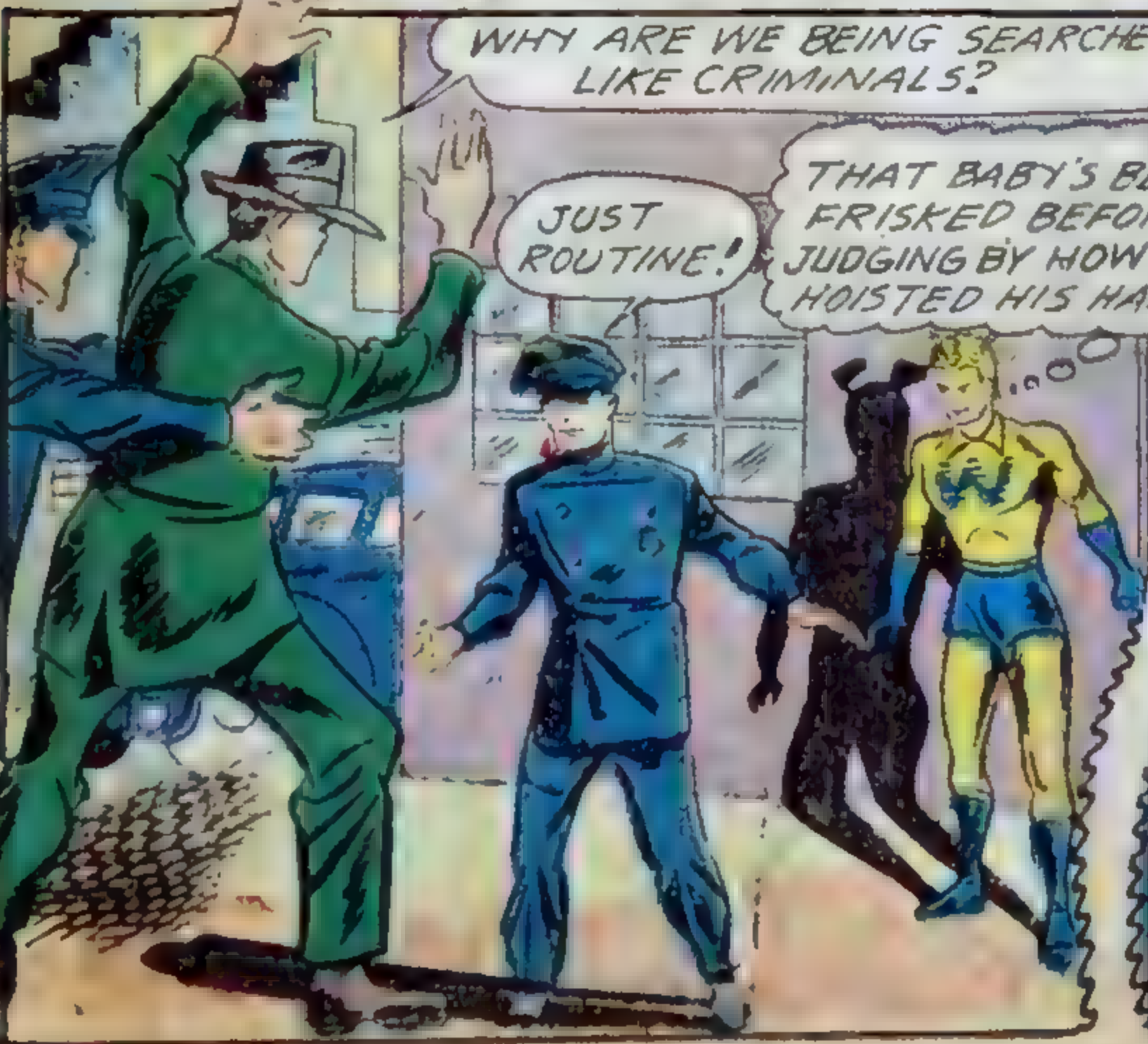
I DIDN'T CROAK HIM! I FOUND HIM WHEN I WENT TO THE PHONE!

HERE'S THE RESTAURANT... POLICE CARS IN FRONT. LOOKS AS THOUGH THEY FOUND THE BODY!



YOU LYING RAT! INNOCENT PEOPLE DON'T CARRY GUNS AND RUN LIKE YOU DID!

THE COPS KNOW ME, THAT'S WHY I BEAT IT! IF I WAS CAUGHT ANYWHERE NEAR THAT STIFF, THEY'D PIN IT ON ME!



WHY ARE WE BEING SEARCHED LIKE CRIMINALS?

JUST ROUTINE!

THAT BABY'S BEEN FRISKED BEFORE, JUDGING BY HOW HE HOISTED HIS HANDS!



GUESS YOU CAN LET 'EM GO!

THANKS! I'LL BE GLAD TO APPEAR AT ANY TIME. HERE'S MY OWNERSHIP CARD!



WHY LET HIM GET AWAY, IF YOU THINK HE'S MIXED UP IN THIS?

I'M GIVING HIM ENOUGH ROPE TO PROVE MY HUNCH! CHECK HIS IDENTIFICATION RIGHT AWAY!

AT THE MURDER SCENE--

PAPERS IDENTIFY HIM AS A DIAMOND DEALER... HIS OFFICE SAYS HE WAS CARRYING A FORTUNE IN UNCUT STONES!

WHAT'S THAT CHAIN WITH THE BUCKLE AT THE END?

IT WAS A POUCH, HOLDING THE MISSING DIAMONDS! MUST'VE BEEN CUT BY THE KILLER... THE BUCKLE WAS ATTACHED TO THE DEAD MAN'S POUCH!

I DIDN'T DO IT! YOU CAN'T PIN THIS ON ME! IF I CROAKED HIM, YOU'D FIND THE POUCH ON ME!

ANY PRINTS?

NOT A THING ON IT OR THE KNIFE! THIS MUG MUST'VE USED A HANDKERCHIEF WE FOUND IN THE BOOTH!

WE SEARCHED THE WHOLE JOINT... HE COULDN'T HAVE TOSSED IT AWAY WHILE YOU WERE CHASING HIM!

ARE YOU INSANE? FIRST YOU LET THAT CAR GO, AND NOW YOU WANT ME TO LET THIS KILLER GO!

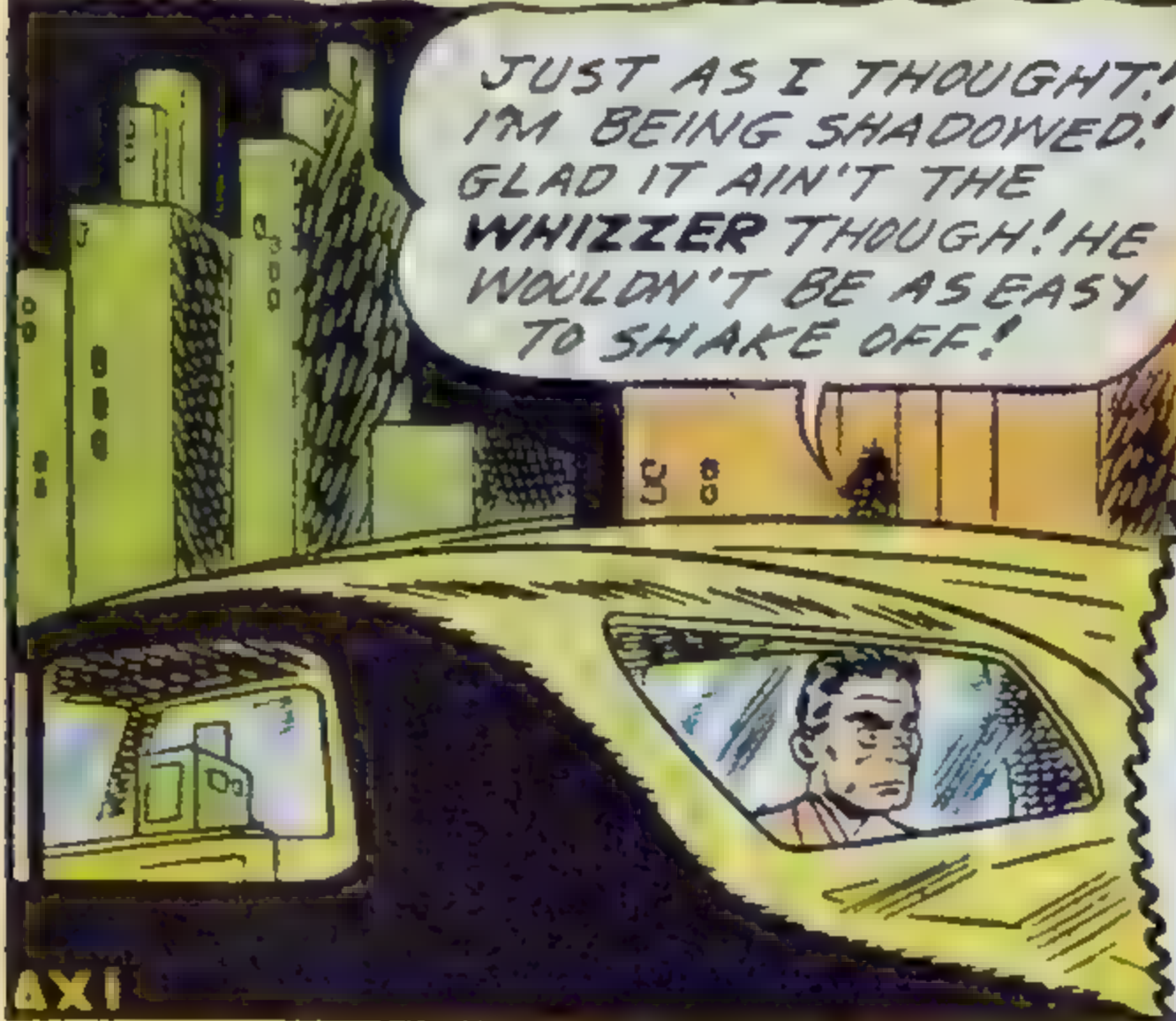
HERE COMES THE COPI I SENT TO CHECK THE OWNERSHIP OF THAT CAR! YOU CAN LET THIS GUY GO!

YOU MUST TRUST ME! I HAVE A PLAN...



THE POLICE CAPTAIN IS SOON WON OVER BY WHIZZER'S EARNEST PLEA, AND IN A FEW MINUTES, ICE GORDON'S KILLER IS FREED!

JUST AS I THOUGHT! I'M BEING SHADOWED! GLAD IT AIN'T THE WHIZZER THOUGH! HE WOULDN'T BE AS EASY TO SHAKE OFF!



LATER

WHEW! QUITE A CHASE! CHANGED CABS FOUR TIMES... HE WAS SO BUSY WATCHING THE COPS I PLANTED AS SHADOWS, THAT HE DIDN'T NOTICE ME!



WHIZZER, CLOSE ON THE HEELS OF HIS QUARRY, BURSTS IN AFTER HIM, TO GET THE SURPRISE OF HIS LIFE!

GULP!

OKAY, YOU GUYS! END OF THE LINE--WHAT THE... HE'S ALONE!

CRASH!



THOSE DOUBLE-CROSSING RATS BEAT IT, LEAVING ME TO HOLD THE BAG! THEY MUST'A GONE BACK TO GET THE SPARKLERS!

BACK WHERE? TELL ME, OR I'LL...

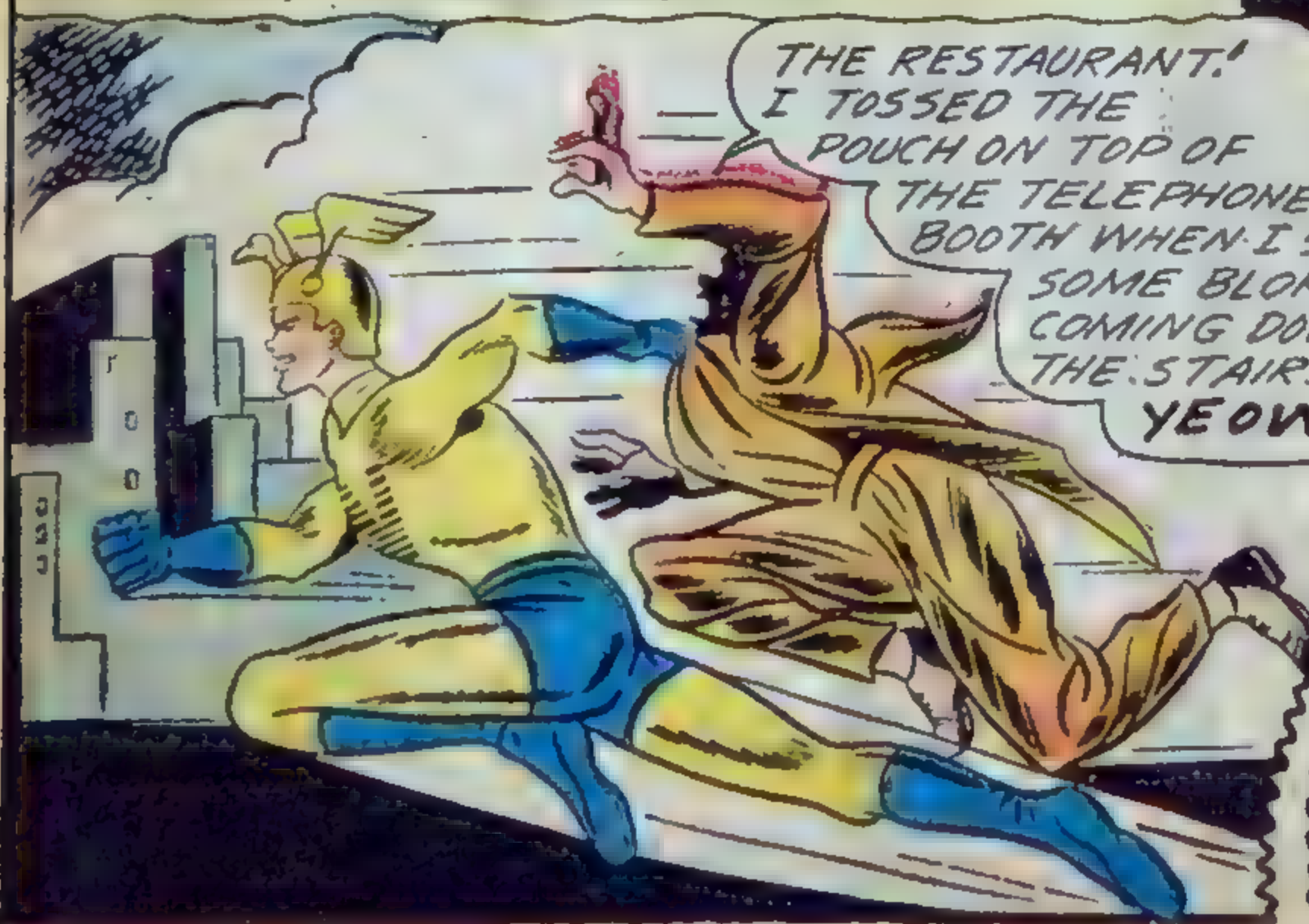


EVEN BEFORE THE BETRAYED JEWEL-THIEF CAN FINISH, THE WHIZZER IS OFF---

THE RESTAURANT! I TOSSED THE POUCH ON TOP OF THE TELEPHONE BOOTH WHEN I SAW SOME BLOKE COMING DOWN THE STAIRS... YEOW!

WHAT IF THE LAW IS AROUND?

YOU'RE IN THE CLEAR! THEY WON'T SEE YOU SLIP DOWN AND GET THE POUCH!



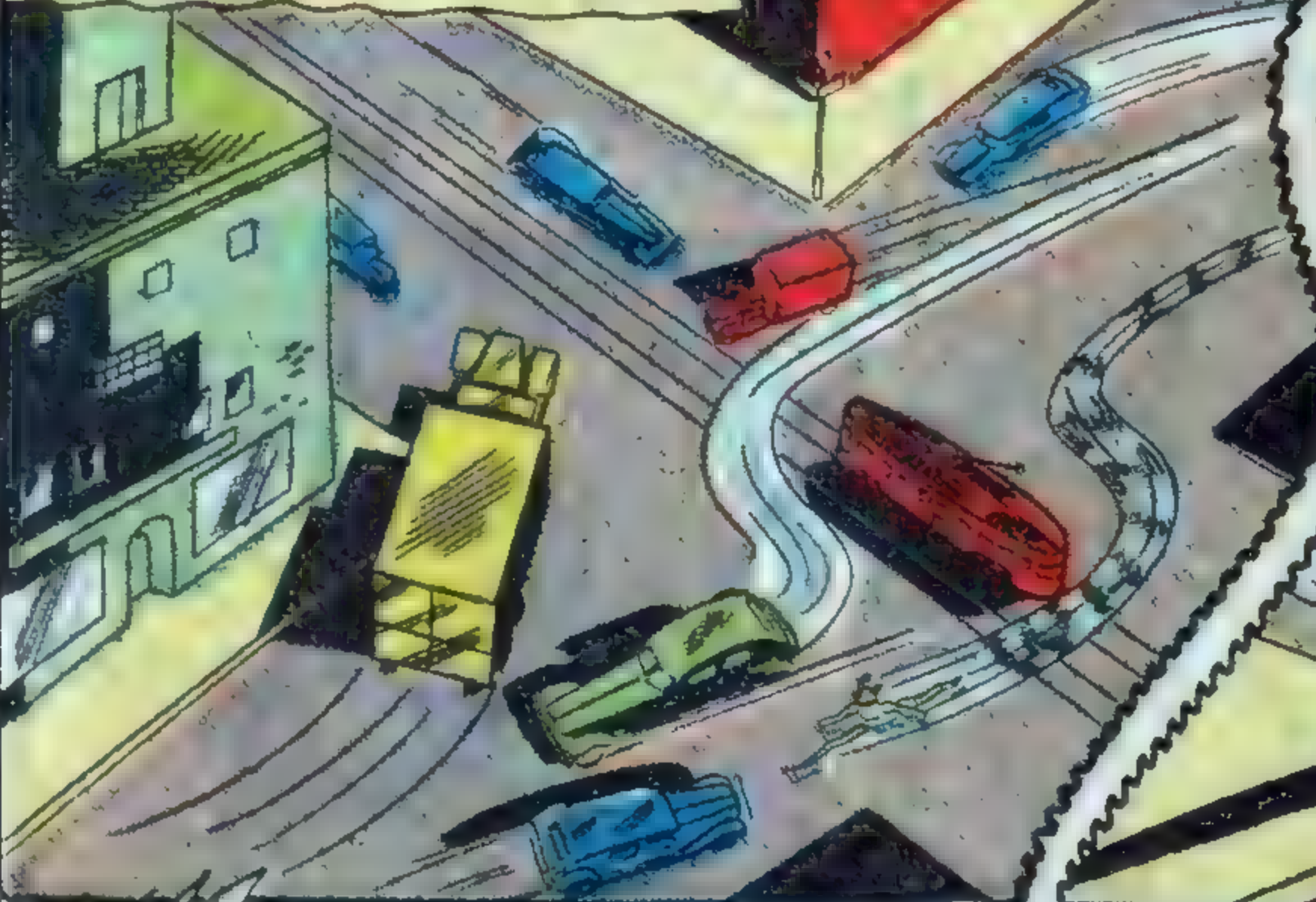


MEANWHILE, WHIZZER'S ABNORMAL SPEED HAS ENABLED HIM TO REACH THE MURDER SCENE, SPLIT SECONDS AHEAD OF GORDON'S THUGS---

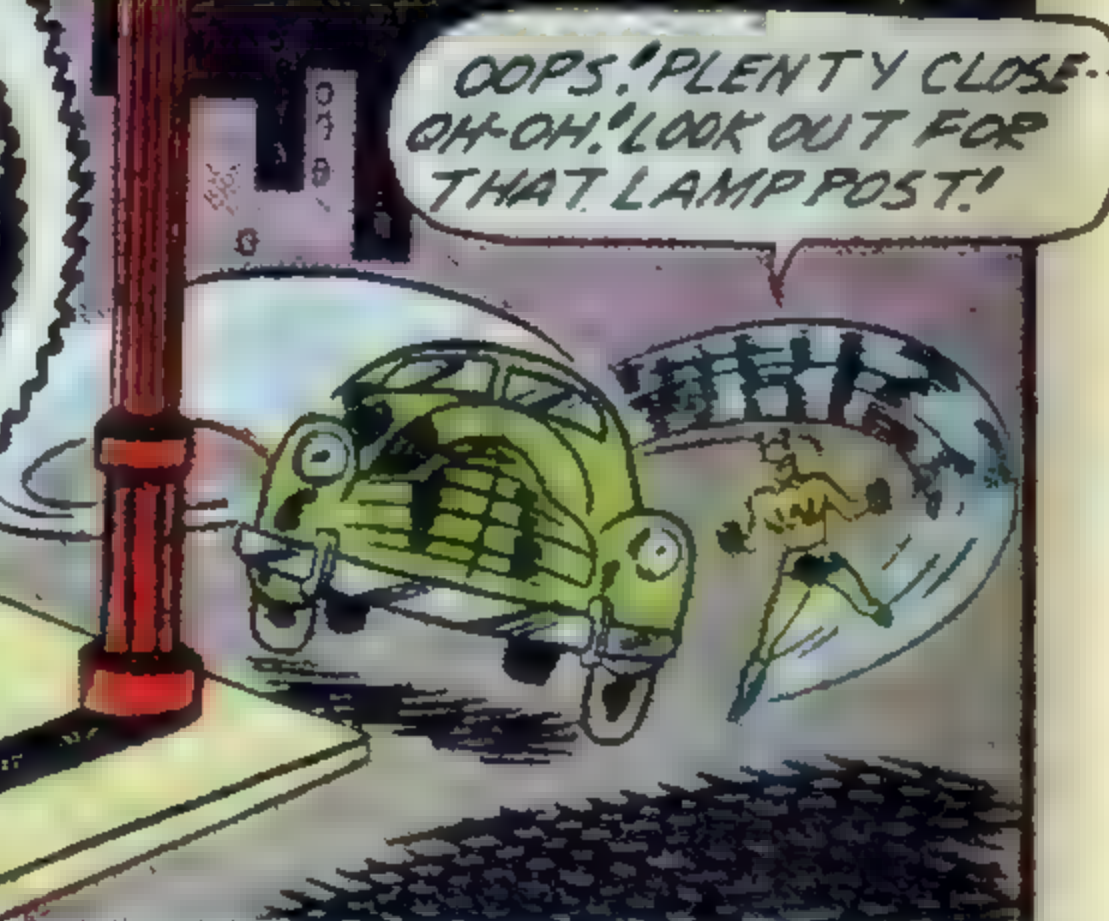


LET'S GO BOSS! I GOT IT! LOOK (GULP) WHIZZER! SHOOT! SHOOT!

ICE GORDON AND HIS KILLER BLAZE AWAY IN A FUTILE ATTEMPT TO HALT THEIR PURSUING NEMESIS!



A LAST DESPERATE EFFORT TO RUN DOWN THE NIMBLE-FOOTED SPEED DEMON COMES TO NAUGHT!

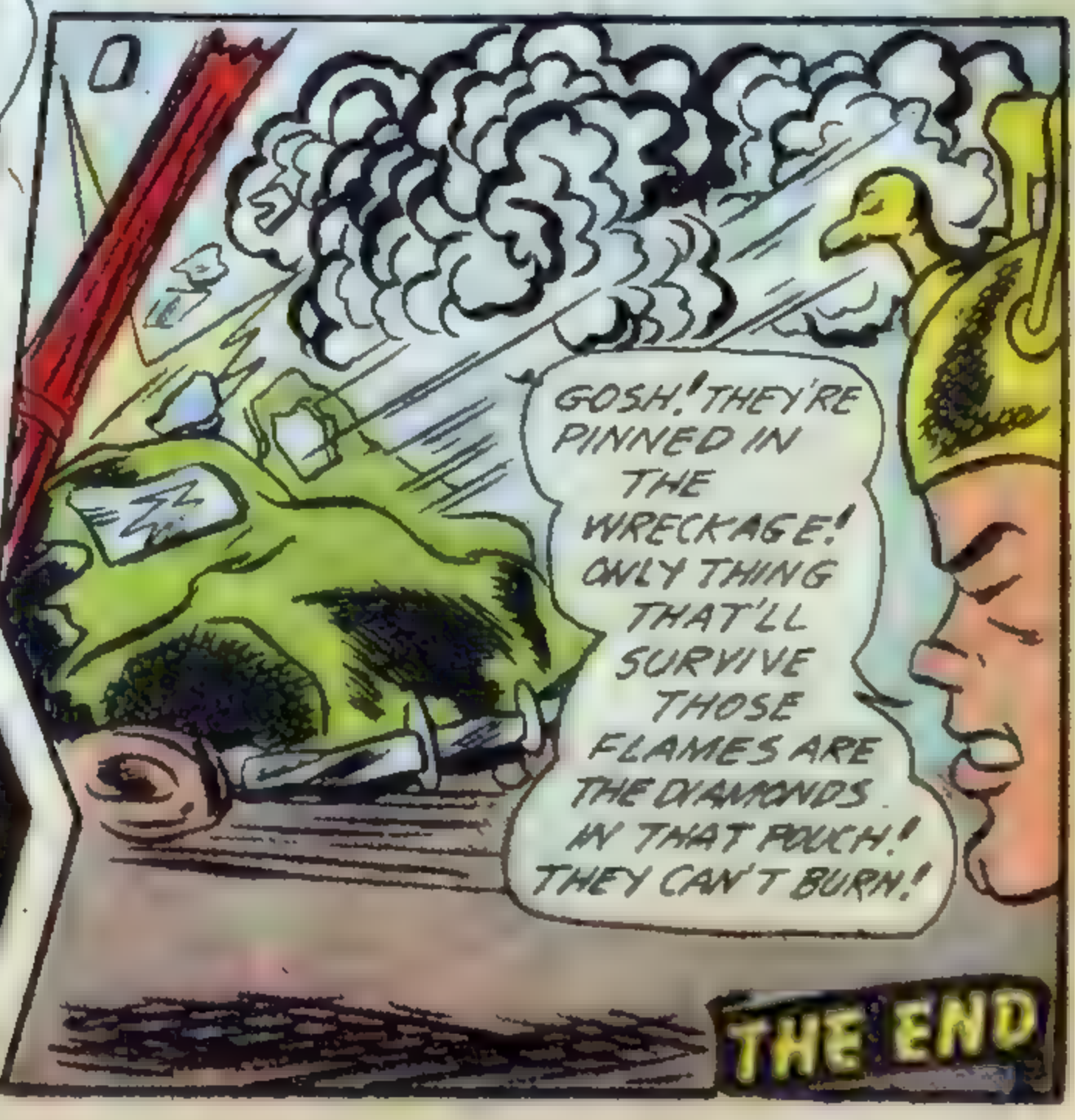


OOPS! PLENTY CLOSE.. OH-OH! LOOK OUT FOR THAT LAMPOST!



SUDDENLY..

AY!!!



GOSH! THEY'RE PINNED IN THE WRECKAGE! ONLY THING THAT'LL SURVIVE THOSE FLAMES ARE THE DIAMONDS IN THAT POUCH! THEY CAN'T BURN!

THE END



*timed for* **TEENS...**



And no wonder!  
MISS AMERICA is so chock-full of

FASHIONS \* CHARMS

COMICS \* HUMOR

CONTESTS \* MUSIC

FICTION \* MOVIES

PARTY  
SUGGESTIONS

GADGET IDEAS

VOCATIONAL  
GUIDANCE

PERSONAL ADVICE  
ON PROBLEMS

One year subscription—TWELVE WONDER-  
FUL ISSUES—to this outstanding magazine,  
published exclusively for TEEN-AGE GIRLS,  
for \$1.00. Or, two years \$1.50 (save 50c)

I am enclosing \$1.00  
\$1.50  
(CROSS OUT ONE)

for a subscription  
to MISS AMERICA.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

MISS AMERICA MAGAZINE, 350 Fifth Ave., Dept. 42, New York 1, N. Y.



# JAP BUSTER JOHNSON

AN EXTRACT  
FROM  
JAP-BUSTER'S  
SECRET WAR  
DIARY!



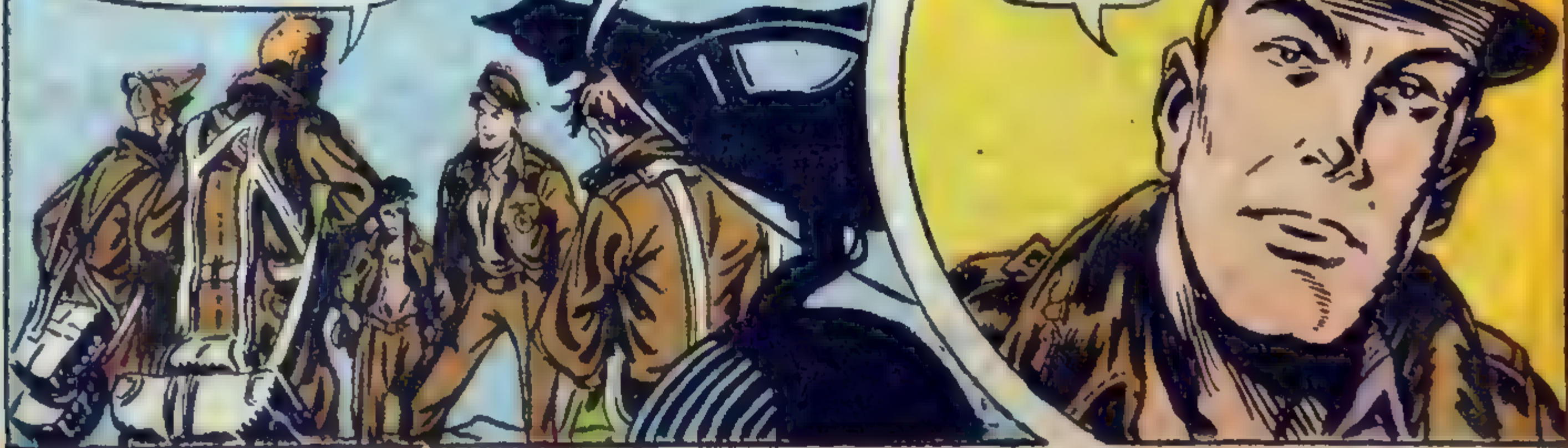
**NOW IT CAN BE TOLD...** REVEALING FOR THE FIRST TIME INFORMATION WHICH COULD NOT BE MADE KNOWN PUBLICLY BEFORE — THE TRUE STORY BEHIND THE FATEFUL DAY THAT **JAP-BUSTER JOHNSON** RAN INTO "**THE LONE WOLF!**"

at AN AMERICAN AIR-BASE SOMEWHERE IN CHINA...

TELL US ABOUT THE TIME YOU TOOK ON THAT WHOLE SQUADRON OF ZEROS SINGLE-HANDED, JAP-BUSTER!

YEAH! LET US IN ON SOME OF YOUR SECRETS, CAPTAIN JOHNSON!

LISTEN, MEN!  
IN A COUPLE OF WEEKS YOU'LL BE SHOWING ME TRICKS! AND REMEMBER, WE DON'T WORK SINGLE-HANDED AROUND HERE! IT'S TEAM-WORK THAT COUNTS!







SUDDENLY...  
MY GOSH!

HOLY HANNAH!  
— THIS GUY'S  
COMING IN UPSIDE  
DOWN!

GET BACK,  
BOYS! GET  
BACK!

PHZZ!



NOW, WHO'S  
THAT BABY?

WHOEVER HE IS, HE  
SURE CAN HANDLE  
THAT SHIP!

AND MOMENTS  
LATER...



GREETINGS, GENTLEMEN!  
ESPECIALLY TO JAP-BUSTER  
JOHNSON, IF HE'S AROUND  
ANYWHERE!

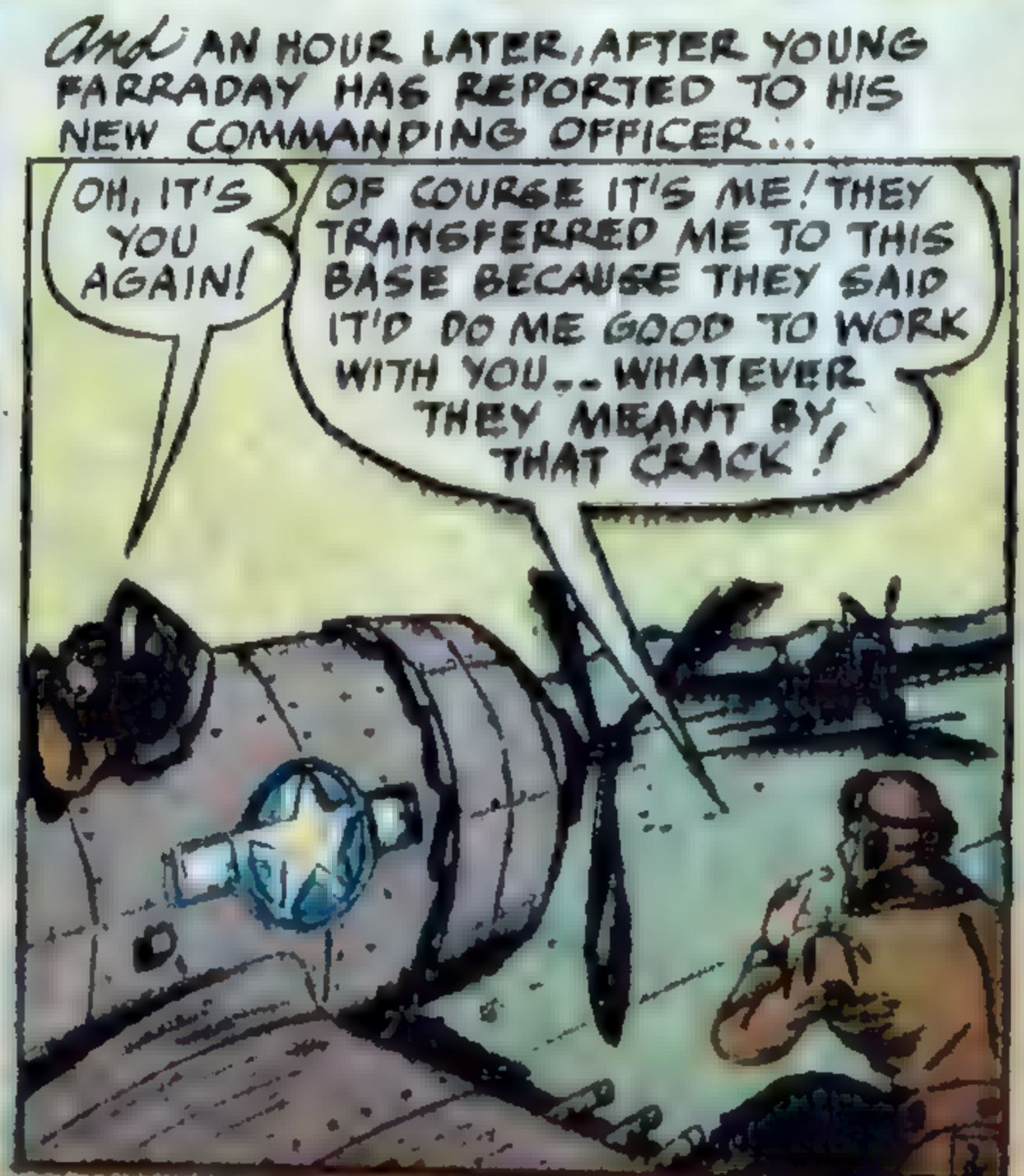


SO YOU'RE THE  
FAMOUS JAP-  
BUSTER JOHNSON!  
— WELL, I AM  
THE FAMOUS  
FRED  
FARRADAY!



YOU NEVER  
HEARD OF ME?  
WELL, YOU WILL,  
JAP-BUSTER —  
YOU WILL!

SO...

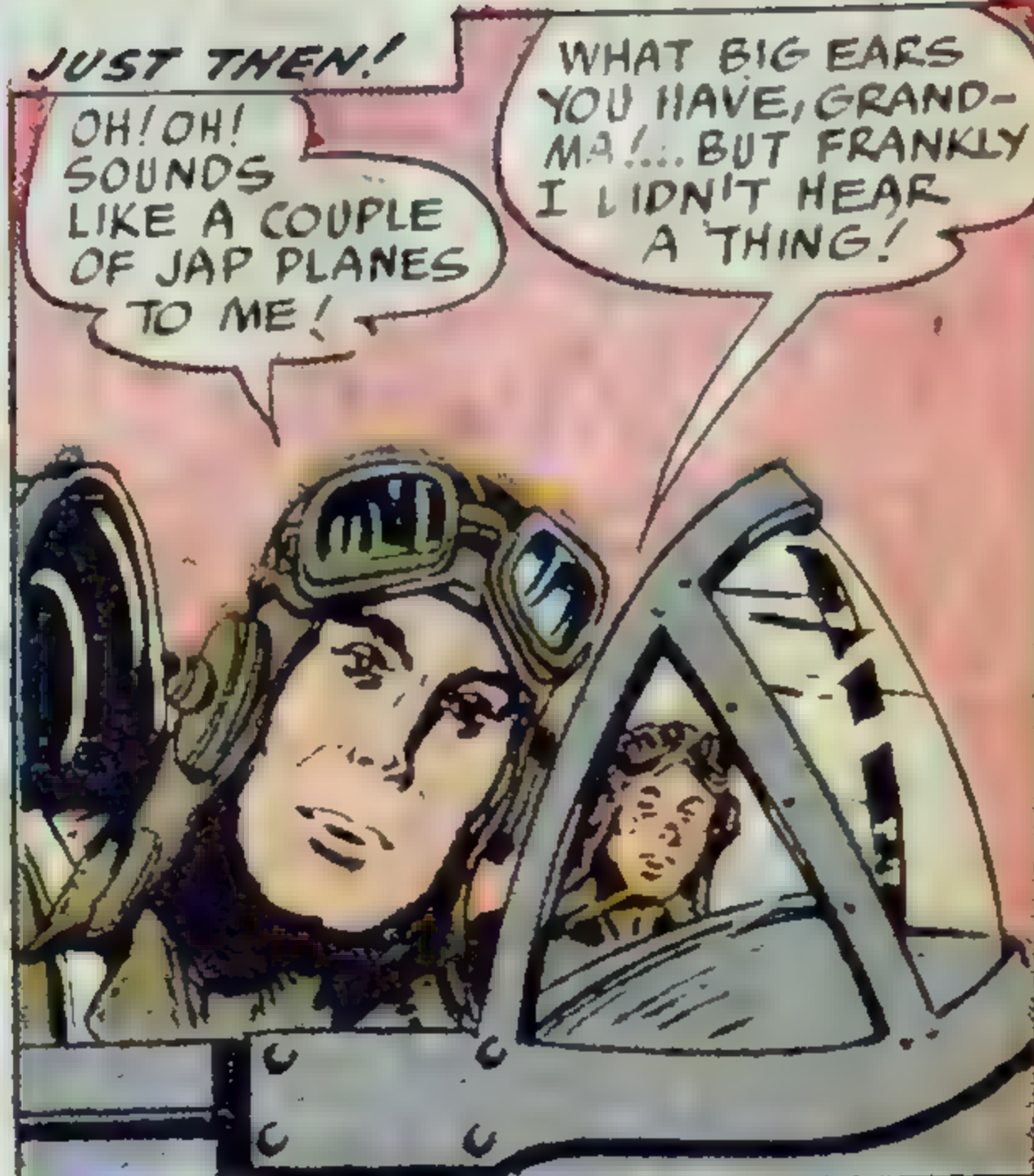


AND AN HOUR LATER, AFTER YOUNG  
FARRADAY HAS REPORTED TO HIS  
NEW COMMANDING OFFICER...

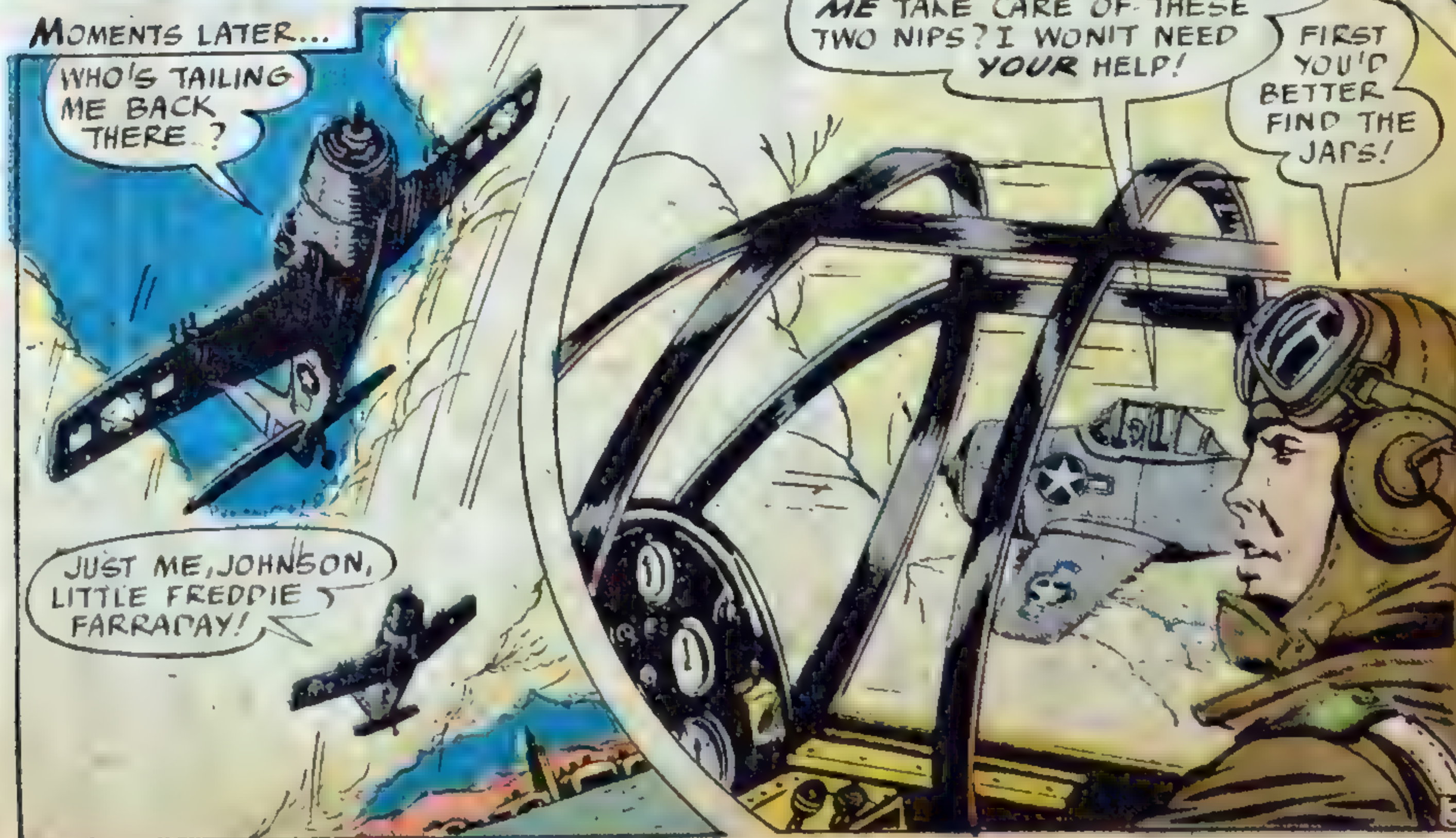
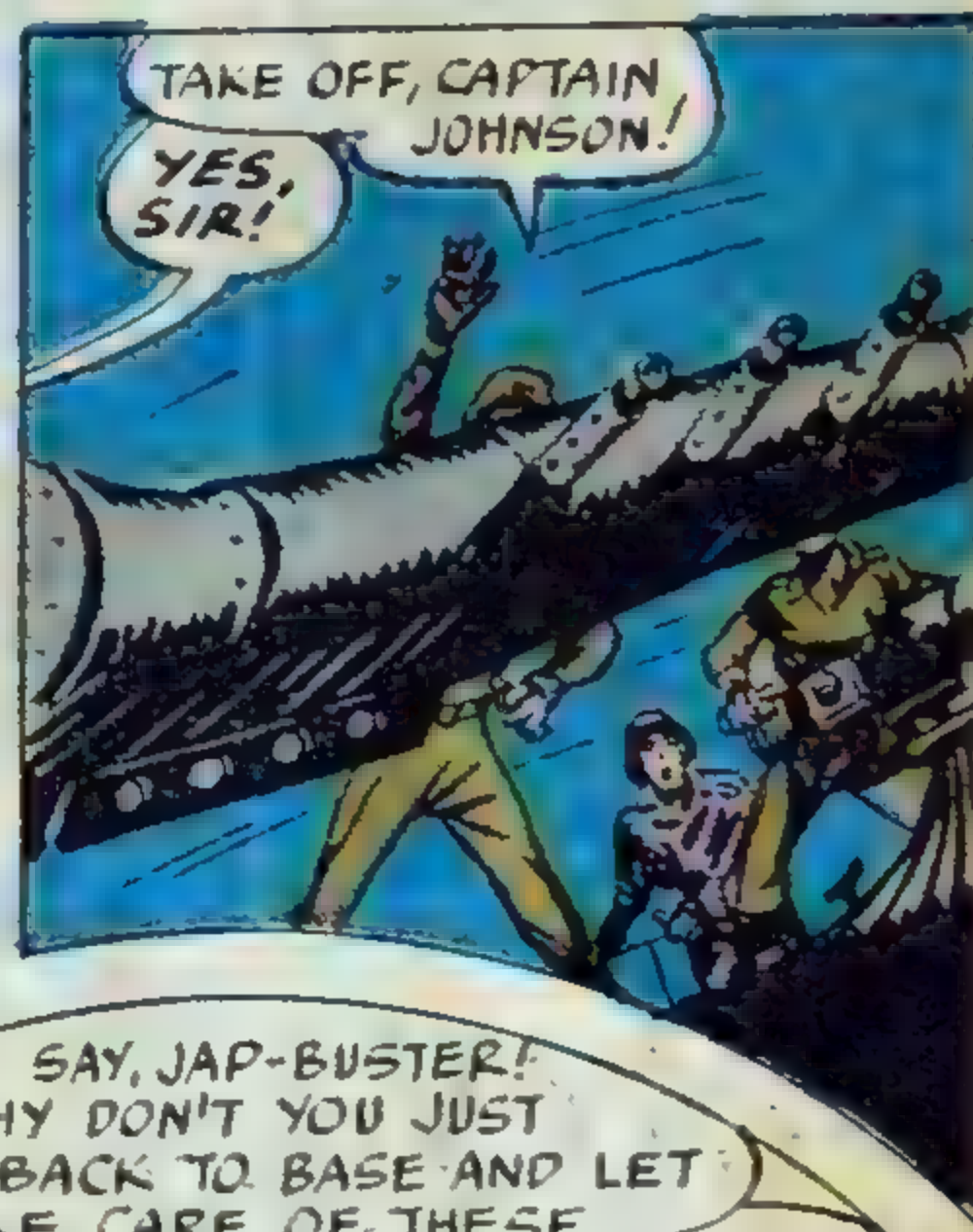
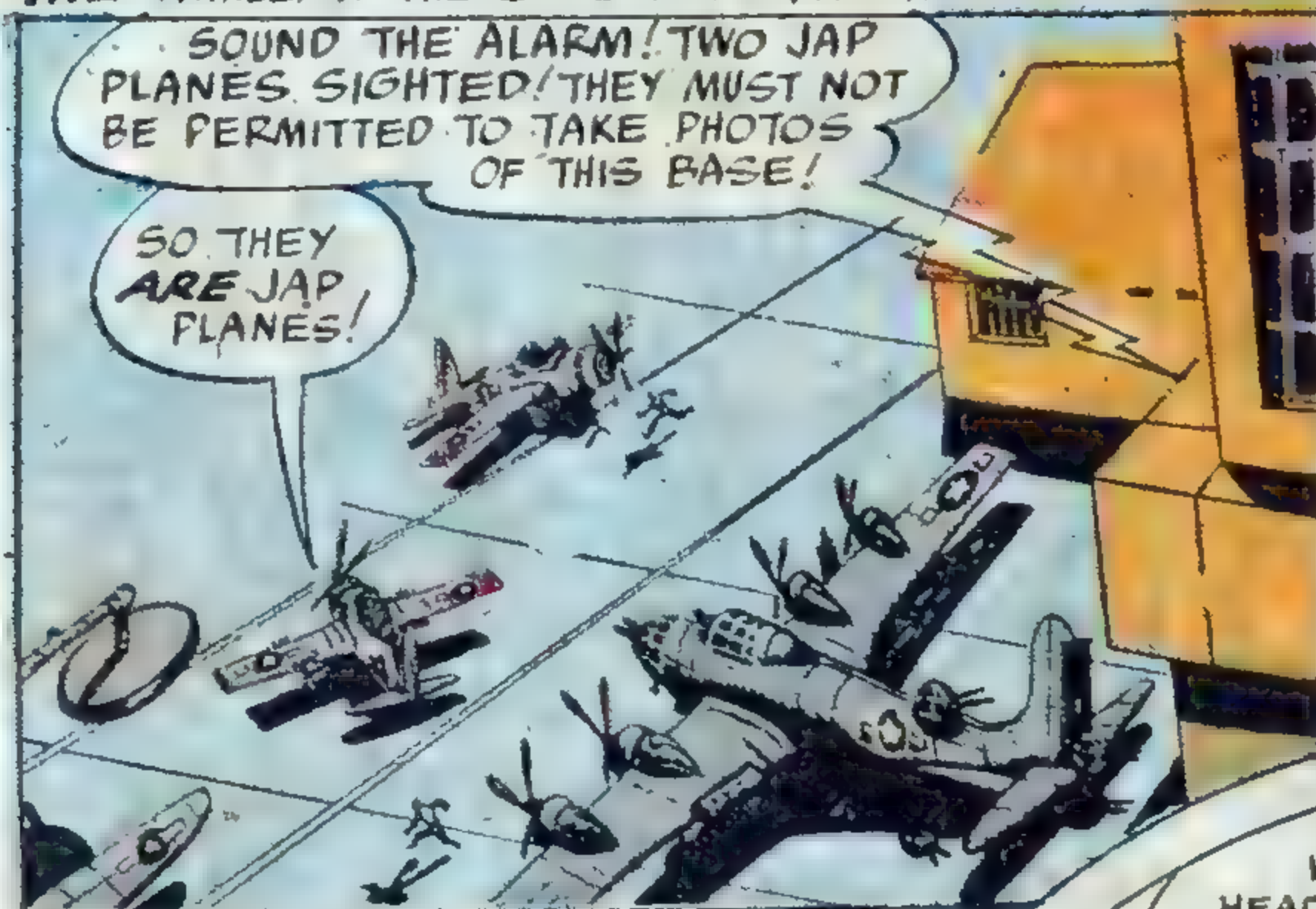
OH, IT'S  
YOU  
AGAIN!

OF COURSE IT'S ME! THEY  
TRANSFERRED ME TO THIS  
BASE BECAUSE THEY SAID  
IT'D DO ME GOOD TO WORK  
WITH YOU... WHATEVER  
THEY MEANT BY  
THAT CRACK!

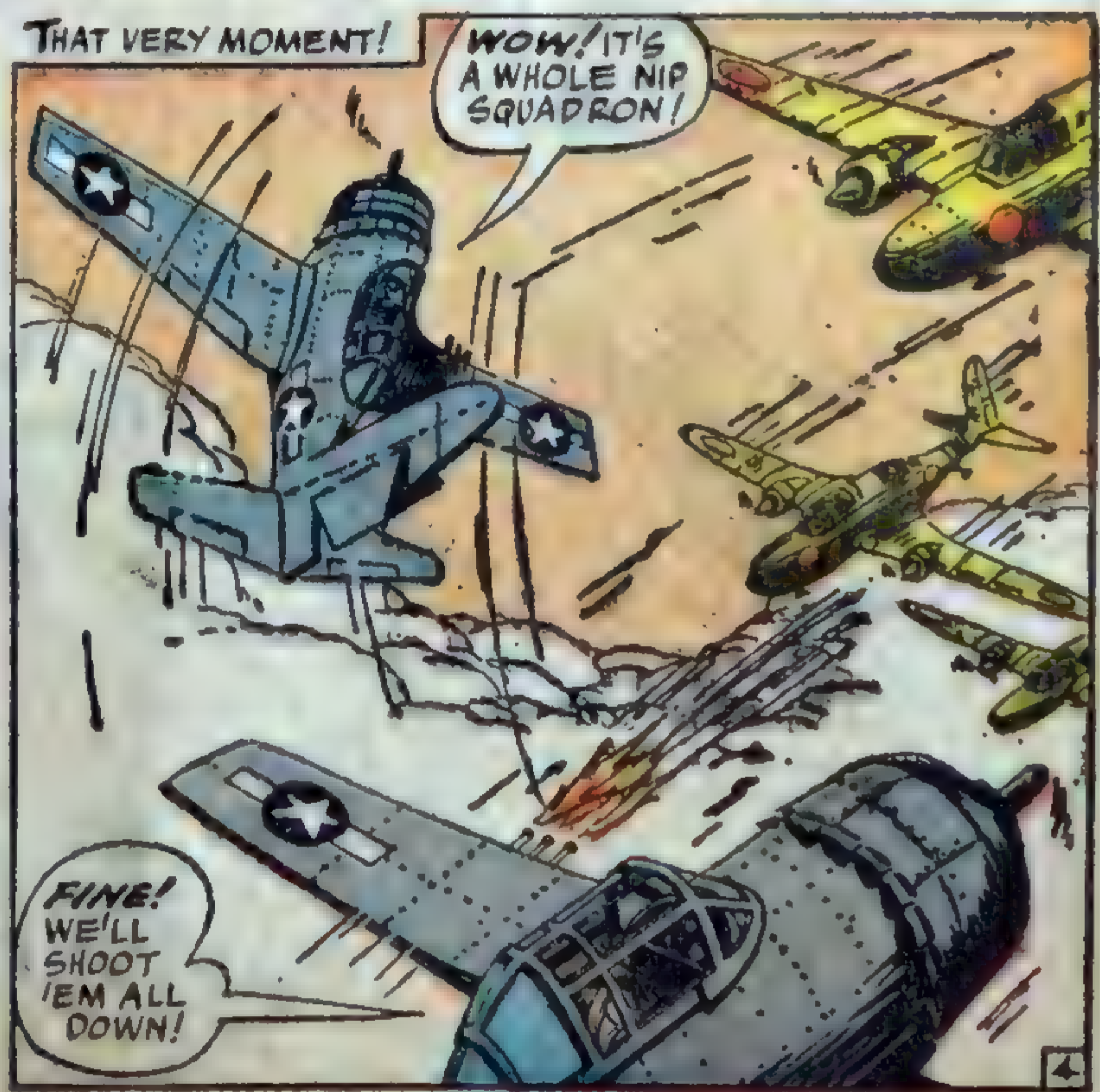
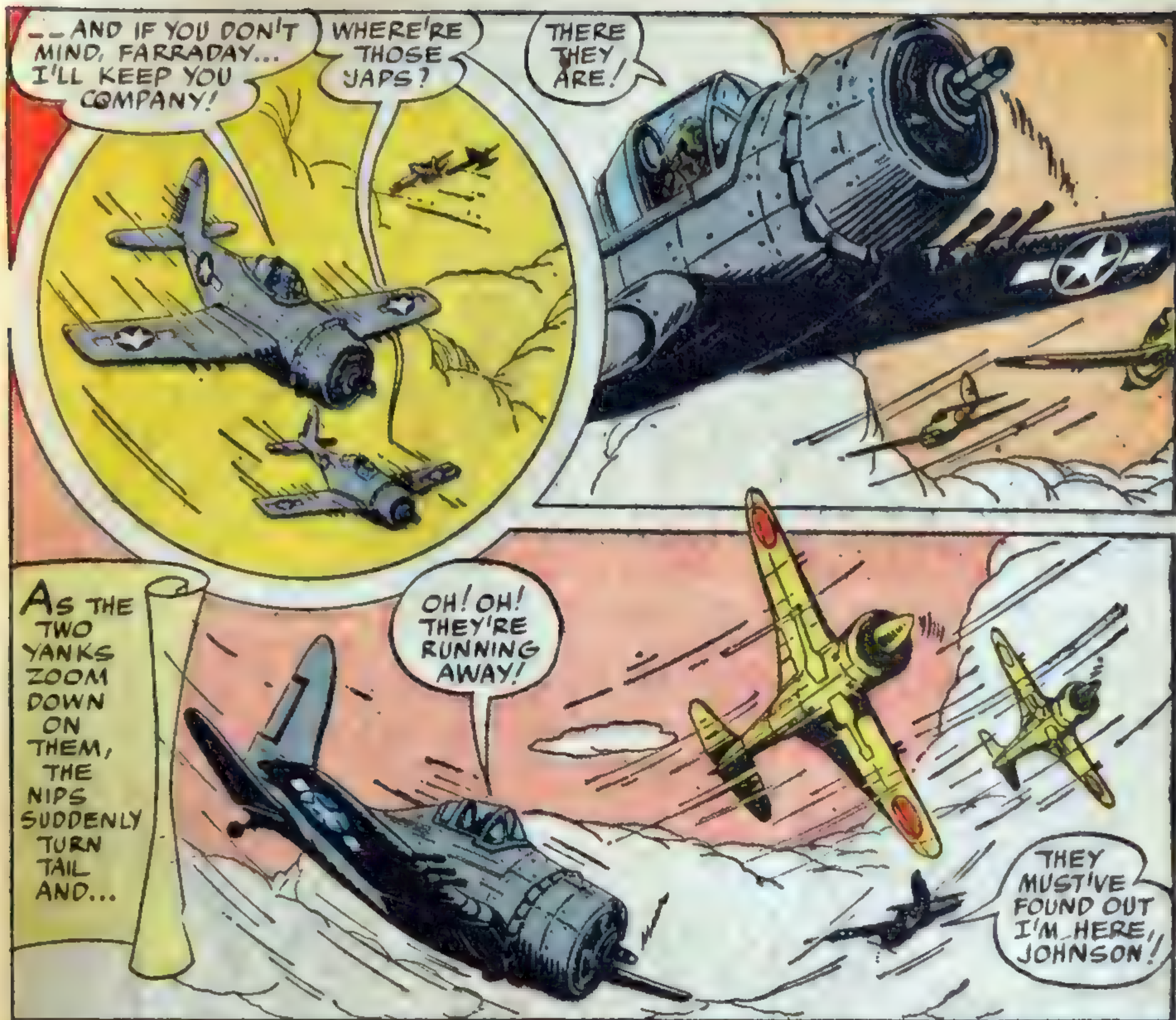




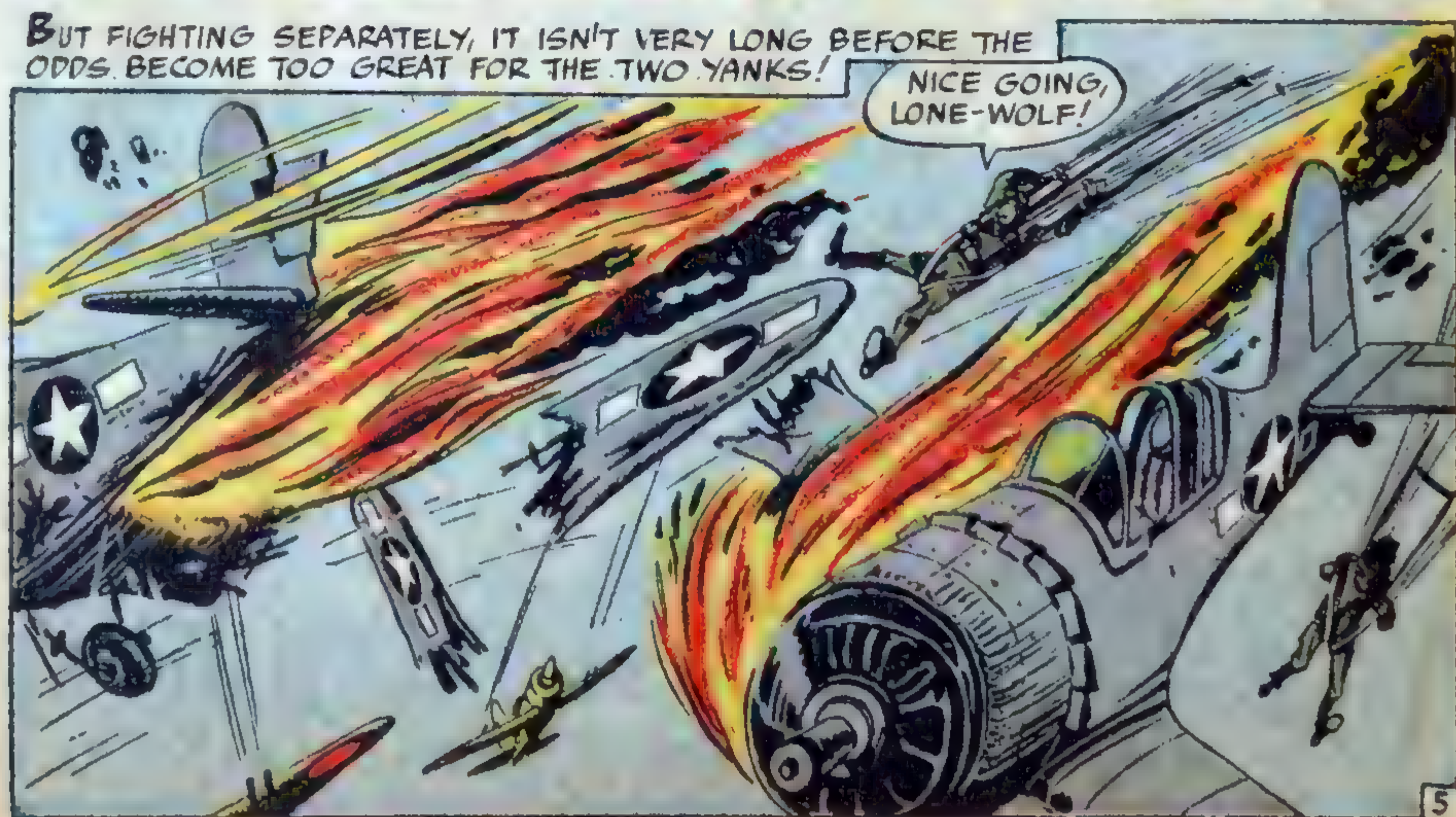
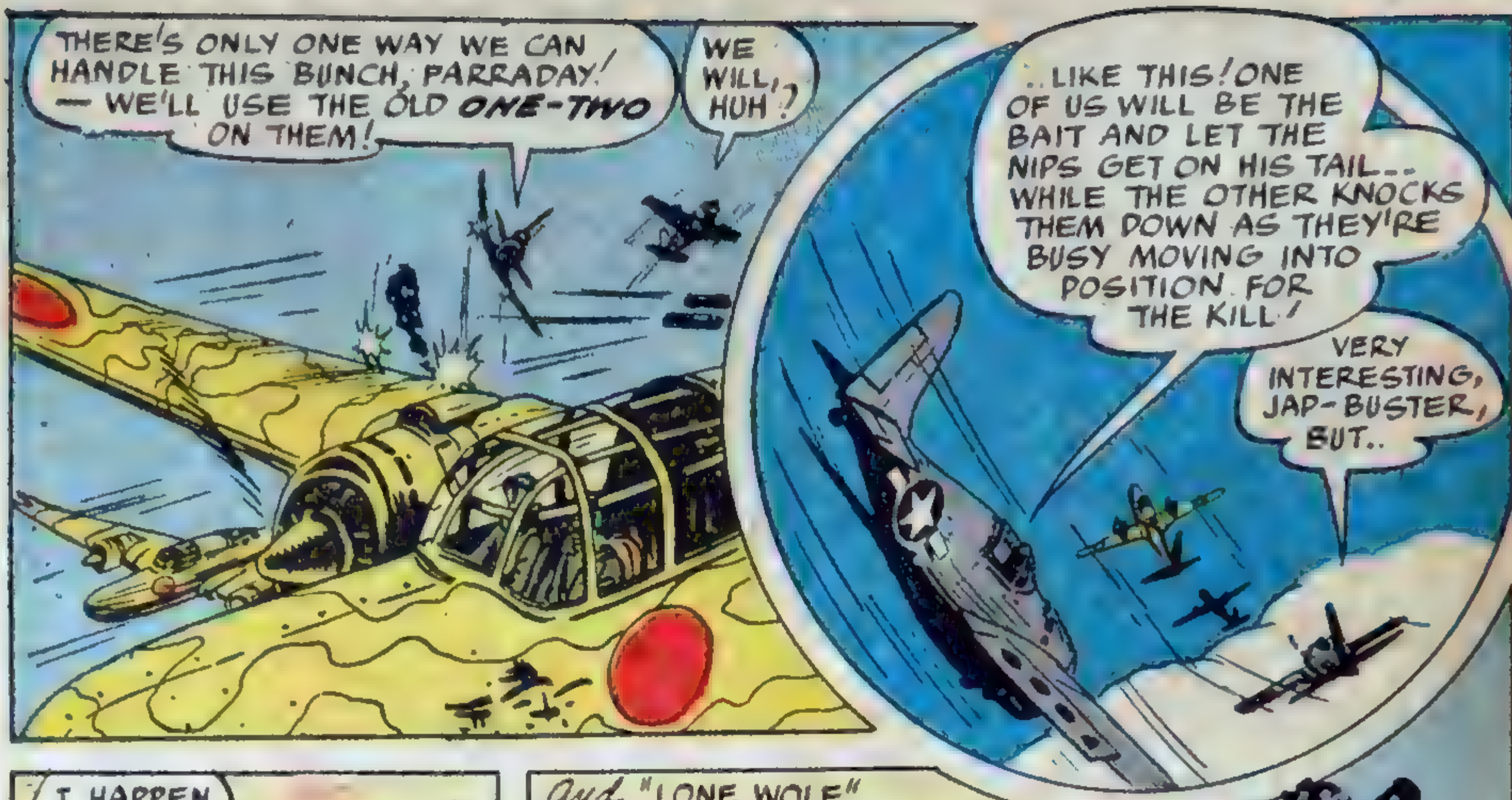
MEANWHILE, AT THE C.O.'S HEADQUARTERS...





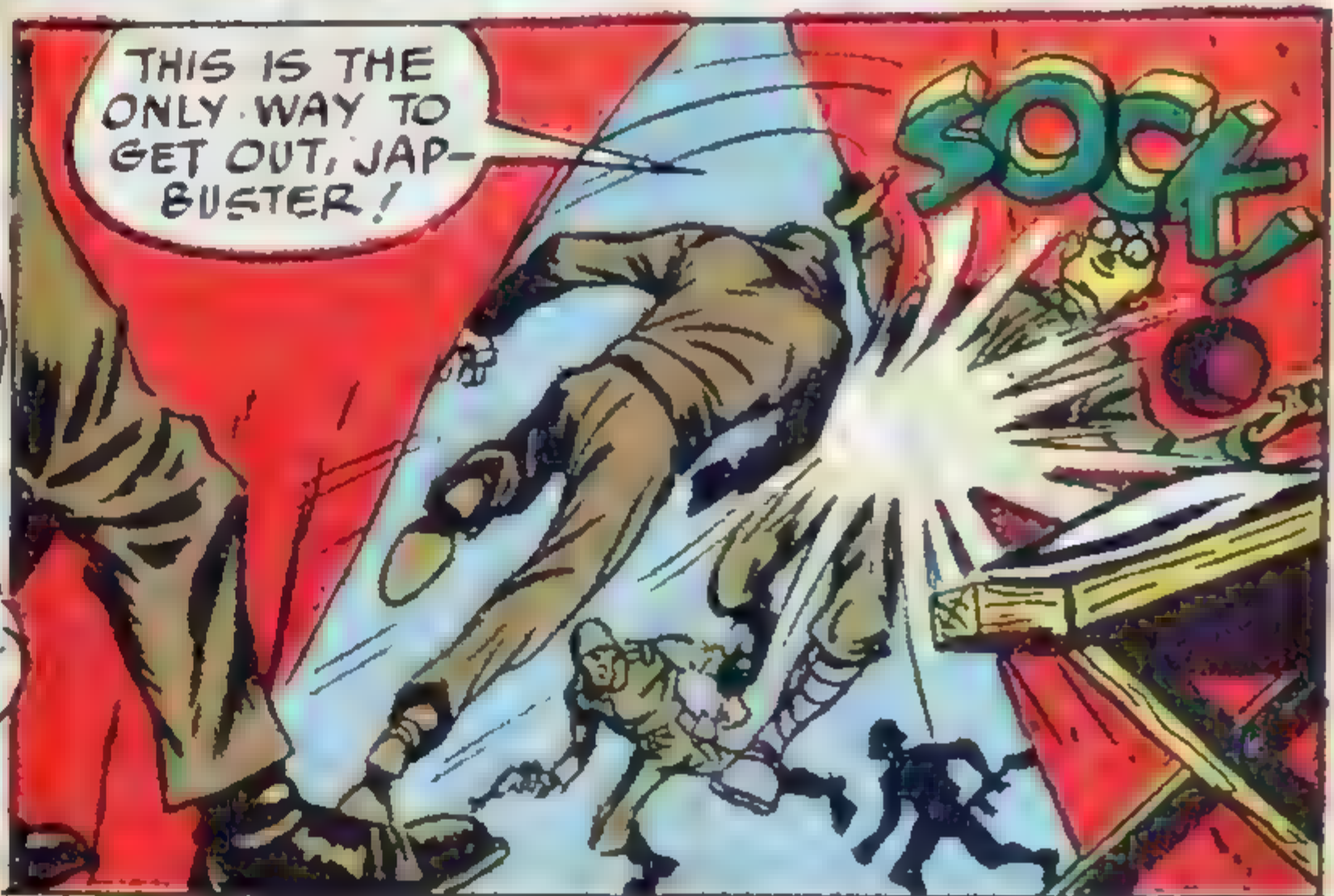
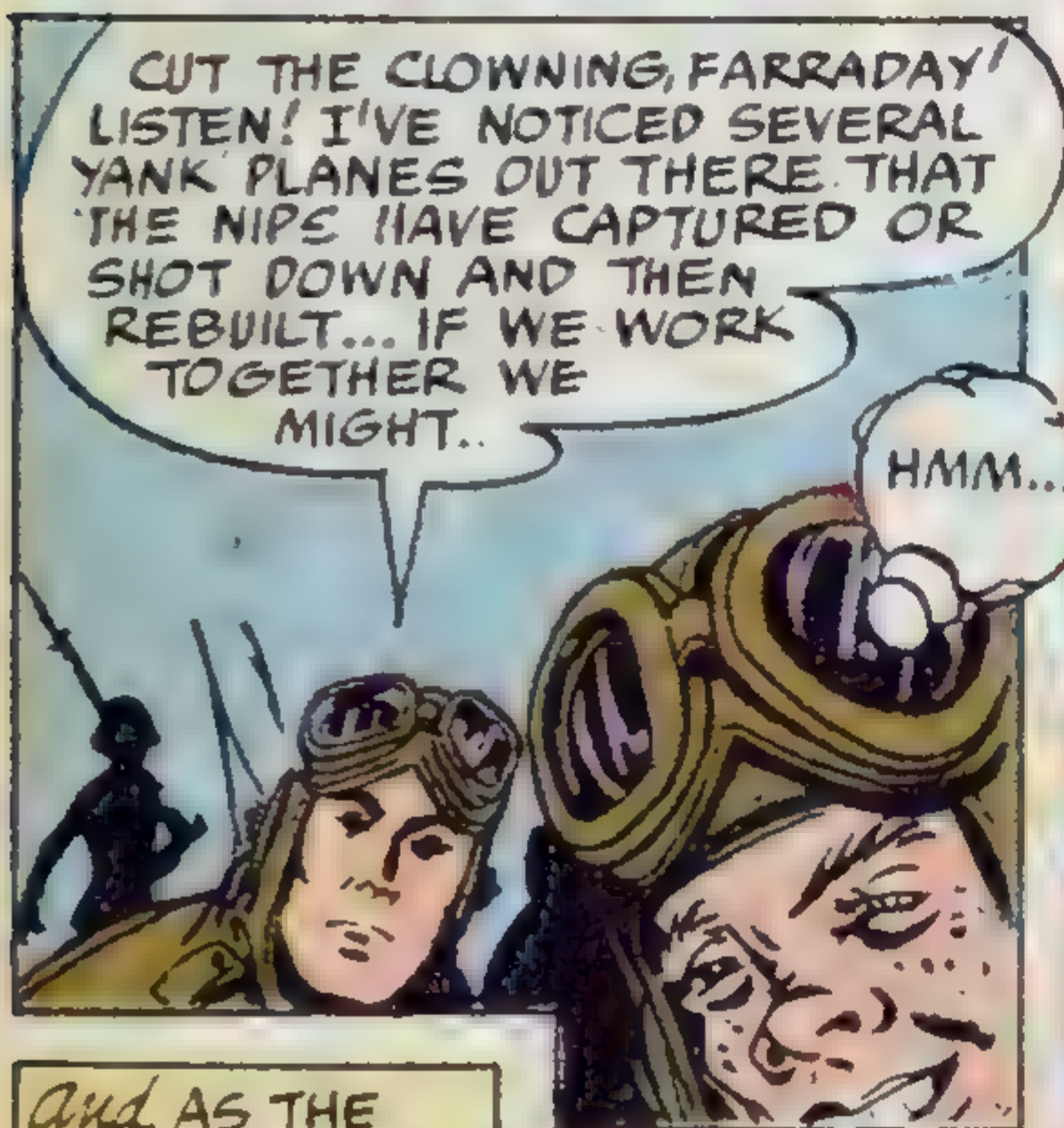
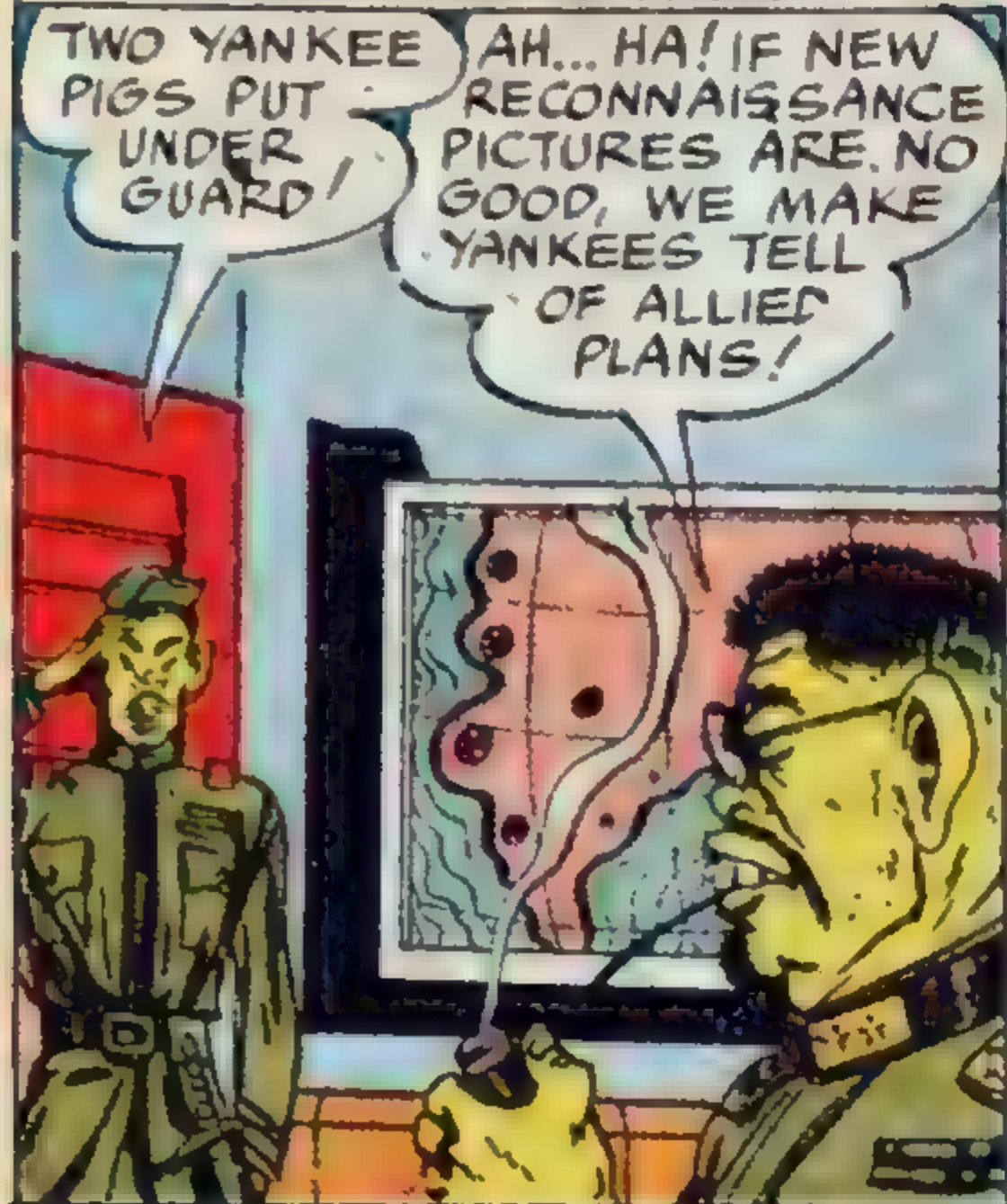




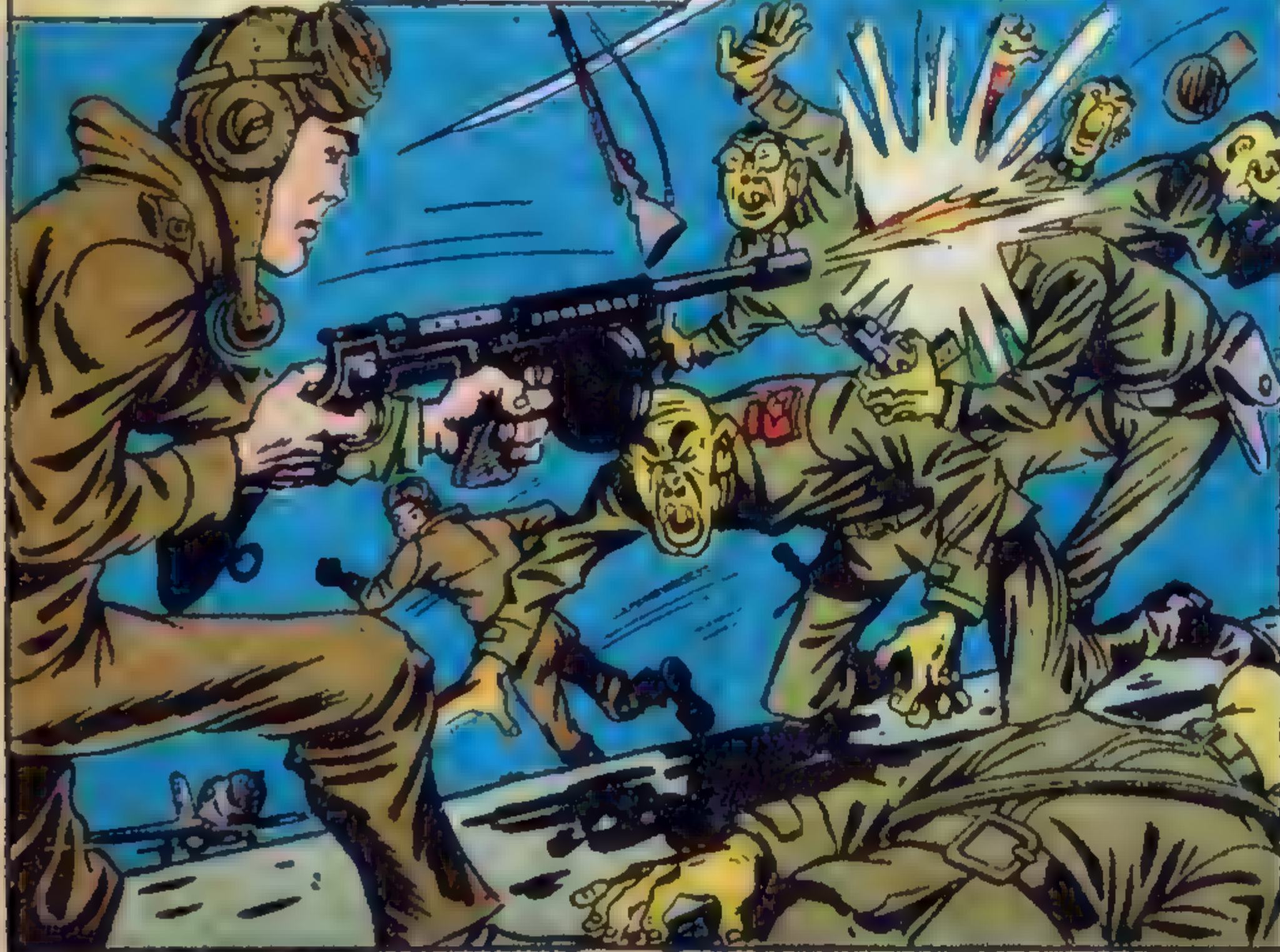




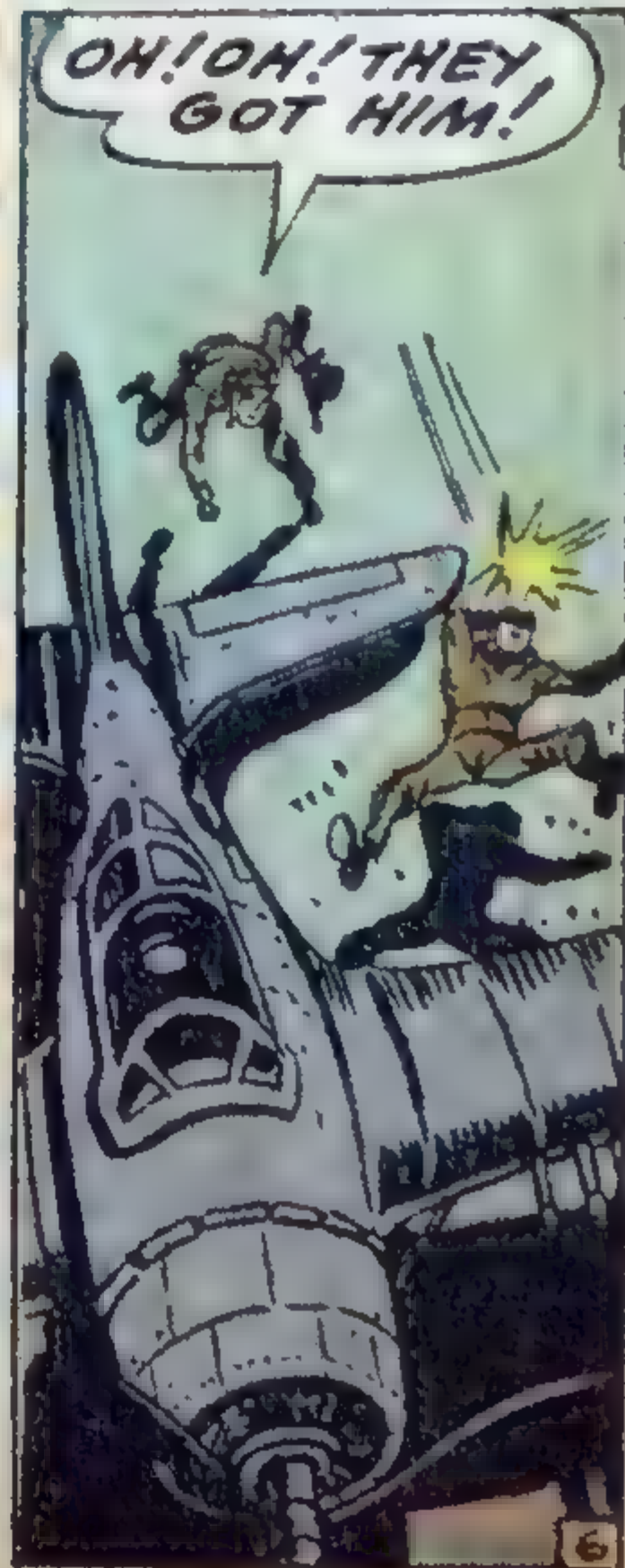
And SEVERAL HOURS LATER!



And AS THE JAPS POUR IN...



And AS THE DUO DASHES TOWARD THE AMERICAN PLANES...





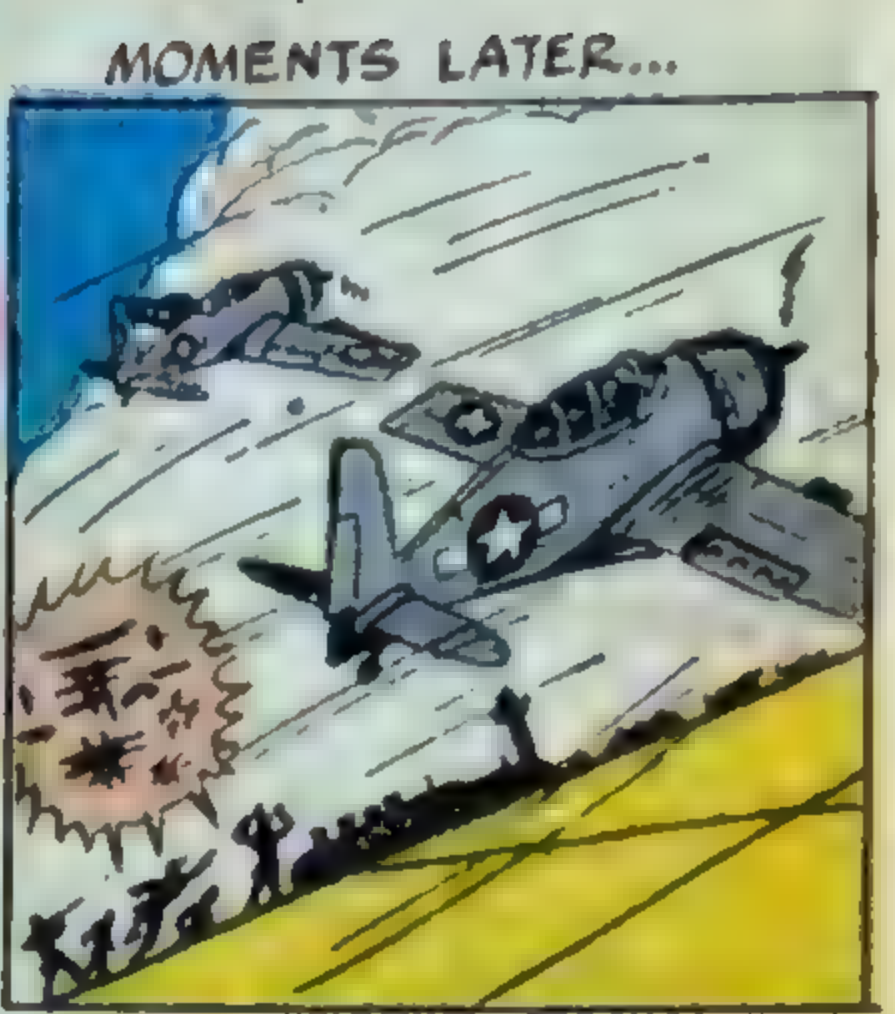


YOU'VE GOT TO  
GET UP, KID!  
THEY ONLY  
CREASED YOU!

I-I'LL TRY,  
JAP-BUSTER!



IN YOU GO! NOW FLY  
THAT THING OUT OF  
HERE FAST!



MOMENTS LATER...



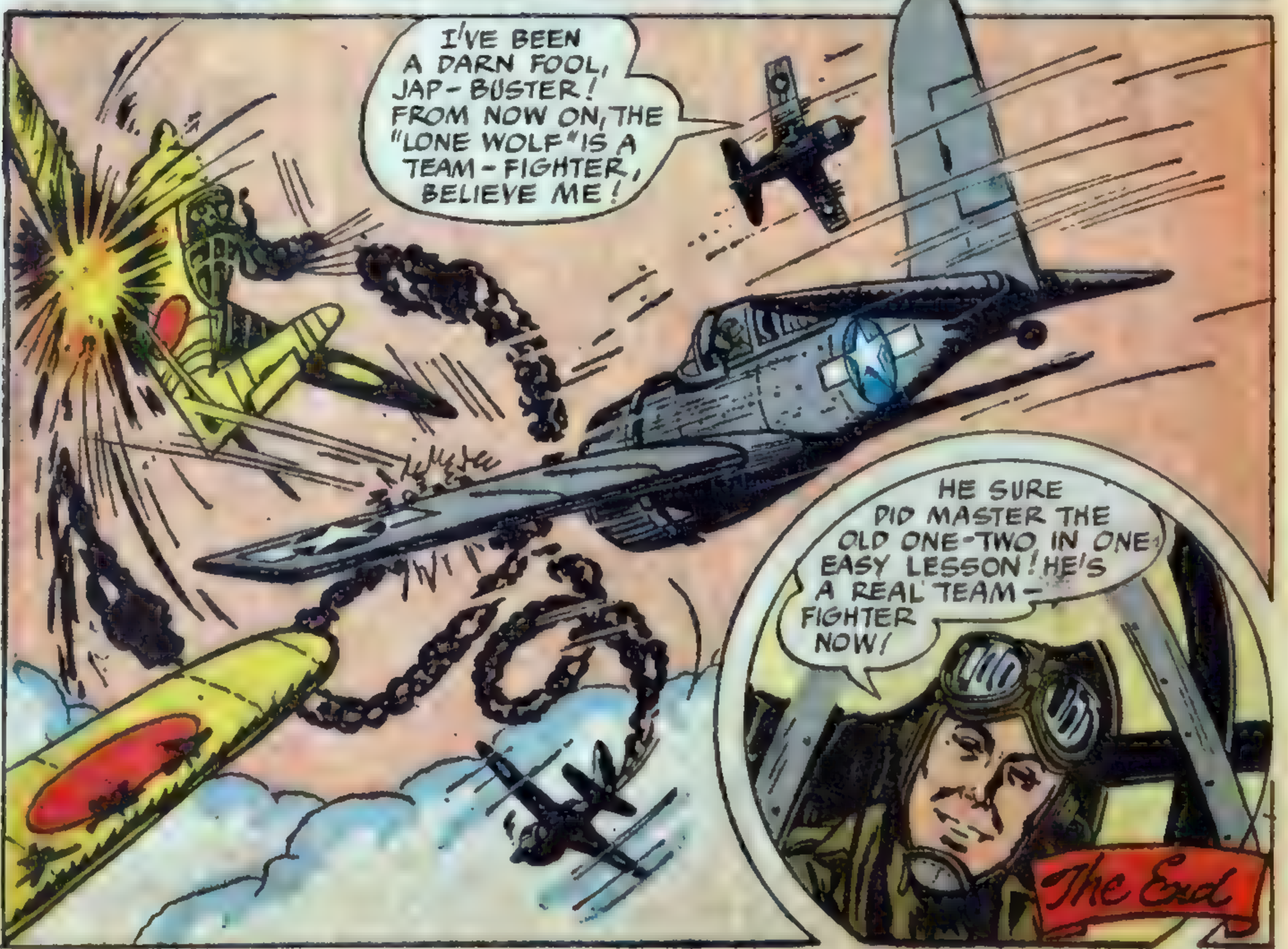
FARRADAY!  
THE NIPS ARE  
COMING BACK  
FOR MORE!

YEAH!  
LET'S GIVE  
THEM THE  
OLD ONE-  
TWO!



HE'S BAITING 'EM WITH  
THAT PLANE... SO I  
CAN KNOCK 'EM OFF...

BLAST THEM OUT OF  
THE SKY,  
JAP-  
BUSTER!



I'VE BEEN  
A DARN FOOL,  
JAP-BUSTER!  
FROM NOW ON, THE  
"LONE WOLF" IS A  
TEAM-FIGHTER,  
BELIEVE ME!

HE SURE  
DID MASTER THE  
OLD ONE-TWO IN ONE  
EASY LESSON! HE'S  
A REAL TEAM-  
FIGHTER  
NOW!

*The End*

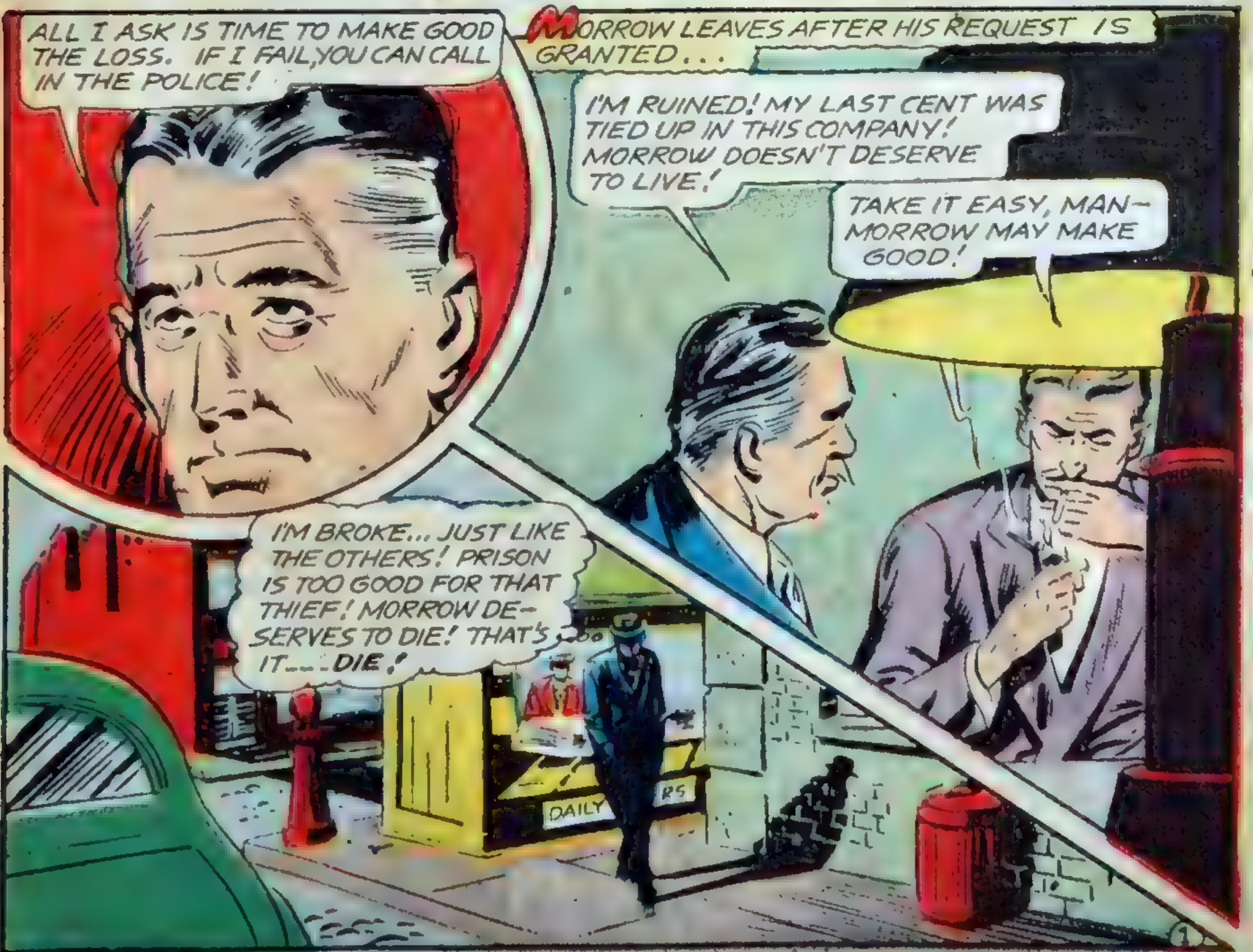


LET'S PLAY

# DETECTIVE

STARRING DETECTIVE MIKE TRAPP

Case of the  
TREMBLING  
TYCOON





FEW DAYS LATER...

EXTRE-E-E!

HARVEY MORROW  
COMMIT'S SUICIDE!



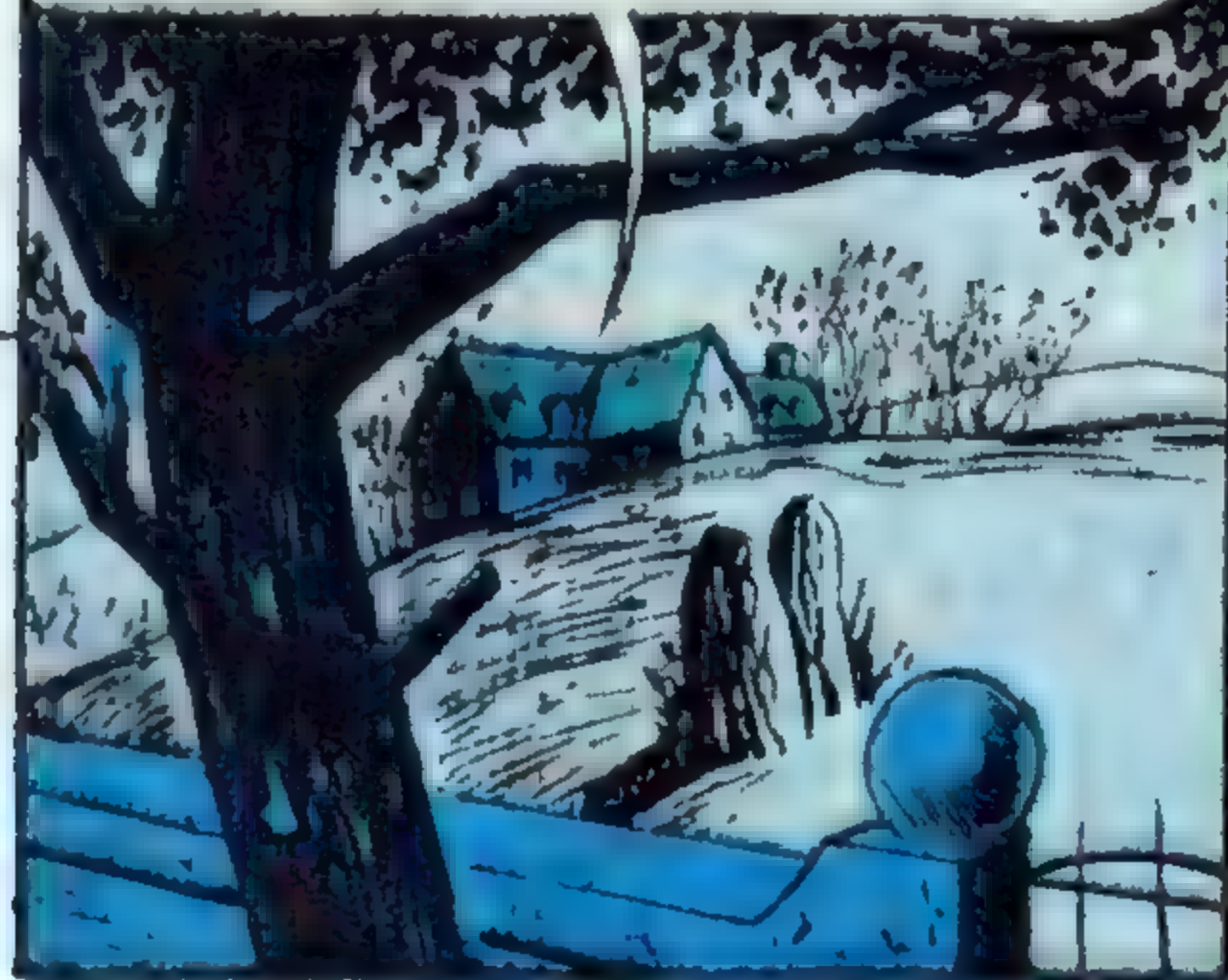
MEANWHILE, AT THE MORROW ESTATE, WE FIND  
MICHAEL TRAPP AND PEPPER BURNS...

HE HANGED HIMSELF, THE COWARD! STOLE OUR  
MONEY AND THEN TOOK THE EASY WAY OUT!



MR. WINKLER... I UNDERSTAND  
YOU WERE ON MORROW'S BOARD  
OF DIRECTORS! WHAT BROUGHT  
YOU HERE TO MORROW'S HOME?

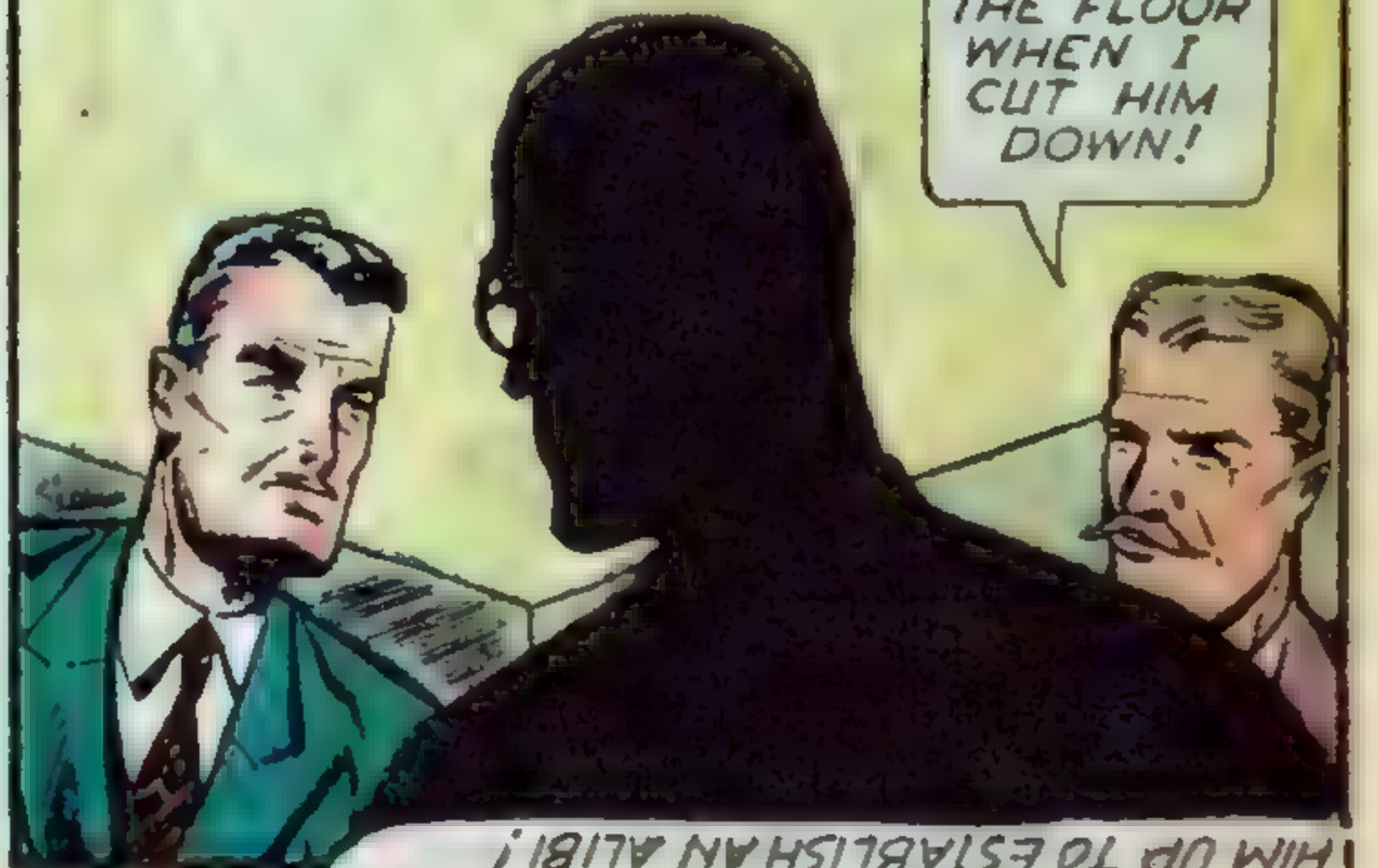
I CAME HERE TO SEE IF MORROW WAS  
TAKING ANY ACTION TOWARD GETTING  
ANY OF OUR MONEY BACK! AS I  
ENTERED, THERE WAS MORROW HANG-  
ING FROM A BEAM! I CUT HIM DOWN,  
THINKING HE MIGHT STILL BE ALIVE!



WHAT'S  
THE  
VERDICT,  
CORONER?

SUICIDE, ALL RIGHT! BEEN  
HANGING ABOUT TWO  
HOURS! THERE'S A BRUISE  
ON HIS FOREHEAD WHICH  
I CAN'T ACCOUNT FOR!

HIS HEAD  
STRUCK  
THE FLOOR  
WHEN I  
CUT HIM  
DOWN!



SUICIDE? NO, I DON'T THINK IT WAS  
THAT AT ALL... IT WAS COLD-BLOODED  
MURDER! YOU, MR. WINKLER,  
KILLED MORROW WHEN YOU  
LEARNED THAT HE WOULDN'T  
MAKE GOOD HIS LOSS!



LATER...

WELL, YOU BOOKED  
WINKLER FOR MUR-  
DER... BUT HOW DID  
YOU KNOW HE WAS  
GUILTY, MIKE?

HE WAS STILL ALIVE AND THEN HUNG  
HIM UP TO ESTABLISH AN ALIBI!  
OBTAININGLY, WINKLER STRUCK HIM WHILE  
THAT A CORPSE DOESN'T BRUISE!  
WHAT HE DIDN'T KNOW IS  
WHEN HE CUT HIM DOWN,  
WINKLER SAID HAPPENED  
ON MORROW'S HEAD WHICH  
THERE WAS A BRUISE



TURN PAGE UP SIDE DOWN FOR SOLUTION.

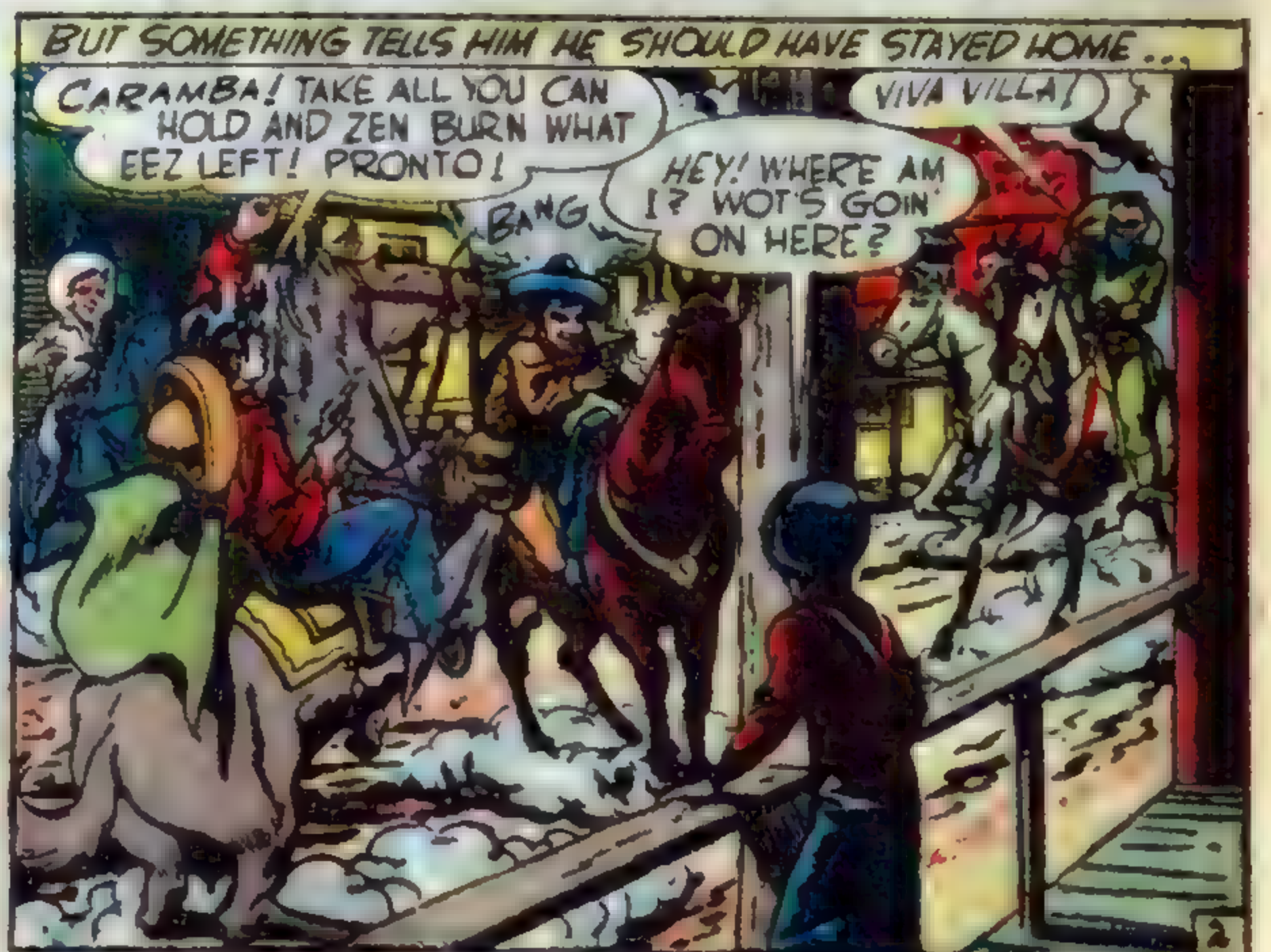
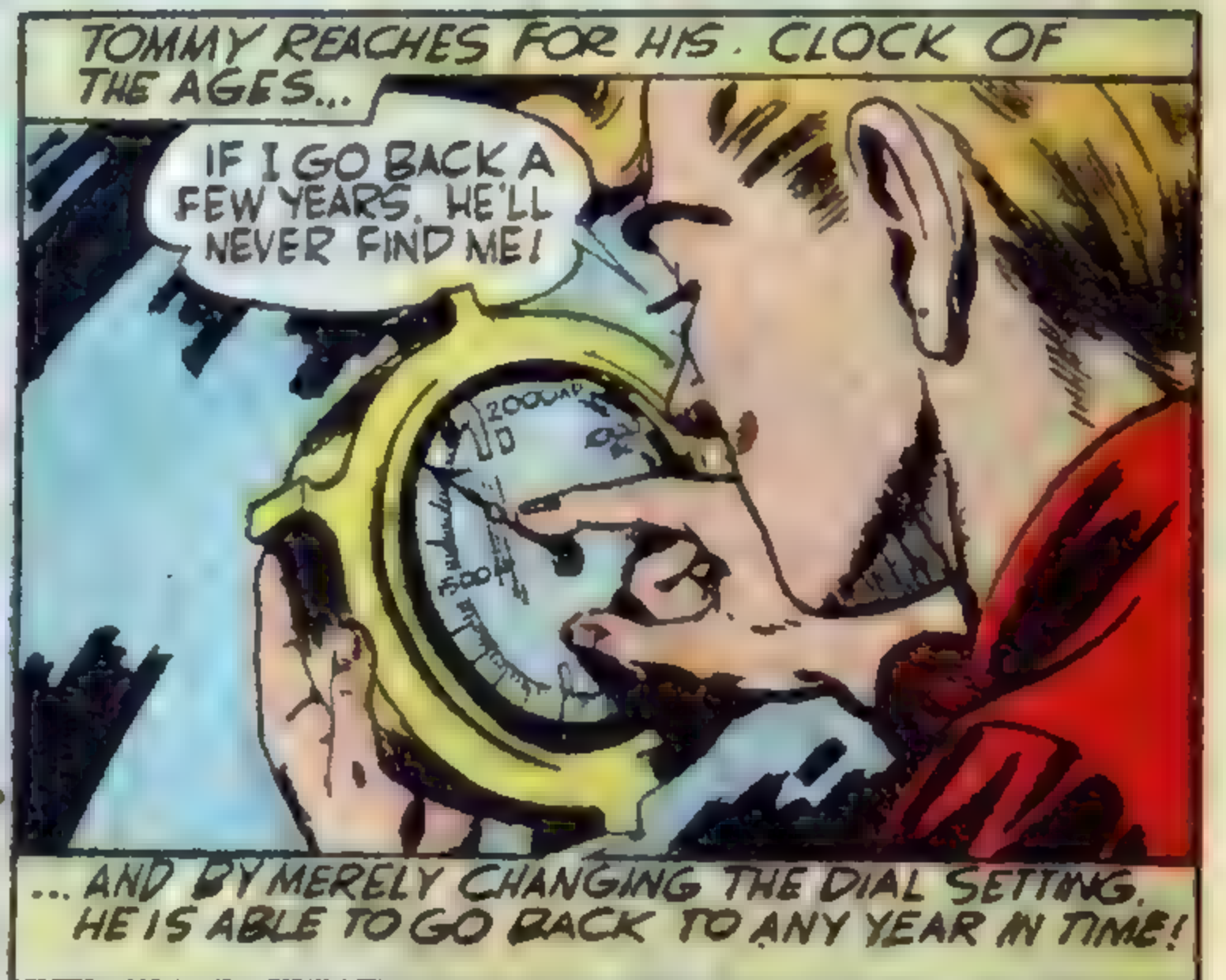
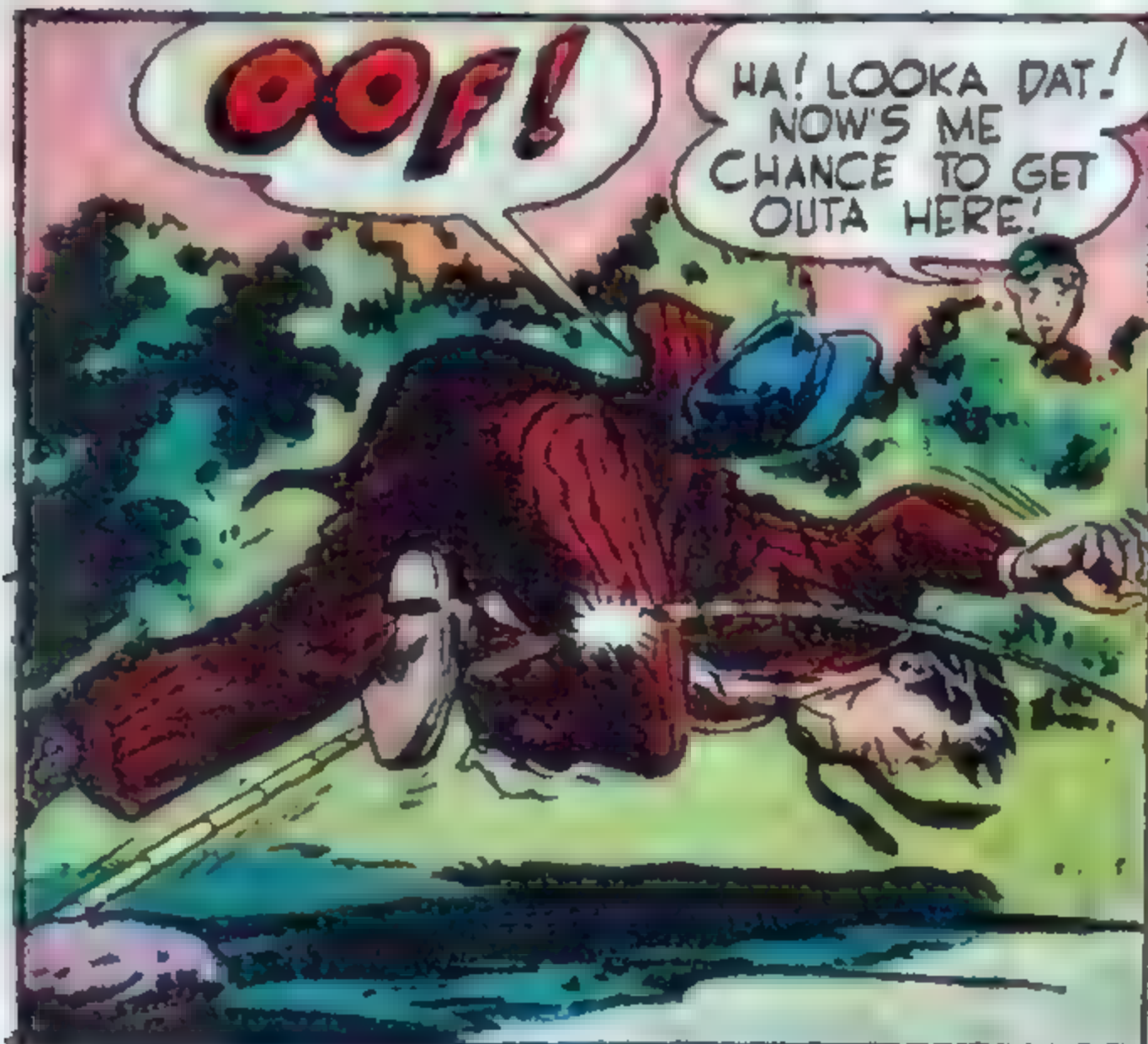
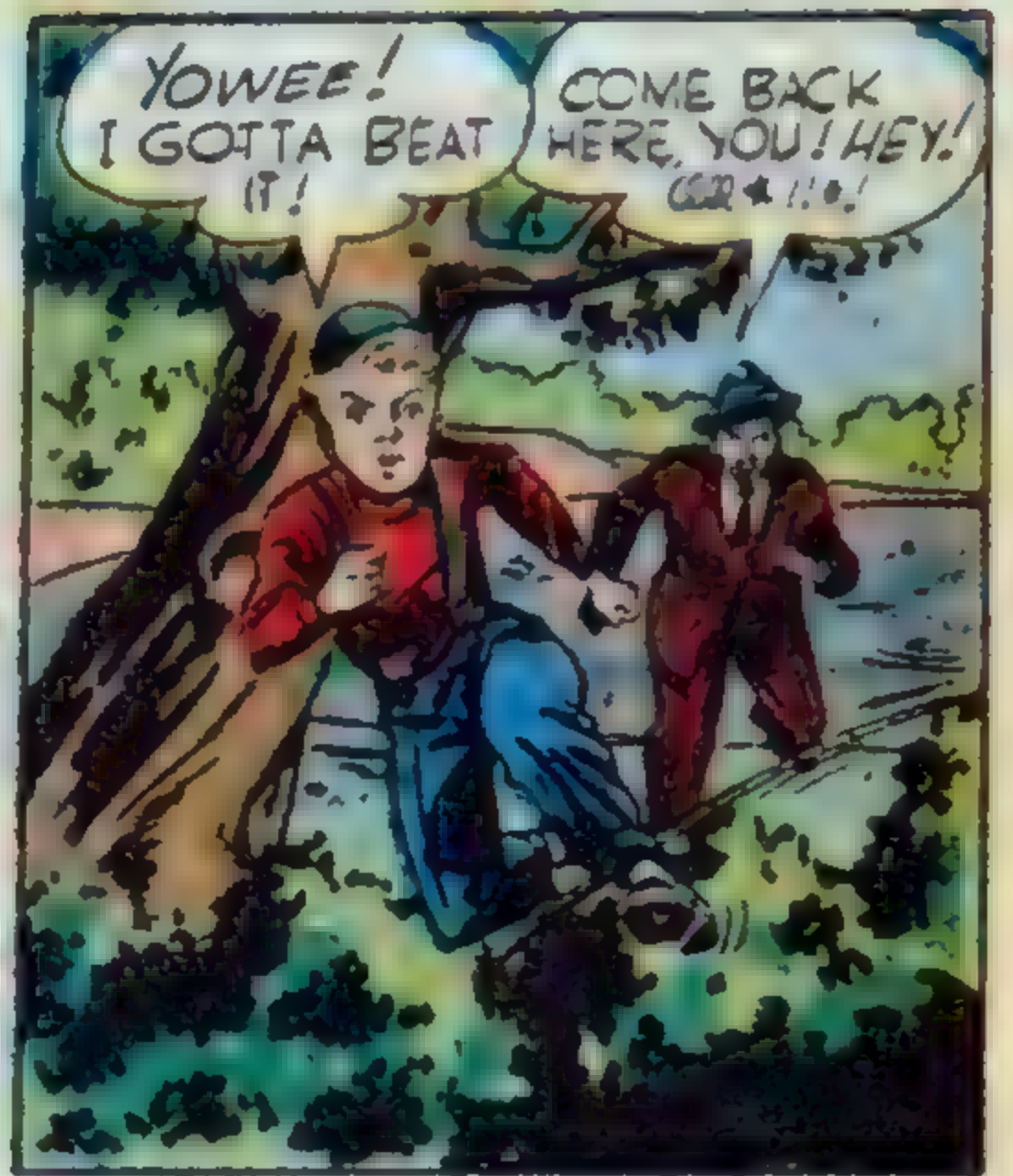
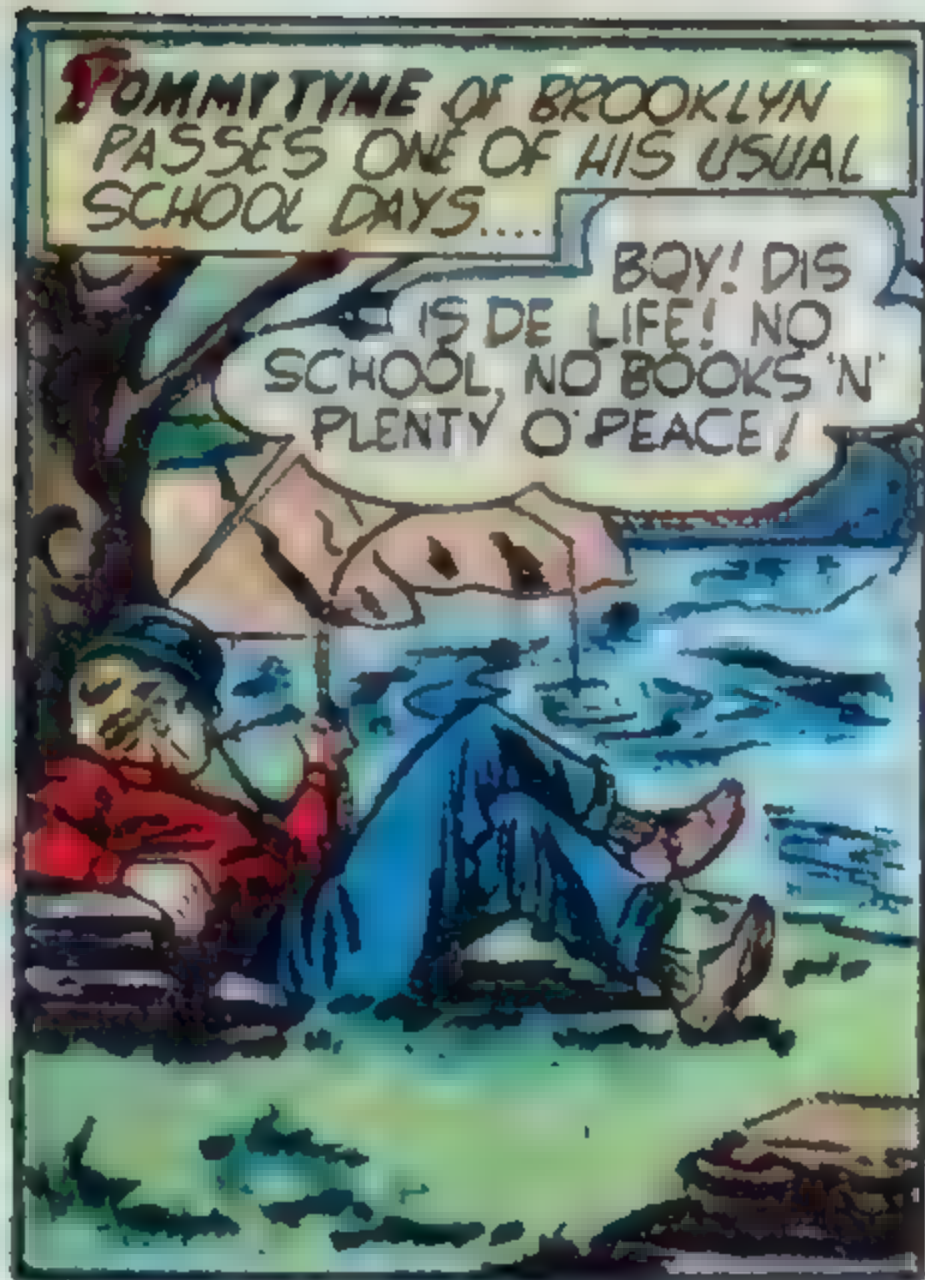


# TOMMY TYME

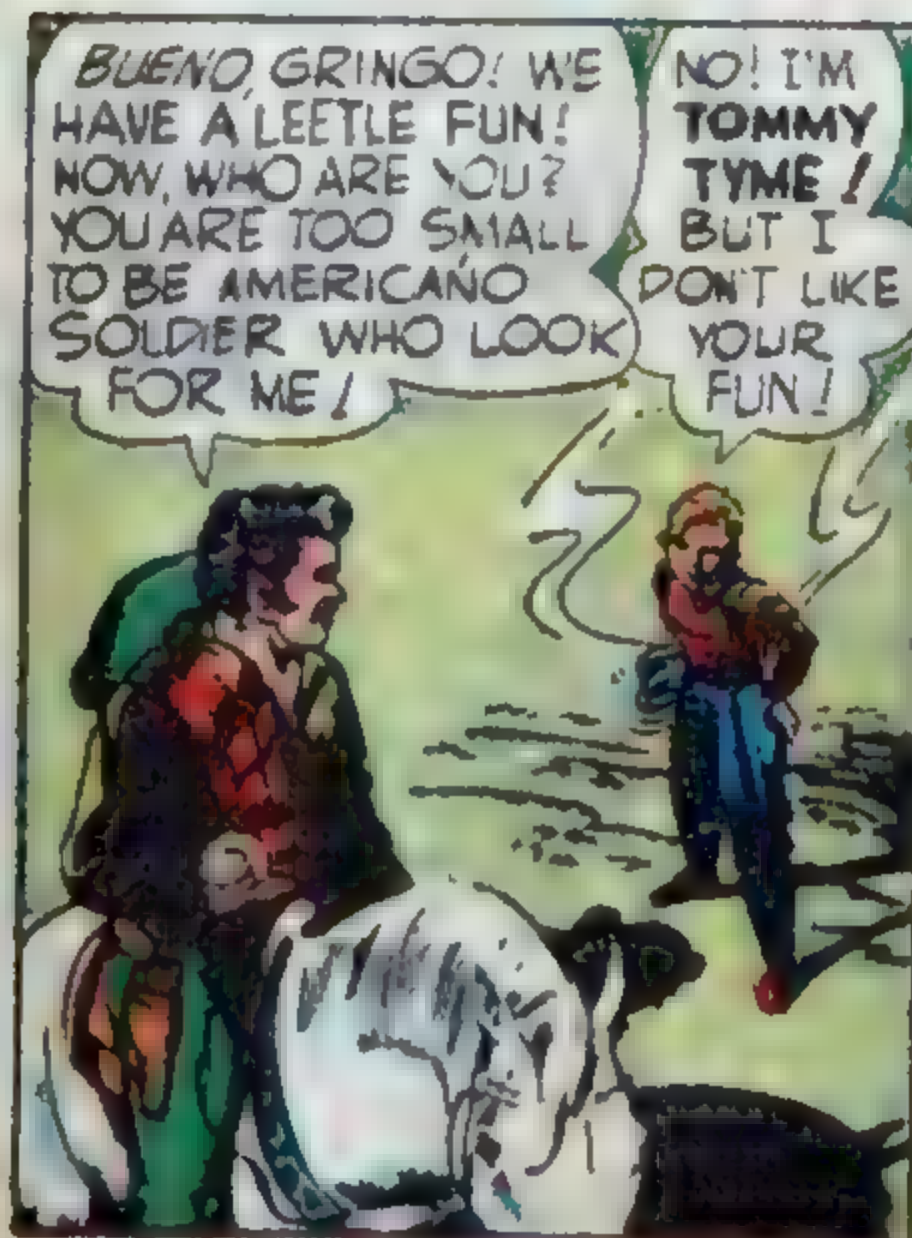
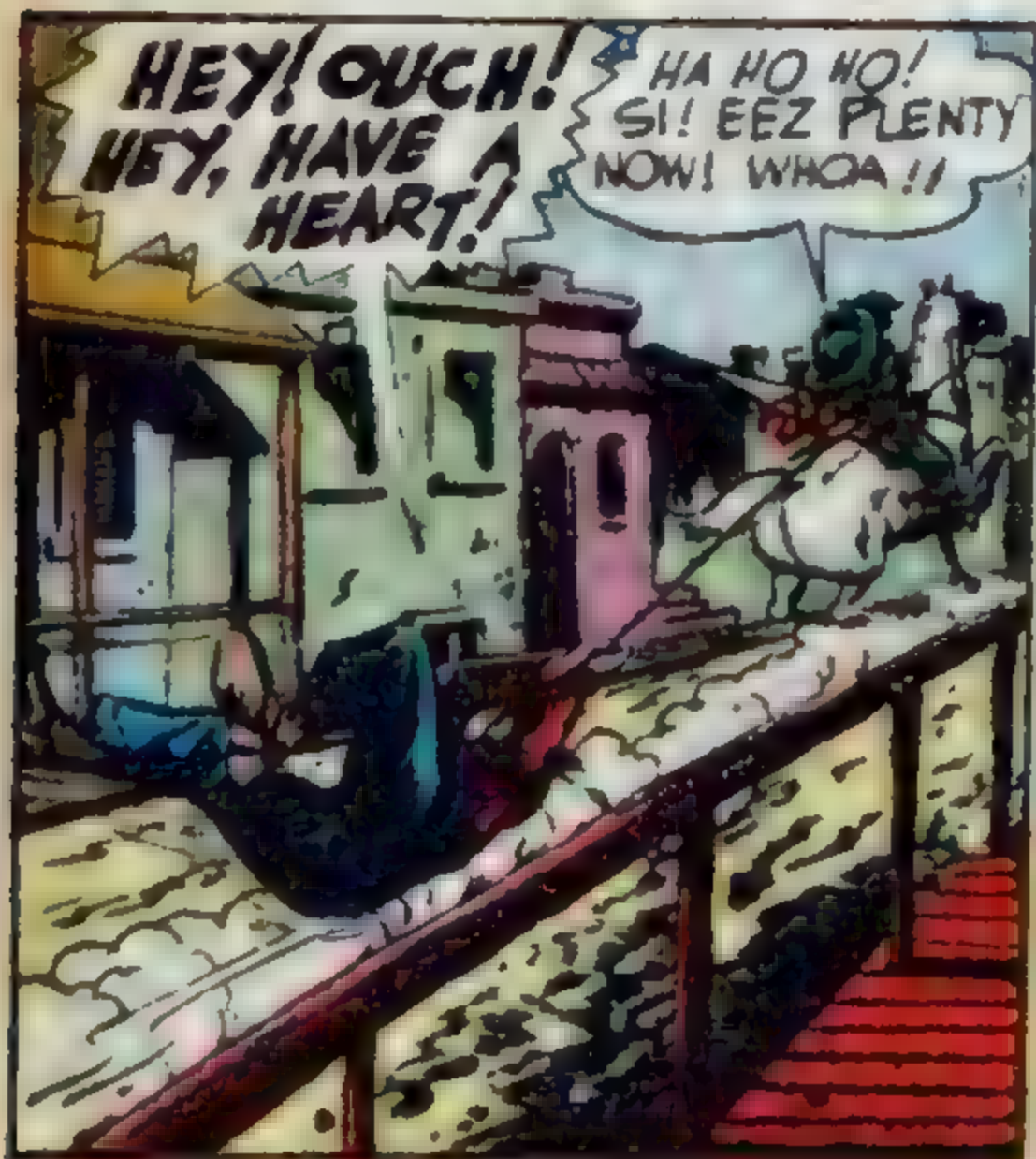
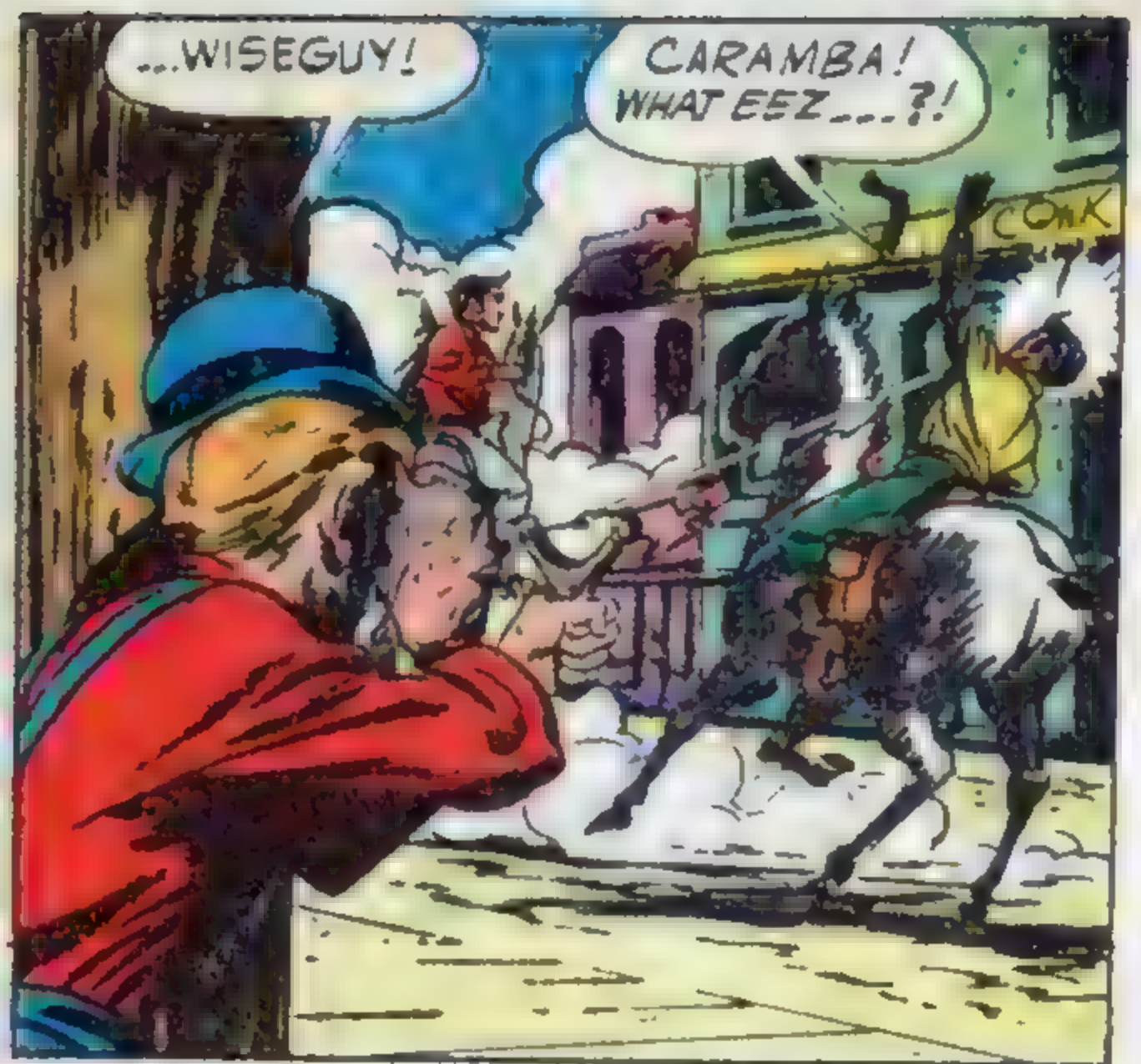
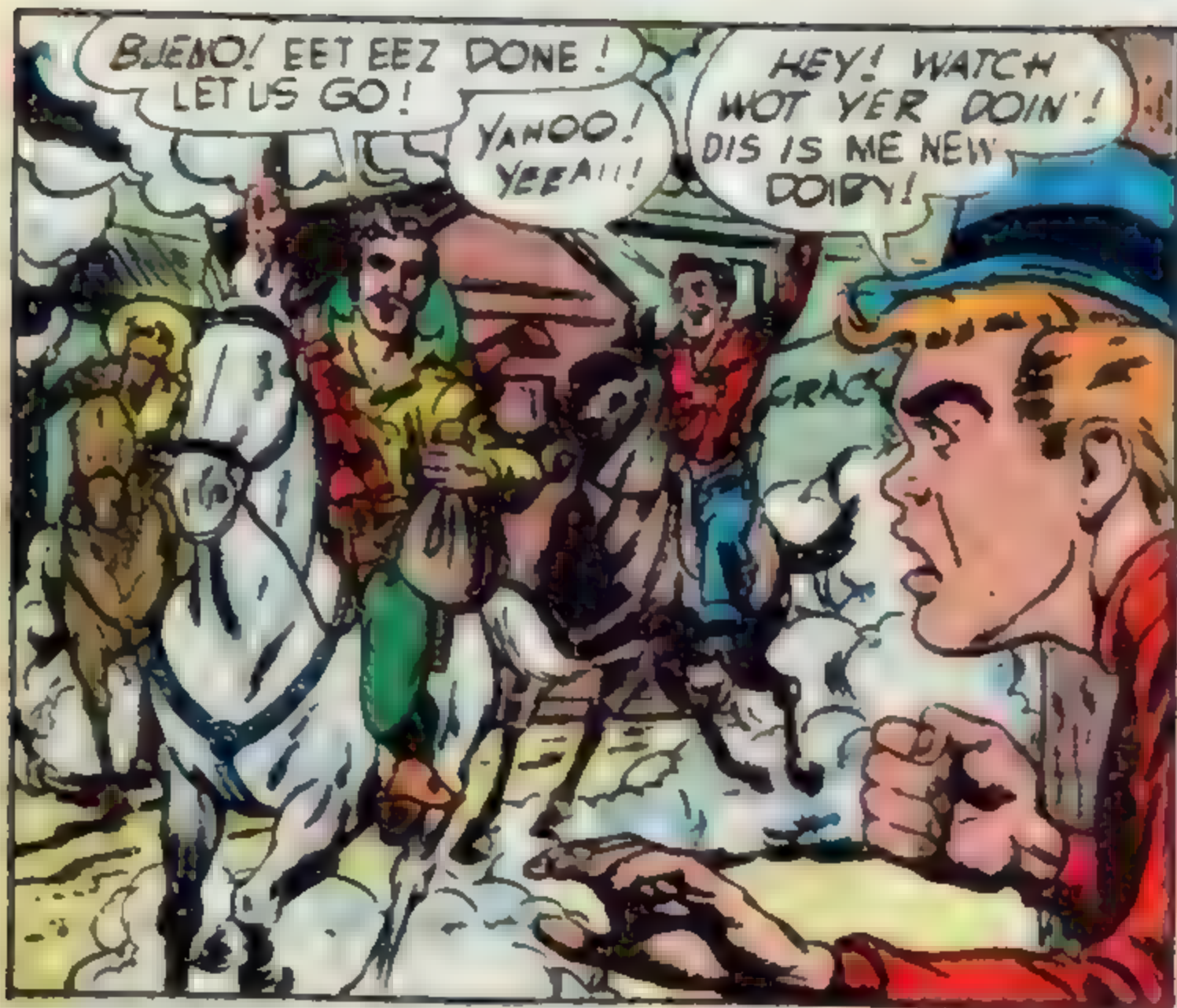
WITH  
*his*  
**CLOCK  
OF THE  
AGES**



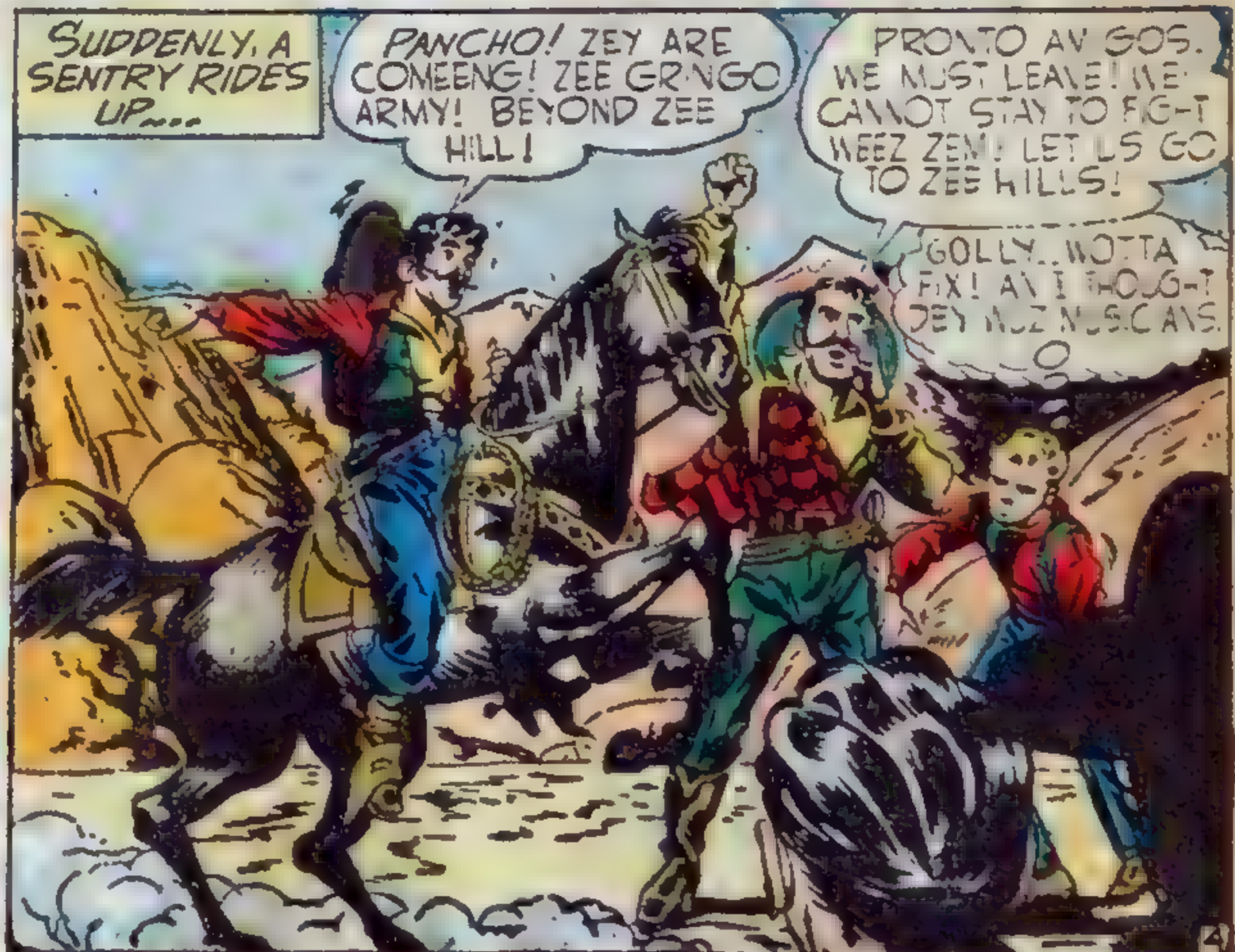




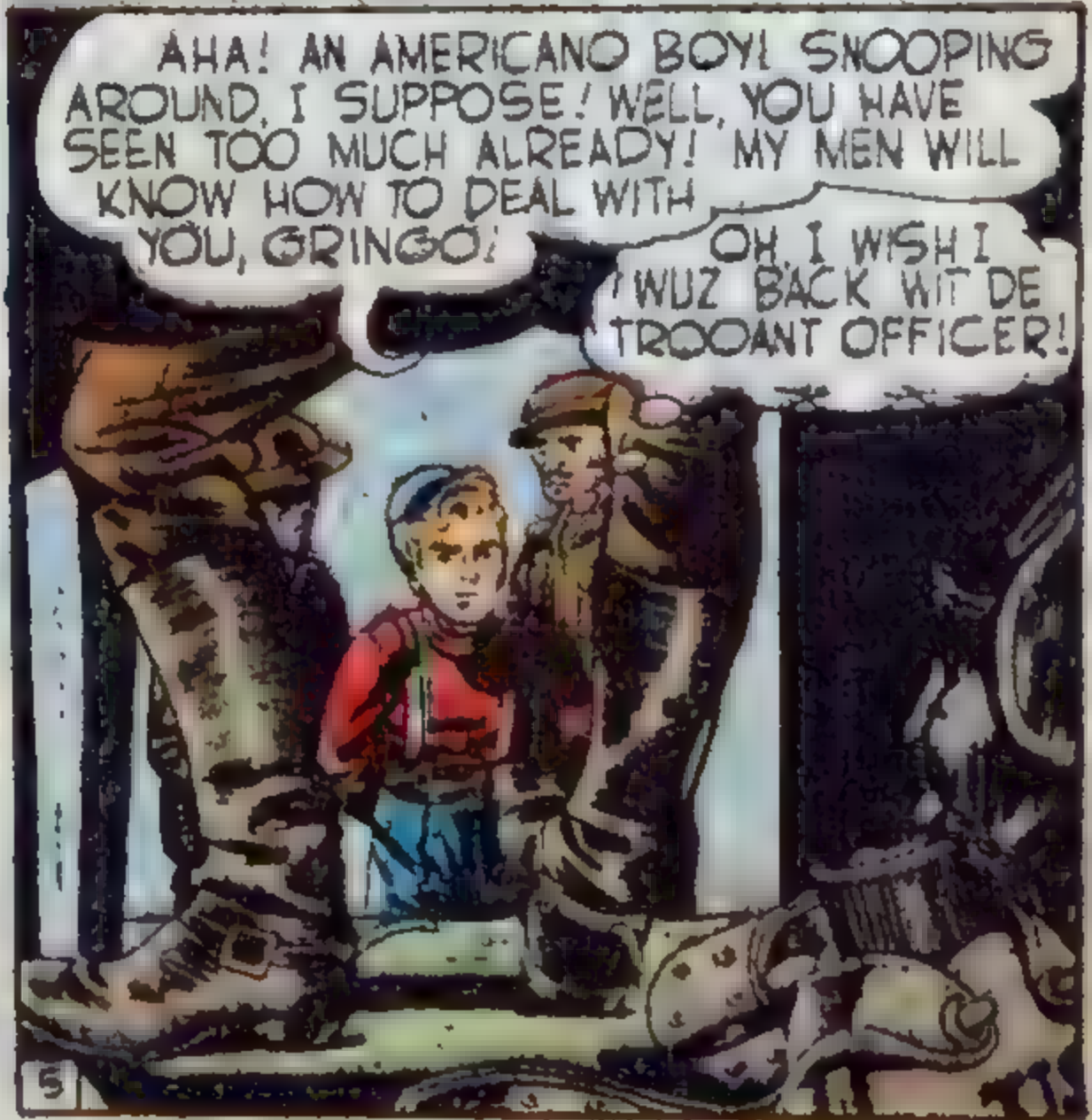
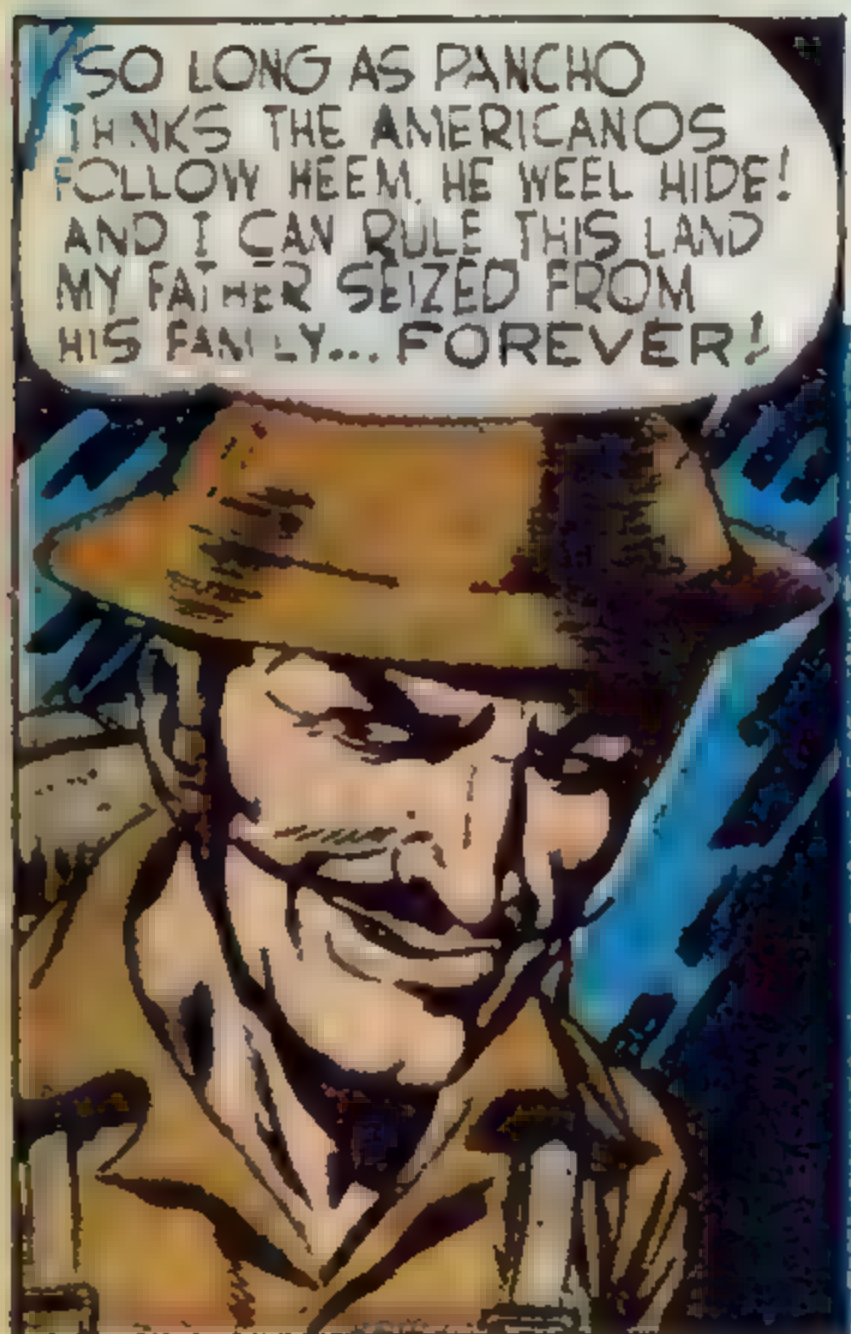




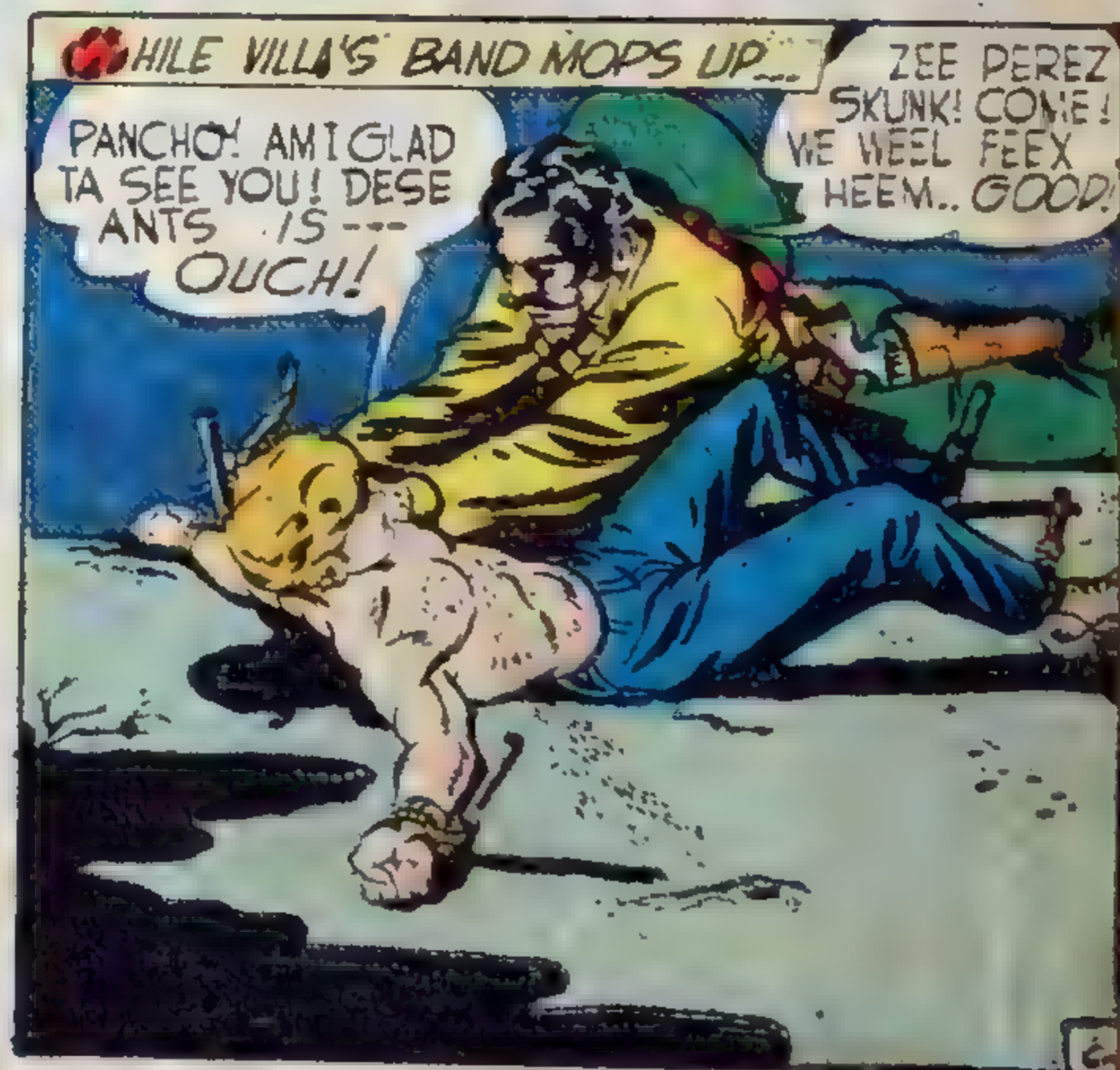
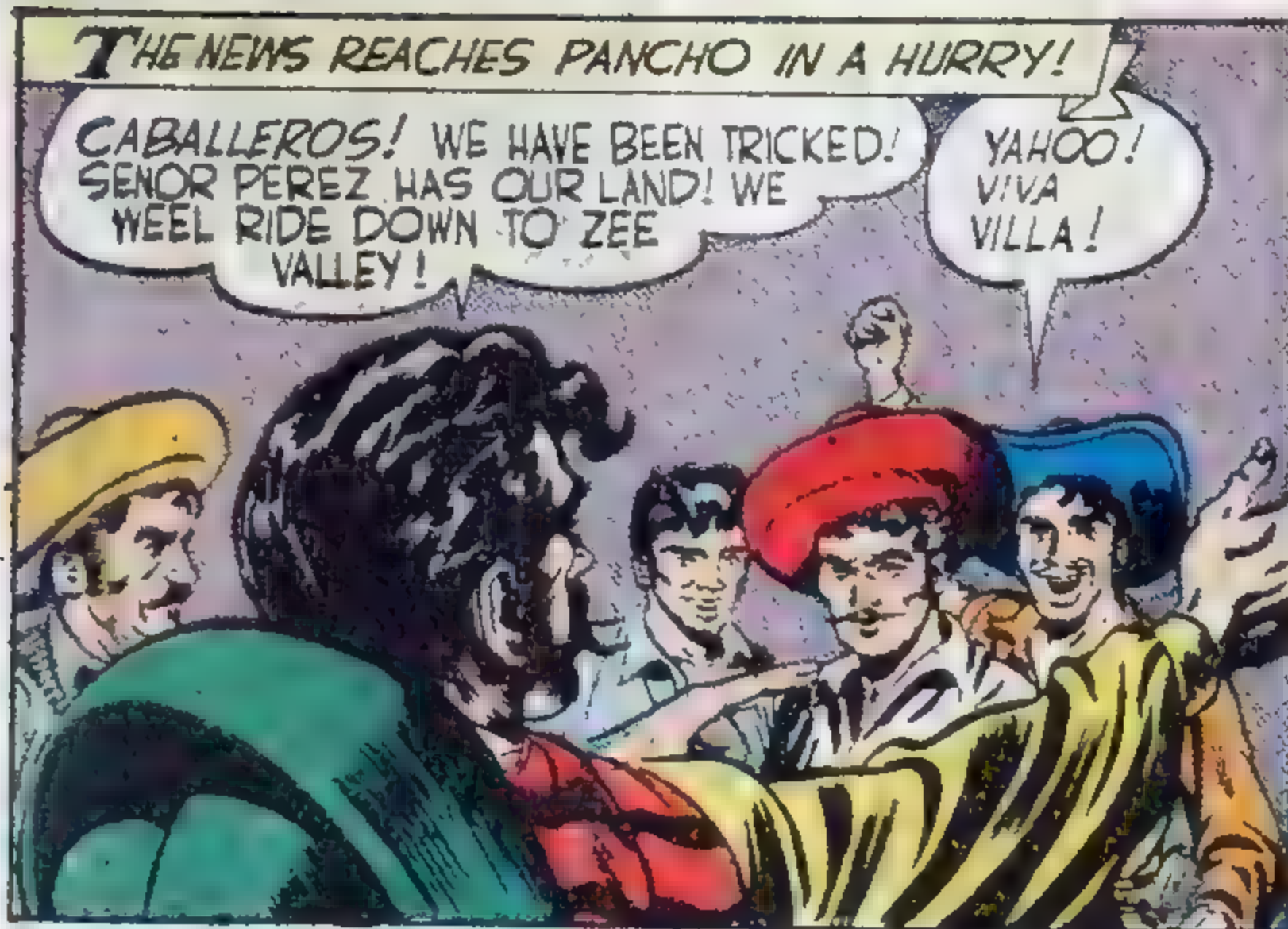




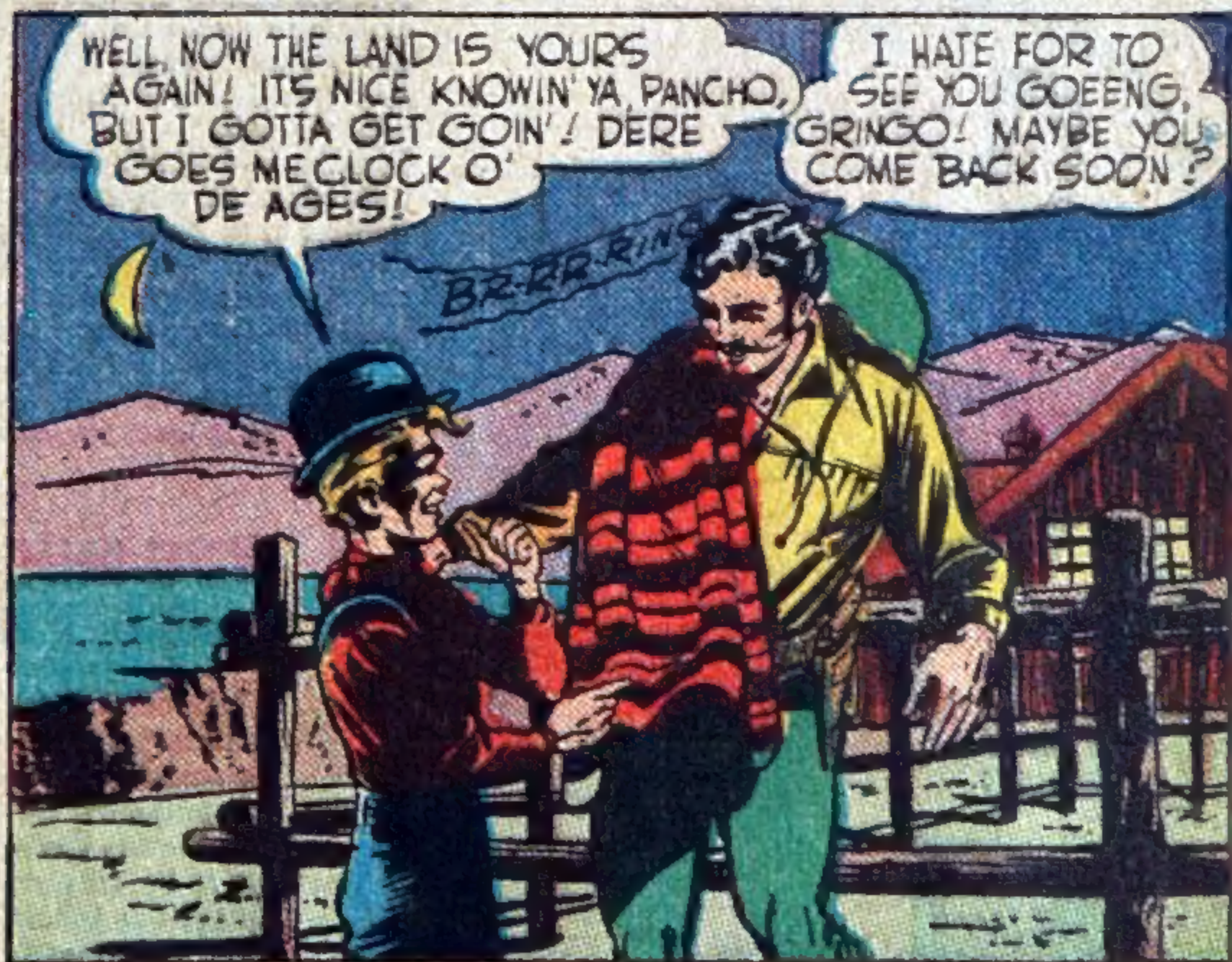
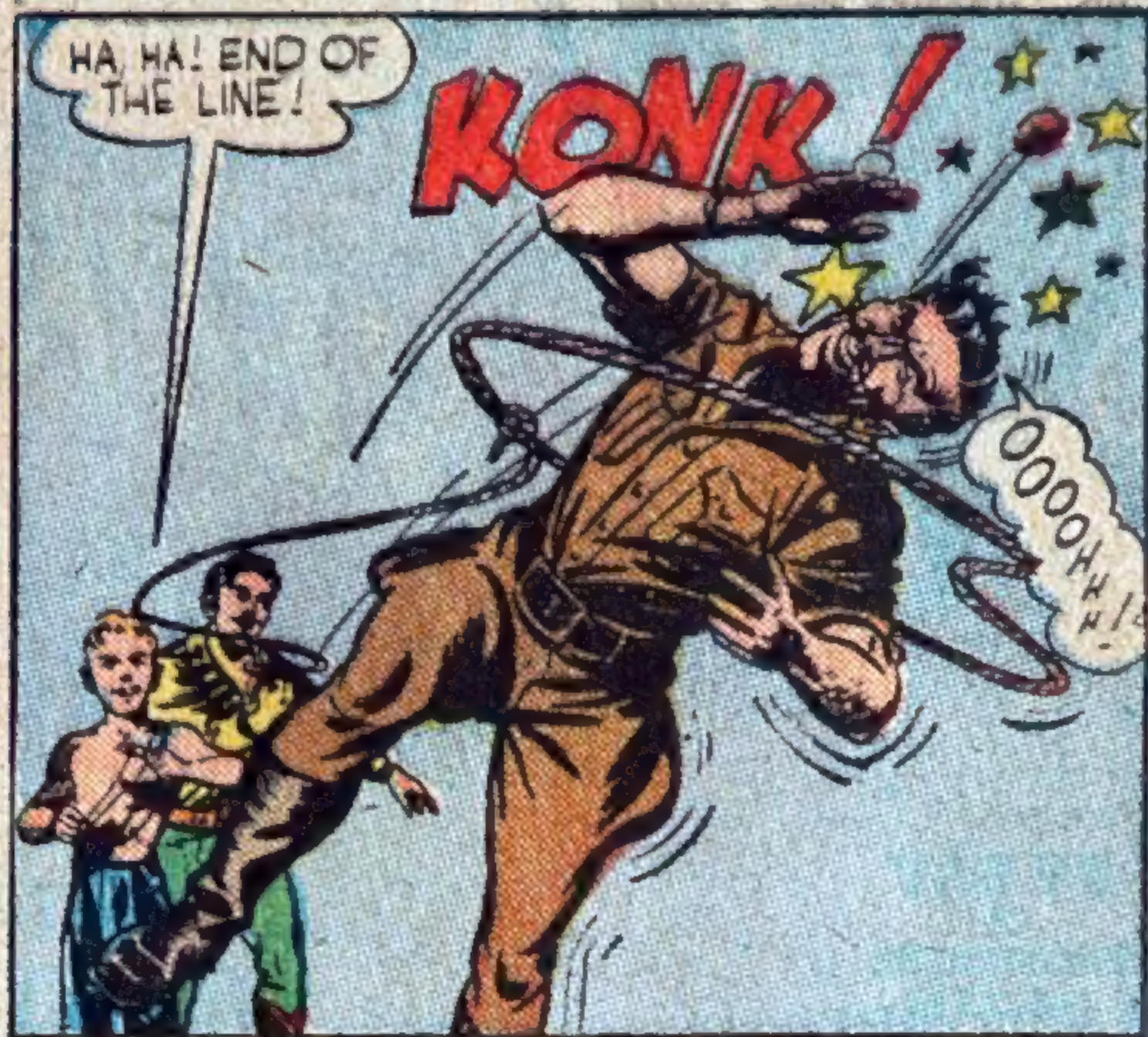
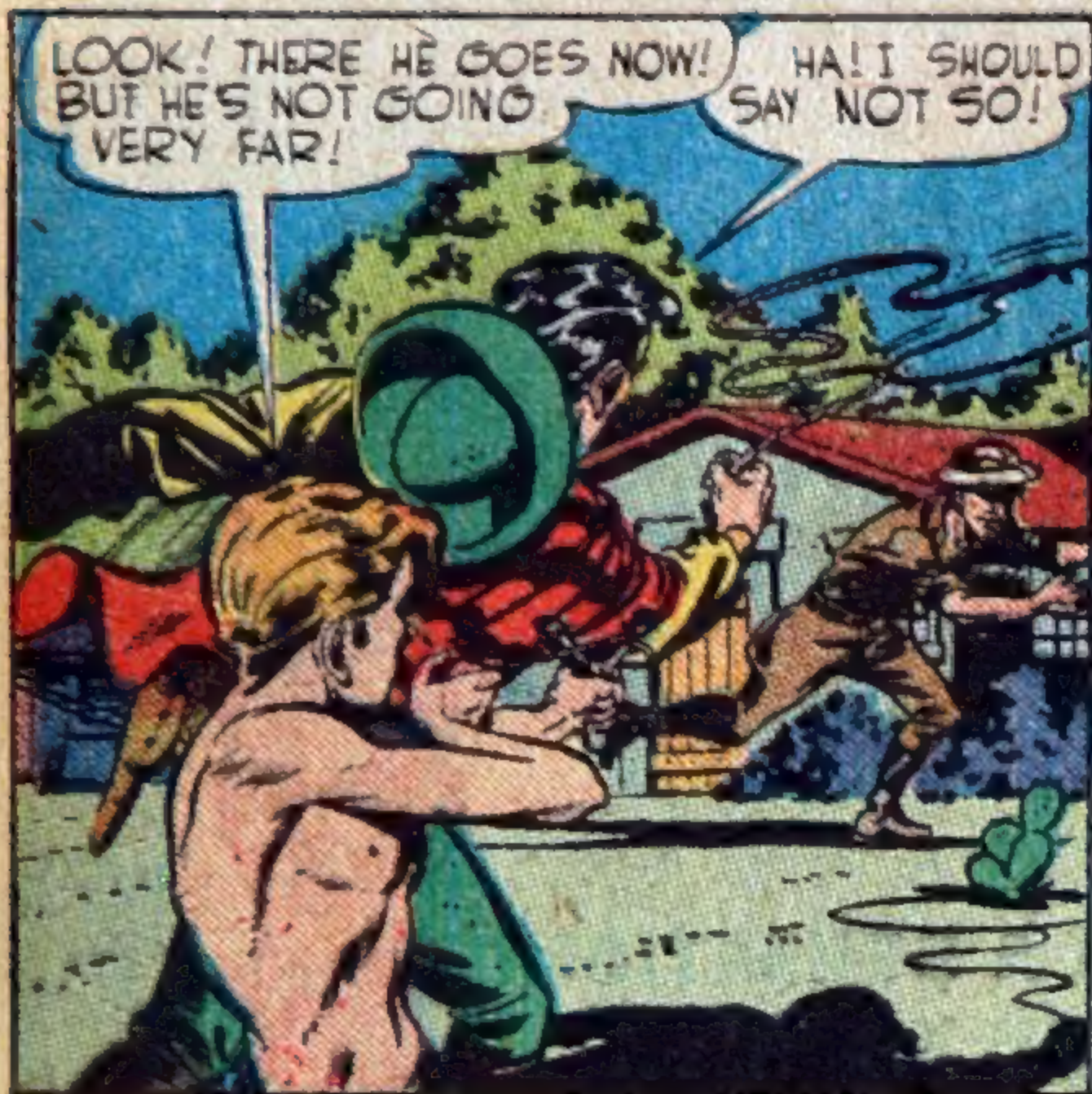














# MEN! Sensational New NECKTIE GLOWS in the Dark!

**BY DAY**  
A  
WONDERFUL  
NECKTIE



**BY NIGHT**  
THE MOST  
UNIQUE EFFECT  
YOU HAVE  
EVER SEEN



**CREATES A SENSATION  
WHEREVER YOU GO...**

It seems almost unbelievable, the magic beauty of an amazing new kind of stylish, wrinkleproof, high-class necktie that actually glows in the dark! Glows with a strange, luminous pattern of the patriot's universal fighting code — "V!" It's called the new Victory Necktie, and what a sensation! Both men and women rave about its magnificent beauty, and the startling miracle of its glow in the dark, and makes it the most unusual strikingly unique tie you've ever seen. Imagine its marvelous effect—its actual protection in blackouts or dimouts for its light can be seen at a distance. And now through this astounding but limited introductory offer you too can secure some of these ties to wear yourself or give as treasured gifts.



**YOU MUST SEE THIS MIRACLE YOURSELF**  
**SEND NO MONEY... MAIL COUPON... TEST AT OUR RISK**

Make no mistake this new Victory Necktie must not be confused with any ordinary novelty tie, for by day you'll be vastly proud of its fine material, its smartness—a high-class distinctive tie in every way. Wrinkleproof! Ties up perfectly! It's a rich dark blue and in a splendor of red and white, is the Victory Code that glows in the dark. You would expect this wonderful tie to be very expensive, but it won't cost you \$5.00 nor even \$2.00, for under this special limited offer it is yours for only 98c. Nor is that all. You send no money. You merely pay postman 98c plus postage. Then examine. See how beautiful. And if you're not eager to wear it, if you are not fully satisfied in every way all you need to do is return it under the manufacturer's positive assurance of money refunded. That's fair, isn't it? Don't wait. Send for your Victory Necktie that glows in the dark NOW.

**ONLY 98¢**

**MAIL THIS COUPON!**

Everywhere you go, by day or night, your Victory (also called Blackout) Necktie will attract attention, envy, and admiration. Imagine its beauty by day—the fighting man's... — "V" for Victory, in striking, red, white and blue! And at night the Victory Code in flaming beauty! Wear this tie with pride—it's smart, wrinkleproof—and holds its shape perfectly. A superb bargain in quality, with the added sensational magic of glowing in the dark. Send for yours now!

GLOW IN THE DARK NECKTIE CO Dept 854K  
215 N Michigan Ave. Chicago 1 Ill

Rush me my Victory Necktie that glows in the dark. I will pay postman 98c plus postage with your positive assurance I will be delighted or return tie for full refund.

If you want us to send you 3 Glowing Neckties for \$2.79 check here ☐

Name .....

Address .....

City.....Zone.....State.....



# Don't Miss Anything!

## 8 POWER MAGNIFYING TELESCOPE

**COMPACT-FOLDING**

**Styled Like the Army  
and Navy Telescopes!**

Now you too can own a real telescope! One that's military styled just like those used on battleships and fighting fronts. It's amazing the action and close-up pictures you get through this powerful 8 power telescope. Just like having a front seat all the time. Folds compactly into 12 inches and the three sections open to 18 inches long . . . making it easy to carry and easy to see through in any kind of crowd. Wherever you go . . . carry this telescope with you

*See the  
PLAY BY PLAY  
Action  
CLOSE-UP!*

**HELPS YOU SEE 8 TIMES  
MORE THAN NORMAL VISION**

Don't miss any of the fast action even if you are sitting in the last row. With this powerful little telescope you can easily keep your eye on the ball . . . see the knock-out punch . . . get a good look at the home coming hero . . . and for hunting it's swell for spotting game. There are hundreds of times you can use a telescope when you're too far away to see normally. You'll agree that the \$1.98 invested in this telescope was the best you ever made. Fill out and mail the coupon now!

### PRECISION GROUND LENSES

Each magnifying lense put into this telescope is precision ground. Accuracy is the keynote in grinding the same as making the lense for a pair of glasses. Each is flawlessly clear so that vision will not be hampered in any way. We guarantee their clearness.

### PLASTIC ENDS AND TUBING

Sturdy construction to make this telescope lasting has been built-in. This isn't a toy but a practical, well-made telescope. The ends and sliding sections are made of plastic to insure long-lasting use. All joints are plastic . . . making them non-destructible. A real buy!

**5 Day Examination**

## FREE

You must be satisfied . . . that's why we make this offer. You examine this telescope for 5 days and then if you don't feel it's worth \$1.98 you may return it to us and we will refund your money. A fair bargain.

Invenco Corp., P.O. Box 281, Church St. Annex, N.Y.C. 8



**MAGNIFYING GLASS  
ATTACHMENT**

A powerful magnifying glass attachment is right on your telescope. The large end is removable and the lense forms your magnifying glass. Handy to use for reading, stamp collections, etc.

INVENCO CORP., Dept. P.M.-2  
P. O. Box 281, Church St. Annex  
New York 8, N. Y.

Your telescope sounds like a good buy. Please send me mine by return mail. Enclosed find \$1.98 in ☐ check, ☐ money order, ☐ C.O.D. (I agree to pay postage on C.O.D. orders). If I am not satisfied, I may return the telescope within 5 days and my money will be refunded.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY & ZONE .....



# BOY!

## "IT'S A DAISY"

"It's a Daisy" is the spoken SEAL OF APPROVAL awarded the Daisy Air Rifle by millions and millions of Daisy owners during the past 60 years. The name "Daisy" on your next air rifle will be your guarantee of a superior, quality product.



**No. 102—500 SHOT REPEATER**  
—An accurate, straight-shooting repeater.

**No. 108—LIGHTNING-LOADER CARBINE**  
—Daisy's original 500-shot Carbine featuring Lightning-Loader invention. Double Notch Rear Sight.

**No. 25—DAISY PUMP GUN—THE KING OF ALL AIR RIFLES!**  
—Daisy's original 500-shot Carbine featuring Lightning-Loader invention. Double Notch Rear Sight.

**No. 111—RED RYDER**  
—Daisy's original 500-shot Carbine featuring Lightning-Loader invention. Double Notch Rear Sight.

**RED RYDER COWBOY CARBINE**  
Lightning-Loader invention. Carbine Bands. Leather Thong knotted to authentic Swivel Carbine Ring. Red Ryder's brand on pistol grip.

**FAMOUS WESTERN STYLE REPEATER**  
1000-shot force feed repeater. Take-down model. Adjustable rear sight and "non-slip" 50-shot grooves on butt of pistol grip. Genuine hardwood stock. Simulated gold engraving on jacket.

**USE DAISY BULLS EYE SHOT**  
**BIG JUMBO TYPE**  
The Daisy-made steel Bulls Eye Shot for accurate shooting in Daisy King Air Rifles. Some at dealers now, plenty later.

**5¢**

**READY SOON!**

Yes, boys a few genuine Daisy Air Rifles will be available at your favorite store this Christmas season and plenty more next year! So please be patient. Remember, it takes time and thorough workmanship to manufacture a genuine quality Daisy. the superior kind of quality air rifle Daisy has made for sixty years. If you can't find one this Christmas, you can be sure that the Daisy you do get later will be well worth waiting for planning for, saving up now for. And don't forget this—that famous name "DAISY" on an air rifle is your guarantee of superior quality perfect performance, years of fun and satisfaction.

**Free CATALOG** Send us your name, address, and when our new Catalog is ready, we'll mail it to you. It will describe the beautiful new Daisys to be available at all dealers later on.

**New DAISY Play Guns READY**

**DAISY COMMANDO** \$1.60

The Daisy Commando makes a loud "Bang!" fast as pump action is worked! (Not an air rifle.) Military type sling. Safe. For children 4 to 12. Awarded PARENTS' MAGAZINE Commendation Seal. Order direct from Daisy \$1.50 plus 10c for postage wrapping. Sorry, no Canadian shipments.

**DAISY CHATTERMATIC** \$1.10

Turn Chattermatic firing-crank and gun goes "Rat! Tat! Tat!" Loads of fun. Harmless, sturdy, light. For children 4 to 12. (Not an air rifle.) Awarded PARENTS' MAGAZINE Commendation Seal. Order direct from Daisy \$1 plus 10c for postage wrapping. Sorry, no Canadian shipments.

**Notice!**  
**Do NOT** send orders for Air Rifles or Shot direct to factory

Soon there'll be plenty of

# DAISY AIR RIFLES

DAISY MANUFACTURING CO., 811 UNION STREET, Dept. 6, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN